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The Loves of Rita Hayworth by Dorothy Kilgallen

modern screen

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Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

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All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

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Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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great stars!

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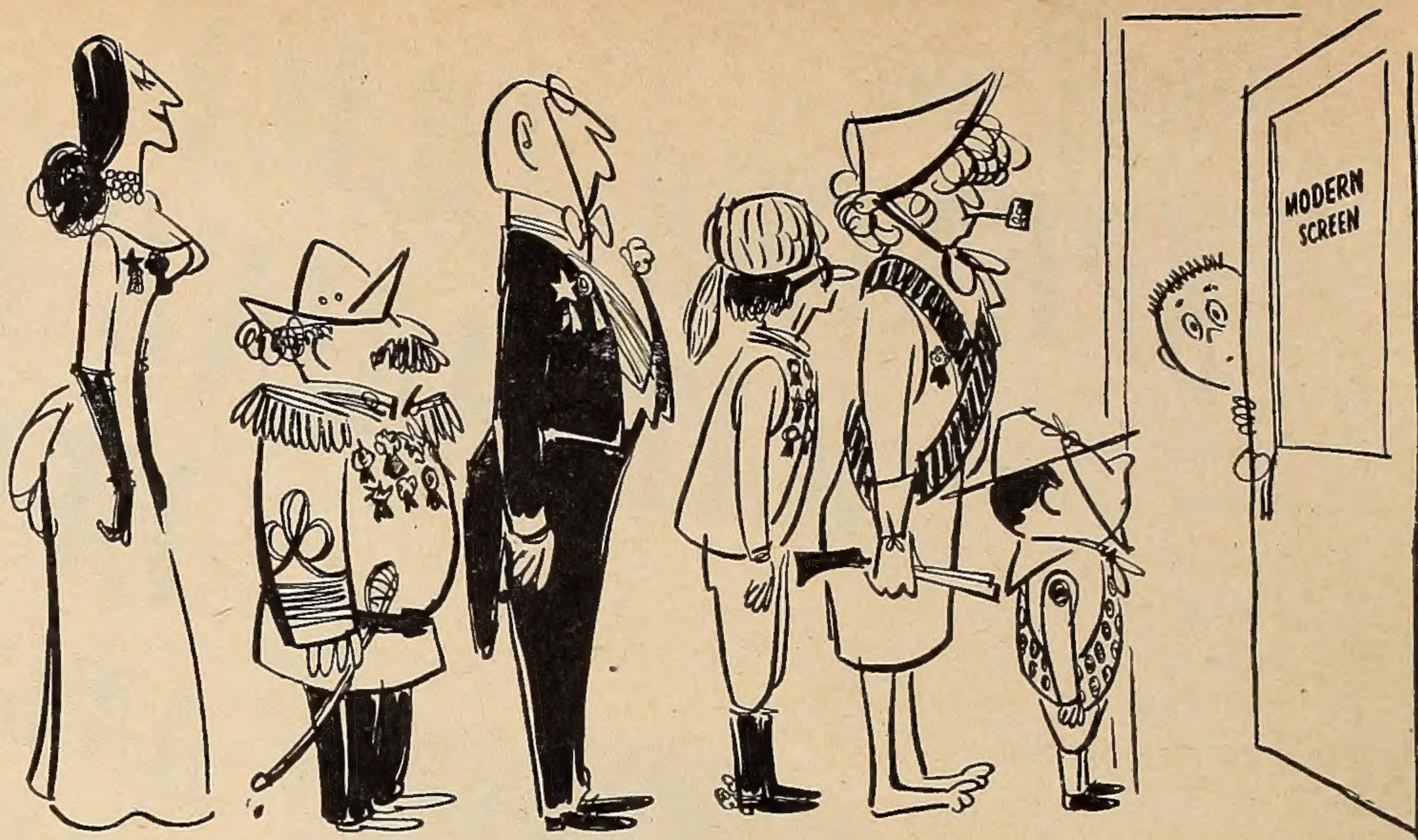
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To our Readers

MEDALS, THAT'S WHAT I like. Decorations. Glitter. We insist that all our writers be worth their weight in lead. Some of 'em are boy scouts, some belong to Orphan Annie clubs—they've got badges of one kind or another, or they don't lay a finger on a MODERN SCREEN check . . . Anyway, I was reading the paper a while ago, and I noticed an item about this Inez Robb. A newspaper-woman. Medals from here . . . to there. "You see?" I said accusingly to Henry. "If you could read, we wouldn't always be missing out on stuff like this." I called Miss Robb's apartment, and someone with a deep voice answered the phone. "Would you like to work for MODERN SCREEN?" I said. "No," said the deep voice. "I'm the butler." Later, I got Miss Robb—on the phone, and in the magazine. In the short time since we've printed her, she's managed to gather a couple more awards. One from INS for covering the wedding of England's Princess Elizabeth, one from the University of Missouri—the School of Journalism there gave her its annual prize. In MODERN SCREEN's February issue, she wrote up the royal wedding; this month, she tells you about the new Selznick star, Alida Valli. If you want to send Miss Robb a medal it's okay . . .

YOU EVER HEARD of the Quigley box-office poll? It seems that every year, the exhibitors (theater owners) pick the movie star who's made the most money for them (the exhibitors) in the past year. They've been picking Betty Grable with a sort of deadly monotony, and it confused me a little. Could a woman with a minimum of husbands, and a couple of kids really have as much sex appeal as Lana Turner? The answer is probably no. But for all-around appeal, Betty's got every other girl in Hollywood beat. Hedda Hopper admits that in this issue. Women like Betty, men like Betty, children like Betty. We checked back on old Quigley polls (first brushing off the old Quigleys) and we discovered that Marie Dressler had been more popular than Jean Harlow, and that folksiness makes money. Now Henry's practicing a drawl that'd frighten Gabby Hayes . . .

EVEN A HOMEBODY like Betty Grable occasionally steps out. Hedda says twice last year, to be exact—and one of those two times, Betty went to Ciro's. Herman Hover, Ciro's owner, likes movie stars, and vice-versa. Take Kathryn Grayson and Johnnie Johnston, two of Hover's best friends. Nothing they wouldn't do for him. When MODERN SCREEN wanted to shoot pictures of a young couple on a Ciro's spree, they volunteered. Morning of the big day, Kathryn went to the doctor's. "I feel terrible," she said. "You feel pregnant," he said. And that was the first inkling the Johnstons had of their impending parenthood. Kathryn went through with the Ciro's layout anyhow, while Johnnie and Herman Hover patted her on her brave little back . . .

Albert P. Delacorte

ALBERT P. DELACORTE

**THERE IS
A LOVE
FROM WHICH
NO MAN
CAN
ESCAPE!**



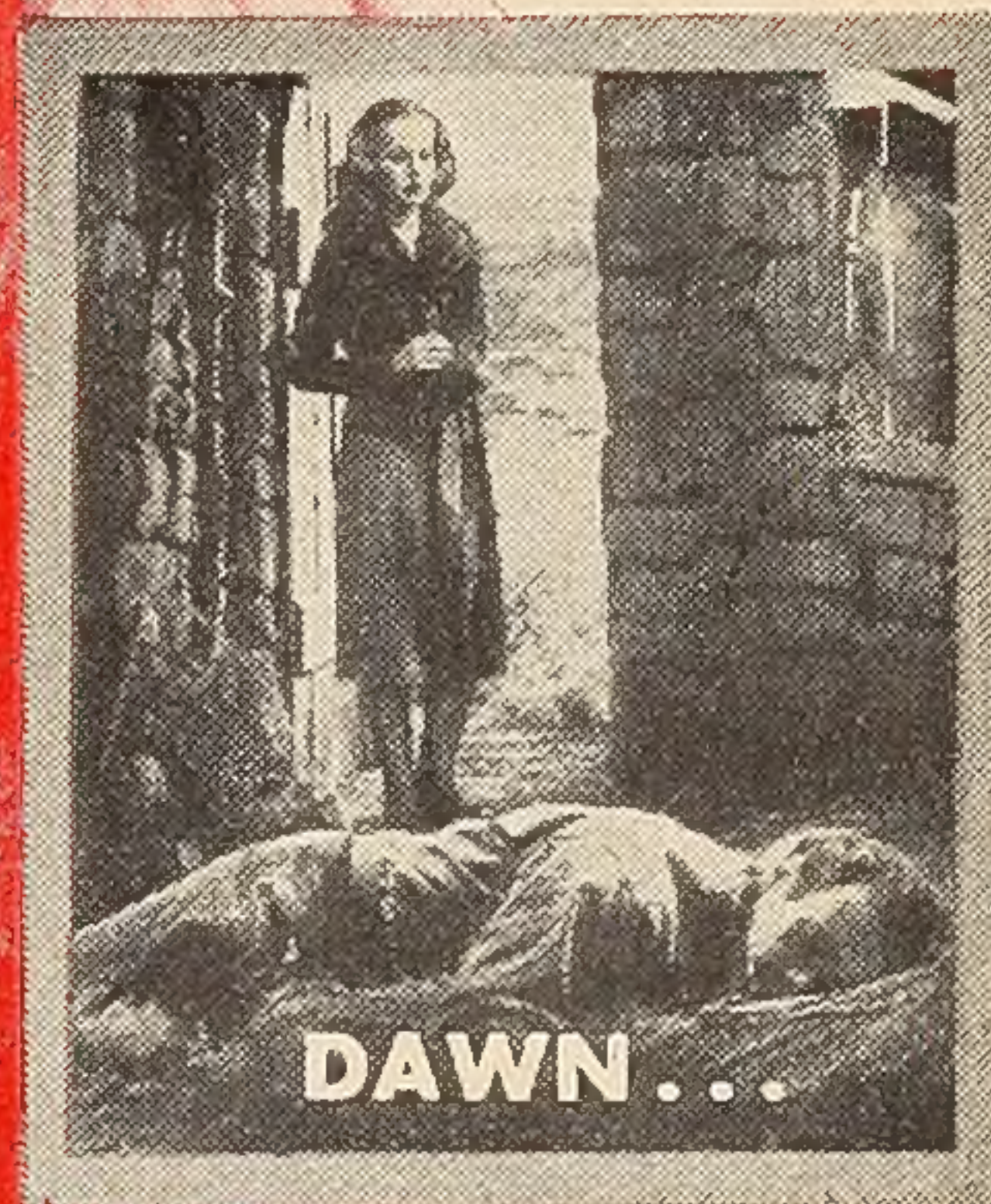
DUSK ...



DARKNESS ...



STARLIGHT ...



DAWN ...

REX PEGGY
HARRISON · CUMMINS
in John Galsworthy's

The greatest of Galsworthy's
suspense dramas . . . surpassing
itself on the screen!

Escape



20th
CENTURY-FOX

with **WILLIAM HARTNELL**
NORMAN WOOLAND · JILL ESMOND · FREDERICK PIPER
DIRECTED BY **JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ** PRODUCED BY **WILLIAM PERLBERG**
Screen Play by Philip Dunne



Shirley Temple, in glamorous coiffure, attended Louella's dinner with husband Jack Agar. Late in March, the Agars went to Chicago for opening of their first co-starring pic, *Fort Apache*. Proceeds went to wounded vets.



On her 27th anniversary with the Hearst press, Louella Parsons was feted by her friends at the Coconut Grove. Among notables present were brand-new Oscar-winner Ronald Colman and Claudette Colbert.



louella parsons' good news

■ Let me tell you a few untold stories behind the scenes of the Academy Awards—some amusing, some with a tear.

Before Rosalind Russell, that gallant loser, came on to the Mocambo party to kiss and congratulate Loretta Young, she went home first for a little while to talk with her mother.

"I'm sorry if I have brought you disappointment," Roz said, holding her mother close, for there were tears in Mrs. Russell's eyes. "But I want you to know that in giving me you, and my husband, and my boy and my wonderful life, God has given me more awards than I ever deserved."

What a wonderful gal!

Never in my memory has an Academy evening been as gay. There were parties galore for the winners.

Edna Best and Nat Wolfe were determined to entertain for Ronald Colman, win or lose—and their invitations read, "Either a wake—or a celebration." Well, my friends, it WAS a celebration what was a celebration with all Ronnie's close friends, of whom I am proud to be included, there to congratulate him.

Only Benita Colman was speechless in the milling throng. Shaking her head from side to side, the only thing she was able to say was, "Never again could I sit through all that uncertainty—never, never again."

But, believe me, Mr. Colman was articulate enough for both of them. One of the first things he told me was, "Bill Powell called me up from Palm Springs—the first congratulations I received." Theirs was another case of two close friends competing for the Oscar.

* * *

You would have thought I had won something the way I was all over the town. Before hitting Ronnie's party, I stopped in at Darryl Zanuck's fiesta at the Mocambo where there was much toasting to *Gentleman's Agreement*, the prize-winning movie, going on.

Susan Hayward, one of the nominees, was a dream in white tulle—and didn't look at all



Frank Sinatra, the guy who eats like "a condemned man" had a field day at Louella's party. Table-mate Greer Garson may go to England this summer for costume drama M-G-M plans to make in its London studio.



Silent screen star Sally Eilers and George T. Delacorte, publisher of MODERN SCREEN, renewed old friendships at Louella's celebration. A complete newsreel of the party was made as a surprise by Jack Warner.



Despite rumors of separation, Judy Garland and husband Vincente Minnelli showed up together at Parsons affair. Judy's film schedule is non-stop, but she's found time to write poetry—book'll be published soon.



Louis B. Mayer greets Loretta Young and husband Tom Lewis at Cocomo party. Loretta was overwhelmed at Academy Awards affair when she was awarded Oscar for performance in *The Farmer's Daughter*.

**He's Still Got
a Lot to Learn!**



I HEARD THAT CRACK, SIS! NOW EXPLAIN!
I WANT TO KNOW WHY I FLUNKED OUT
WITH YOUR FRIEND JANE!

OKAY, I'LL TELL YOU! WHAT YOU
NEED IS A GOOD STIFF LECTURE FROM
YOUR DENTIST ON—ON BAD BREATH, PAL!

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC
TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES,
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of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft pol-
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gently and safely!"

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



THAT TIP ON COLGATE'S SELDOM MISSES!
NOW JANIE SAYS IT WITH LOVE AND KISSES!

**COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath
While It Cleans
Your Teeth!**



Always use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
after you eat and before
every date

unhappy that she hadn't won. "I didn't even expect to be nominated," she told me.

As for Loretta Young, the whole evening was Christmas, New Year's Eve, Easter and all the other holidays rolled into one. I almost blubbered myself when I ran into Tom Lewis, the proudest husband in the world. He kept saying:

"When they called her name, she paid no attention. I said, 'Loretta, it's you.' She said, 'It can't be.'"

Greta and Gregory Peck sat next to me. Greg said he felt Ronnie deserved the award.

I nodded, "You've got time."

"You think I'll ever win?" he laughed, "I've been nominated three times—always the best man, never the groom!"

Celeste Holm was celebrating two ways. It was her wedding anniversary as well as her Oscar night. She said she had made up her mind that she wasn't going to get the award, just so she wouldn't be disappointed. "But" added the honest, forthright Celeste, "I would have busted into tears! I did cry anyway."

Ingrid Bergman pulled me to one side. "Wasn't I awful?" she whispered, referring to her role of handing a special award to James Baskett (Uncle Remus). "I became confused and couldn't remember my English so well. I couldn't think of the word 'industry'—of all words to forget on Academy night!"

And I have to tell this on myself (don't tell my daughter, Harriet.) As we were leaving the theater, a fan on the sidelines called to me, "That was a beautiful speech you made about your mother at your anniversary dinner." I thanked her politely and didn't tell her it was my daughter who had made the speech!

* * *

The next day was my hour for thrills! I had all the top winners—Loretta, Ronnie, Celeste Holm, Edmund Gwenn, Darryl Zanuck—and Academy President Jean Hersholt in my broadcasting studio after they'd won their honors.

That Gwenn is the cutest little guy in the world—and in his seventies, too. Well, he is 70 years young, I can tell you. He surprised me by making up a jingle. He quoted:

"Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way. Louella, dear, Louella, dear, this is a wondrous day."

After the broadcast, Mr. Santa Claus hurried away to attend a dinner in his honor. I've never seen anybody as happy as he is over *Miracle on 34th Street*.

* * *

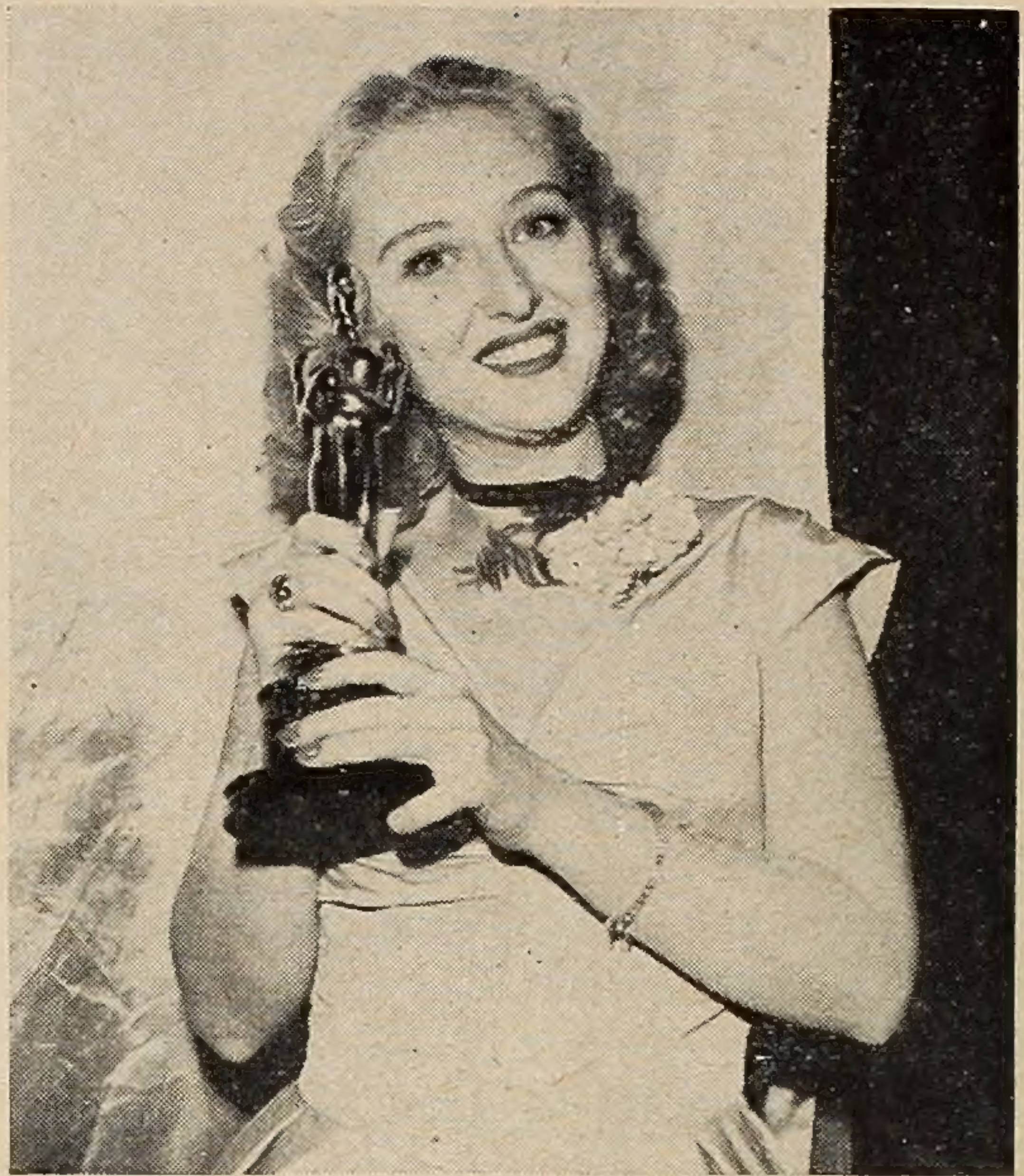
Hollywood has hardly been out of a beaded bib-and-tucker all month. What with the Academy Awards, some outstanding parties and my 27th anniversary with the Hearst newspapers celebration, it's been a whirl.

If you think I'm going to be polite and talk about my party last—you don't know your girl!

I won't go into the details so thrillingly covered by my newspapers and other publications, but there are a few highlights that will stay in my heart forever:

The gold plaque in Mr. Hearst's own handwriting—"for a good job well done"—the finest tribute a reporter could receive from the greatest boss in the world . . . Governor Warren's amusing comment that my column was largely responsible for the housing shortage in California . . . My daughter, Harriet's, "I am your

**LOUELLA PARSONS'
GOOD NEWS**



Like other winners, "best supporting actress" Celeste Holm was surprised to receive Oscar. Her prize was for *Gentleman's Agreement*.



Ingrid Bergman, in a white Grecian gown, presented James Baskett, star of *Song of the South*, with special achievement Oscar.



Edmund Gwenn, Santa Claus of *Miracle on 34th Street*, got a congratulatory kiss from Anne Baxter, an Oscar winner of last year.

LOVE they couldn't resist... **DANGER** they couldn't escape!

Tense scenes, hushed scenes, scenes of held-breath escapades, all this happens because of a kiss that shouldn't have happened!

DENNIS MORGAN

in a role more thrilling than any he's ever had



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To the Victor

"TO THE VICTOR GOES THIS WOMAN!"

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with VICTOR FRANCEN • BRUCE BENNETT • DOROTHY MALONE • TOM D'ANDREA • DELMER DAVES • JERRY WALD
DIRECTED BY
WRITTEN BY RICHARD BROOKS





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daughter, mother, and I am also your friend." . . . the hundreds of wires from old friends . . . Bob Hope's crack, "Louella has made a sewing circle of the whole nation—without using too much needle" . . . The personal, sentimental message from Bing Crosby put into my hand just before I left my suite for the Cocoanut Grove . . . The newsreel com-piled as a surprise by Jack Warner and pre-sented to me with "the fond hope that you will continue to re-live this wonderful occasion whenever the mood strikes you" . . . The wit and heart in the speech of my husband, Dr. Harry Martin, made right TO me instead of into the microphone . . . the warm pressure in the hands I clasped . . . and last, but far from least, the special song, composed by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson:

*Louella, Louella, Louella,
Everybody loves you;
Louella, Louella, Louella,
And Dr. Martin, too . . .
Press agents live for your column,
Everyone's hustling you,
Oh, how we love you, Louella,
And your 900 newspapers, too.*

* * *

Whew! Let's take a little time off between parties to gossip a little about other things. The Robert Cummings' new daughter, for instance.

When Bob called the hospital, someone said, "Congratulations. You are the father of TWINS!"

Poor Bob, who didn't know whether to faint, or yell with joy, broke all speed laws getting to the hospital where someone with a very red face explained, "So sorry, Mr. Cummings. It is another Mr. Cummings who has twins. You have a little daughter!"

* * *

Much to the annoyance of some better known beauties, the two girls usurping the romance spotlight are Iris Bynum and Linda Christian.

This is because Clark Gable is dating Iris and Tyrone Power is exclusively Linda's.

With Ty, I think it may be serious. I had heard rumors that he and Linda plan to be married in Italy when he goes there to make Prince of Foxes early this Fall. This would be before Annabella's California divorce is final which means that Tyrone and Linda would run into the same complications that beset Laraine Day and Leo Durocher. Ty is a smart boy. I

(Continued on page 117)

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

We never get tired of hearing what you think about MODERN SCREEN. In fact, we have 500 free subscriptions waiting for some of you now. That's right—the July, August and September issues belong to the first 500 of you who send in the questionnaire below. An easy way to speak your mind, isn't it? And fun, too!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our June issue? WRITE THE NUM-BERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

Her Heart Stood Still (Loretta Young) ☐
Crowning Moment (Ronald Colman) ☐
Is The Lady A Has-Been? (Greer Garson) ☐
Life Begins at 6:30! (Glenn Ford) ☐
Virtue Pays (Betty Grable) by Hedda Hopper ☐
Loves of Rita (Rita Hayworth) by Dorothy Kilgallen ☐
Double Life (Alida Valli) ☐
The Mystery Of Bob Walker ☐
Susie's Day Out (Alan Ladd) ☐

The House They Live In (MacDonald-Raymond) ☐
Oh, That Alice! (Alice Faye) ☐
All The Things You Are (Jeanne Crain) ☐
Jackpot! (Jean Peters) ☐
The Good Life (Susan Peters) ☐
Pictures Of Mother (Irene Dunne) ☐
You're Welcome At Ciro's If (Kathryn Grayson-Johnny Johnston) ☐
Or Would You Rather Be A Fish? (Ann Blyth) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good news ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues: List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am..... years old

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rich women
play games
like
this?"



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presents

RITA
HAYWORTH · **ORSON**
WELLES
in
The Lady from Shanghai

with Everett SLOANE and Glenn ANDERS

Screenplay and Production by Orson WELLES





Proud husband Tom Lewis and L. Young, after she won Oscar for *The Farmer's Daughter*.

her **H** heart stood still

**Now Loretta was
holding the Oscar and
her eyes were
bright and she kept
thinking, "This
must be a dream."**

By LOUIS POLLOCK

■ There was no car waiting for the tall girl with light brown hair and the man with her, who, long after midnight, walked out of the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles, the night of the Academy Awards. There were no fans. The screaming thousands who had earlier crowded the bleachers and sidewalks, keeping two hundred policemen busy holding them in check, had gone home long before.

It was cold, and the street was deserted now. The girl and the man were the last people to leave. The two of them, close together, couldn't help but make a lonely looking pair against that dark, forlorn street, and it was a strange contrast to a scene, not long before, when the girl had stood flushed and triumphant on a spot-lighted stage to receive the plaudits of the cinema great assembled inside the theater.

It was as if that had been a dream, the girl thought, and this was reality. But then her eyes fell on something the man was holding. That was no dream—that was Oscar himself.

Suddenly, from a shadowy corner of the entrance a figure detached itself and ran toward them—a young woman holding one of the discarded awards programs, dozens of which were lying about on the sidewalk. She wanted an autograph. Across the street, the door to an upper balcony of a house was flung open, and a grey-haired woman stepped out to lean on the railing. "I prayed for you," she cried out. "That's what did it, honey," the girl called back happily.

From nowhere, a cab shot up and stopped in front of them with squealing brakes, its driver calling out as if he were an old friend, asking if he could drive the couple home.

(Continued on page 66)

9 out of 10 Screen Stars are Lux Girls!

**"A Lux Girl? Indeed I am!"
says this famous star**

*Maureen O'Hara is one of the
hundreds of famous screen stars
who use gentle Lux Toilet Soap
beauty care. "Thrilling the way
it leaves skin softer, smoother!"
she says.*

Maureen O'Hara

star of
20th Century-Fox's
"SITTING PRETTY"

Here's a *proved* complexion care! In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions became lovelier in a short time!

"I work the fragrant creamy lather well in," says Maureen O'Hara. "As I rinse and then pat with a soft towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty!" Don't let neglect cheat you of romance. Take the screen stars' tip!

Lux Girls are Lovelier!



Crowning moment



Ronnie won coveted prize for *Double Life*. O. DeHavilland made the award.

Each moment has its own
private eternity, but for Ronald Colman,
one will stand out above the
rest . . . one moment, climaxing 25
wonderful years of stardom!

by prince michael romanoff



■ When it was announced back in February that Ronald Colman had been nominated for an Academy Award, his good friend, Michael Romanoff, Prince of all Restaurateurs, was moved to dash off the following tribute. Now that Ronnie has actually won Hollywood's highest award, Prince Mike's charming little piece of sentimentality reads even better. Accordingly, we reprint it word for word as it was written way back when Ronnie was still a long shot!

At long last, Ronald Colman, 57, has been nominated for an Academy Award. I hope Ronnie gets it, too, not only because he and Benita eat regularly in my restaurant, but because his superbly sensitive performance in *A Double Life* merits an Oscar. Moreover, the award of a statuette to Ronnie would serve somehow as a crowning achievement, a truly fitting climax to his quarter of a century in the cinema.

Colman has been on film since 1922. In all those years, he has led a quiet, exemplary sort of British life. In Beverly Hills, this is no small accomplishment. Ronnie has avoided newspapermen and headlines as a fox avoids the hounds; he has never double-dated with Peter Lawford or Linda Christian; he has never been involved in a paternity case except with his wife; and he has scrupulously stayed out of the courts, except for one day in 1932 when he sued the lexicographer, Mr. Sam Goldwyn, for libel. Ronnie charged that Mr. Goldwyn's corporation had caused statements to be issued which "reflected upon my character and ability as an actor." These statements implied that Ronnie preferred to fortify himself alcoholically before playing love scenes with Mr. Goldwyn's leading ladies.

When one considers some of the actresses Mr. Goldwyn has had under contract in the past, one can excuse Mr. Colman his prophylaxis, even if it were true, which it wasn't. The truth of the matter is that Ronnie is a complete teetotaler, always has been. And the upshot of the suit was that he refused to work for Mr. Goldwyn, a right many others have since exercised.

Eventually, Ronnie joined the camp of Darryl Zanuck and Joseph Schenck now known as (Continued on page 101)

Are you in the know?



Can "toothpick" pegs gain beach allure, via —

- ☐ Gooley sundaes
- ☐ Bicycling
- ☐ Scanty swim suits

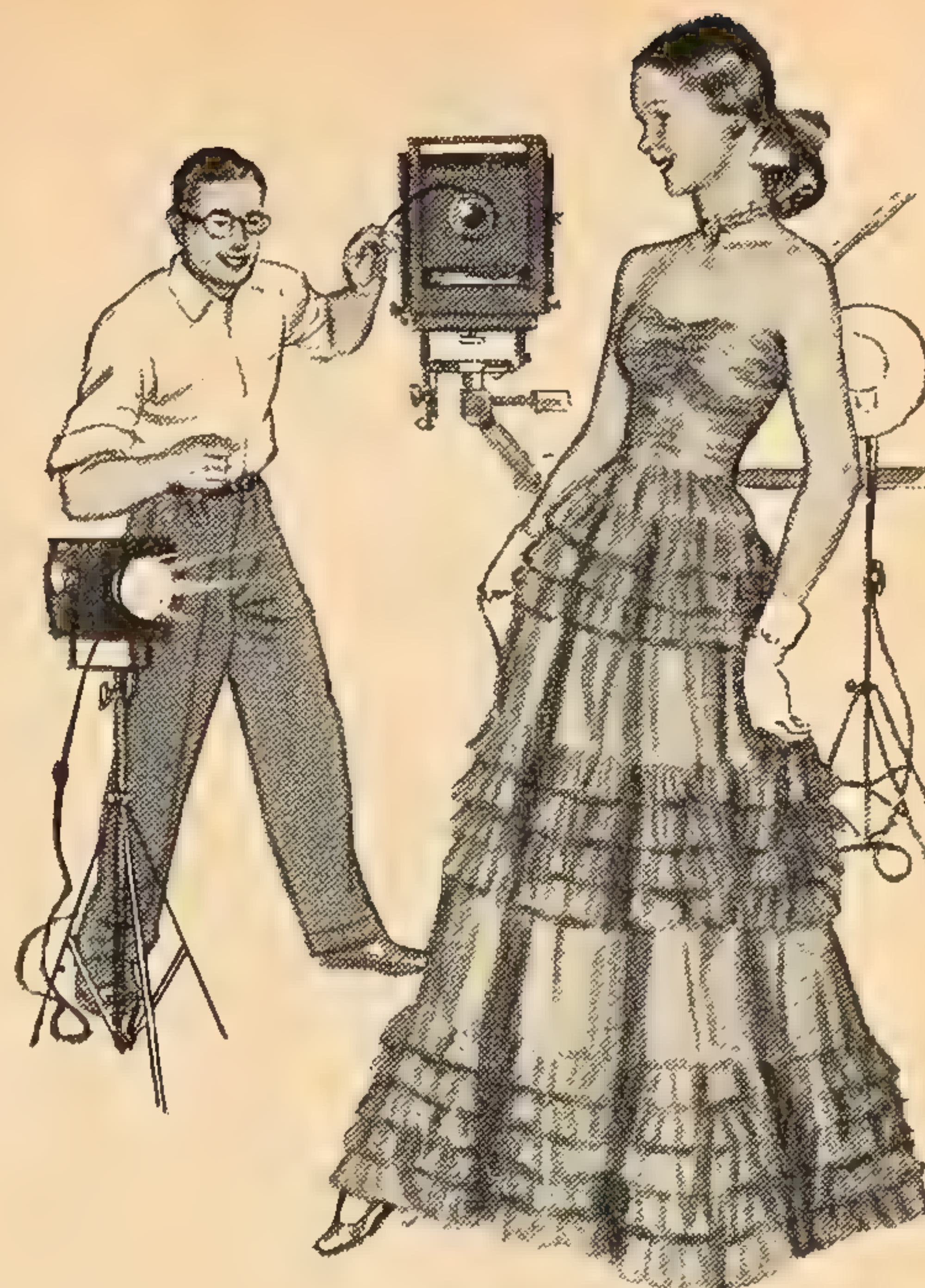
Try this for thighs—(and pegs, too) that aren't so fully packed: Mooch a bicycle. Pedal like mad, daily, to build up under-developed leg muscles. Meanwhile, a discreet dressmaker bathing suit will help keep 'em beach-worthy. It's a good style for your particular problem. And here's a good thought for problem days: Kotex comes in 3 sizes—giving you a choice of Regular, Junior and Super. So, there's a Kotex napkin just perfect for you.



Do the Crew Cuts rate you —

- ☐ Affectionate
- ☐ Affected
- ☐ A femme to follow

Since smooching won't improve her rating, a gal might improve her conversation. Don't keep saying "See?" . . . "I mean." And only a dreeep would dare the affected "Do you rah-lly?" approach. Shun mannerisms. Be yourself. And be rated a femme to follow. You can always be your own gay self when calendar qualms are off your mind. With that exclusive safety center of Kotex for extra protection, there's no ceiling to your confidence!



How to start a modeling career?

- ☐ Trek to the big city
- ☐ Take a charm course
- ☐ Find out if you're qualified

Modeling's glamorous . . . but gruelling. How's your health? Disposition? Can your arches take long hours of standing? You needn't fly far afield to find out. Try your wings in fashion shows at your local department store. Good training. Tells if you're qualified. On "those" days, comfort counts. Not 'til you've tried new Kotex can you appreciate this new, suave softness that holds its shape. It's utter—this napkin, made to stay soft while you wear it.



When can a girl ask for a date?

- ☐ But never
- ☐ In Twirp Season
- ☐ How desperate can you get

A miss can stalk her man—in Twirp Season. Anytime you and your gal pals declare one. Call for your dates, give 'em zany corsages. Plans can include a dance or movies, plus refreshments—natch. The catch? Twirp means The Woman Is Requested to Pay.

At certain times, choosing Kotex pays, in self-assurance. Why not, with those flat pressed ends preventing telltale outlines? Thanks to this secret mission, Kotex' flat pressed ends help so many girls to stay in the fun . . . serenely!



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Which deodorant would you decide on?

- ☐ A cream
- ☐ A powder
- ☐ A liquid

Granted you're in the know about napkins . . . what about deodorants for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for "those" days a powder deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing Quest Powder is made especially for napkin use.

Being unscented, Quest Deodorant Powder doesn't just mask odors. Quest destroys them. Safely. Positively. To avoid offending, buy a can of Quest Powder today!



Quest
Deodorant
Powder

Ask for it by name



ON A PEDESTAL



GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE NYLONS

HALF TONE... soft-spoken, alluring, a perfect shade to wear with pastels and prints. Charming, with a ring of decorative lace just below the Gold Stripe. All nylon... 30 denier. Buy these stockings at your favorite store. If not obtainable, use coupon.

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• "On A Pedestal." Please send me, through
• a local store, one pair Gotham Gold Stripe
• "Friv-O-Lace"* in 30 denier HALF TONE,
• Style 4304, at \$1.65 a pair. My size is
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• Coupon orders filled only in the U.S.A.

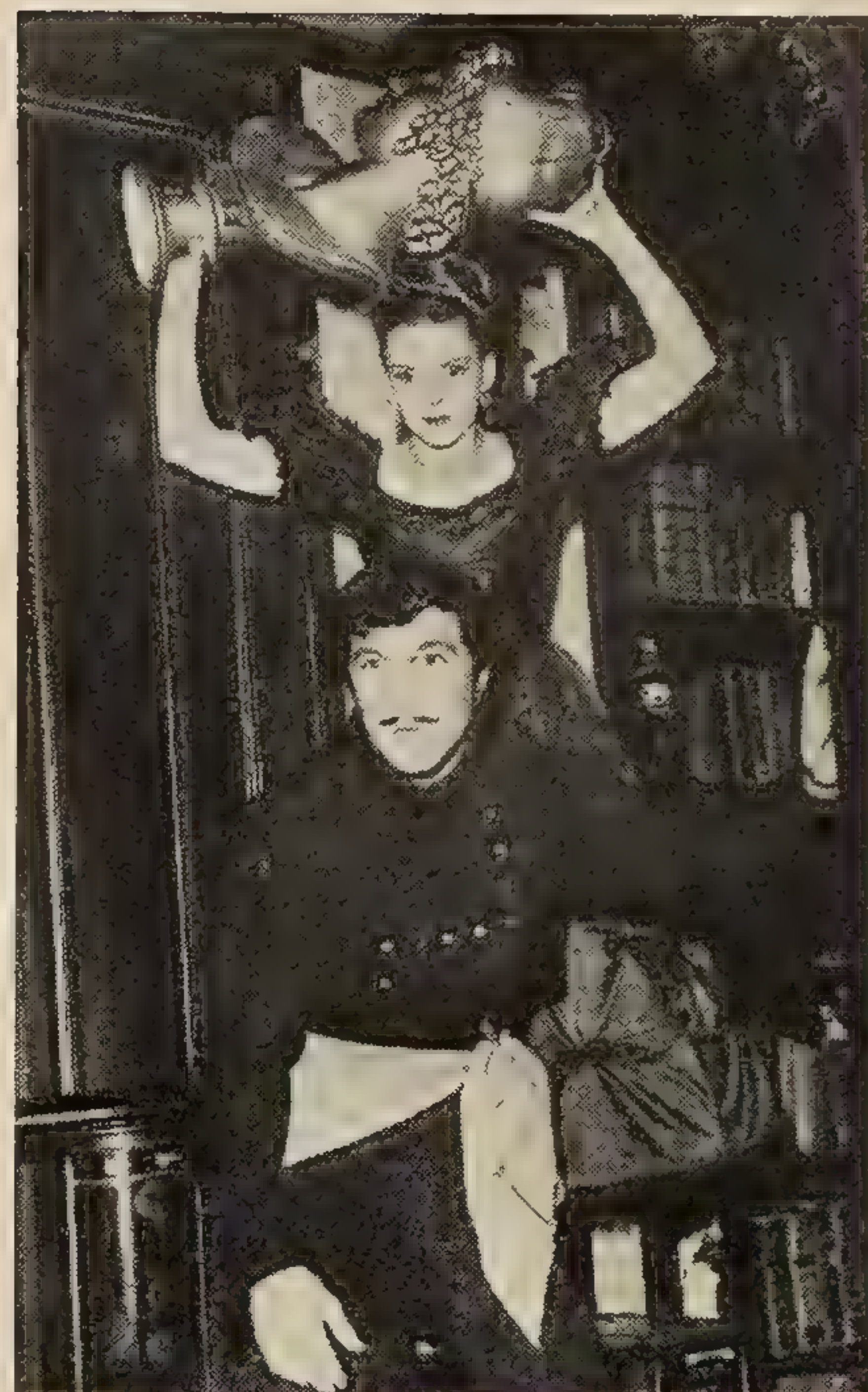
TRADE MARK

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Virginia Wilson



Gene Kelly, a versatile actor, arrives in San Sebastian in time to break up Spanish beauty Judy Garland's wedding to the unromantic mayor. She joins his act.



Actually, Kelly is the legendary pirate, Macoco, who's been missing for years—except in dreams of gals like Judy.

THE PIRATE

Like Judy Garland and Gene Kelly? Like whopping, great musicals? Like technicolor? Good. You're all set—this is for you.

The Pirate of the title is one Macoco, who is a legend of bravery and ruthlessness, all over the blue Carribean Sea. However, nothing has been heard of him for years now, and he is recalled only in street urchins' songs, and the dreams of romantic young Spanish girls, like Manuella (Judy Garland).

Manuella lives with her Aunt Inez (Gladys Cooper). From Aunt Inez' point of view, her niece is a very lucky young lady indeed. She is engaged to Don Pedro (Walter Slezak), the mayor of the town. This is an arrangement made by Aunt Inez and a battery of lawyers, without consulting Manuella. "But after all, any girl would want to be the mayor's wife."

This statement is viewed somewhat doubtfully by Manuella. Don Pedro is in his forties, slightly bald, and with more than a slight paunch. Definitely not a romantic figure. However, the wedding is all arranged for next

week, and the trousseau will arrive on a ship from Paris in a few days.

That trousseau is what precipitates matters. Manuella talks Aunt Inez into a trip to the port where the ship comes in. After all, a girl can't just let her trousseau arrive ungreeted, can she? So off they go to San Sebastian. And on the ship with the trousseau is an actor, named Serafian (Gene Kelly). He is a dashing young rogue with a ready wit, no money, and a habit of calling all girls "Nina." Says it simplifies his life.

Serafian meets Manuella and persuades her to come to the performance he and his troupe are giving that night. Serafian is a hypnotist, among other things, and hypnotizes her into revealing her dreams about the pirate, Macoco. He also finds out that she is to marry unromantic Don Pedro the next week. Of course Serafian decides to interfere. Before long, real and false Macocos are popping up like jumping beans and eventually there is a wedding, but it isn't Don Pedro's.—M-G-M.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE

Everything happens in this melodrama—mostly to Eleanor Parker, who handles a difficult dual role with skill and charm. Here you'll find intrigue, murder, romance—and a surprise ending. What's more, you'll see wonderful costumes, for the story takes place in London in the 1850's. It's a lovely setting for Eleanor Parker's fragile beauty.

When Walter Hartright (Gig Young) goes to Limmeridge House to instruct Frederick Fairlie's (John Abbott) pretty niece Laura (Eleanor Parker) in the arts, he has no inkling that evil things are a-foot there. One glimpse of the motley crew comprising the household, however, is enough to set him wondering about the place.

Frederick Fairlie turns out to be an eccentric invalid who is confined to his room. Houseguests Count and Countess Fosco (Sydney Greenstreet and Agnes Moorehead) strike him as an extremely odd pair. In fact, the only normal individual in sight appears to be Laura's cousin and companion Marian Halcombe (Alexis Smith.)

To heighten the eeriness, Walter, on his occasional walks, keeps encountering a mysterious woman in white—Ann Catherick (Eleanor Parker), an illegitimate cousin of Laura's who has escaped from a lunatic asylum—who insists that Laura is in grave danger. As it turns out, cousin Ann knows what she's talking about.

How Count Fosco's plot to kill Laura and get her money is foiled makes exciting watching, and if you don't get lost in the complexities of the plot, you mystery fans will have a fine scary evening for yourselves.

Here's a film that may very well befuddle you, with all its wheels turning within wheels, but it's a cinch it won't put you to sleep.

Sidney Greenstreet, who returns to his villainous ways, and Agnes Moorehead, as his wife, give outstanding performances, and the cast is uniformly good.—War.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was the night of the big American National Theatre and Academy Benefit. The theater was filled to capacity. All the most famous talent were appearing in their most memorable scenes.

Everyone except my favorite actor seemed to be on the program. It was toward the end of the show when Bert Lahr did his famous song, "Woodman, Spare That Tree." When he'd finished, the stage was littered with wood. The emcee called, "Come on out, Skipper, and sweep this up." A man appeared with a broom and with his back to the audience he swept the wood across the stage. Suddenly, the audience burst into wild applause. I looked at the stagehand through my opera glasses. It was John Garfield, wearing his seaman's clothes from the play, Skipper Next To God!

*Geraldine Shay
New York City*

WIN HEARTS . . . WIN LOVE . . . WITH

that Always-Fresh look

AVA GARDNER

soon to be seen in

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

"HOUSE ABOVE THE RIVER"



Try Ava Gardner's beauty-glow cleansing



Sun up! "Pretty early to sparkle," admits lovely Ava. "But I count on Woodbury for thorough, deep cleansing that tells my skin... 'Time to wake-up-and-glow!'"



Sundown! Ava turns on the glamour—a 1000-watt sparkle! "A romance date means a Woodbury beauty date—to cleanse and smooth. Skin looks dreamy!"

"In Seconds, your skin looks Woodbury-wonderful!" promises Ava. "First, massage on Woodbury Cold Cream—its rich oils cleanse deep to the skin, loosen grimy make-up. Tissue off. Pat on more Woodbury for smoothing—four special softening ingredients leave skin velvety. Tissue again, splash with cold water. And look!—your skin glows with that Always-Fresh look!"



*Woodbury
Cold Cream*



Another Part Of The Forest: Dan Duryea, Ann Blyth and Fredric March as the evil Hubbards.

ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST

There is a sinister violence to the people you meet in *Another Part of the Forest*. They are the same family as in *The Little Foxes*, at an earlier stage of their career. They haven't improved with youth.

Much of their folly is the result of Marcus Hubbard's (Fred March) character. He is the head of the family, and as such, is feared, but neither respected nor admired. During the Civil War, Marcus ran what we would call a "black-market" in salt. Now he is a millionaire—and hasn't a single friend.

His daughter, Regina, (Ann Blyth), always sides with Marcus against the rest of the family, but it is not, as he thinks, out of love. It is partly so she can have all the pretty clothes

she wants (she's the only one who can get money out of Marcus), and partly to enrage her brother Ben.

Ben (Edmond O'Brien) hates his father and Regina with a subtle, menacing hatred, far more alarming than violence, but so long as Marcus controls the purse-strings, Ben, who cares for nothing but money, is helpless.

There is another brother, Oscar (Dan Duryea), who doesn't count for much except to be used as a pawn by one Hubbard against another in the eternal intrigue that goes on among them.

Only Lavinia (Florence Eldridge), Marcus' wife, takes no part in it. The rest of the family pays little attention to Lavinia anyway. Ben is occasionally kind to her—usually when he has some subterranean motive. Oscar is too involved in his affair with a dance-hall girl (Donna Drake) to be interested in what happens to his mother. And the strong will of Regina dismisses her as a nonentity.

Eventually, of course, all the Hubbards find that this was their big mistake. That Lavinia is far more important in their family game of chess than they realize. But, by then, too many things have happened.

John Dall plays a pleasant but not-too-bright Confederate Army officer, and Betsy Blair is effective as his bewildered sister. But it is only the Hubbard family who really counts.—Univ.

I REMEMBER MAMA

"And most of all, I remember Mama."

It is the high, clear voice of a young girl speaking. The girl is named Katrine (Barbara

Bel Geddes). She is twenty now, and looking back to the days when she was growing up. Remembering all the warm, happy—or sometimes heartbreaking—moments in the life of their big Norwegian family. But most of all, remembering Mama.

Mama (Irene Dunne) is an unforgettable character. She is serene, wise, firm at the right moments, and yielding at the right ones, too. She manages her husband (Philip Dorn), her three daughters and one son, and her three sisters, with the same love, generosity, and determination.

On Saturday nights, Mama gathers the family around the kitchen. There a solemn ceremony takes place. Father's salary is divided into neat little piles—one for the rent, one for



I Remember Mama: Barbara Bel Geddes is Katrine; Irene Dunne, her Norwegian mother.



The gift that speaks more than a thousand whispered words!

The intimate, subtle, flattering gift for him...the famous *Kings Men Toiletries* in permanent containers of tasteful splendour. Bearing the proud heritage of the finest British imports...the virile fragrance *Imperiale* captures the spirit of the dauntless Knight riding forth to battle singing his battle chant...returning triumphant bearing spices and silks and precious jewels...to claim the gentle favours of his Lady Love.

Toiletries in Gold

(fired in 23 karat gold)
\$5.00. Matched sets
\$10.00 to \$15.00.

Toiletries in Crystal

\$1.00 and \$2.50. Matched
sets from \$2.00 to \$7.50.



KINGS men

Toiletries

Trade Mark

IN TREASURED GOLD AND CRYSTAL

For the Man who Commands Life's Finest

the grocer, one, perhaps, for new shoes for Katrine, or a notebook for Christine (Peggy McIntyre). Or maybe even a little pile that would make it possible for Nels (Steve Brown) to go to high school. *That*, Mama feels, would be worth sacrificing for. "Is good," she says proudly, "for a boy to want to learn."

There is another member of the family, whose occasional visits to San Francisco are accompanied by all the sound and fury of a one-man band. Uncle Chris (Oscar Homolka) is a fierce-looking man with a bristling, black moustache, a considerable amount of money, and an inordinate fondness for whiskey. Also—but only Mama knows this—the kindest heart in all the world.

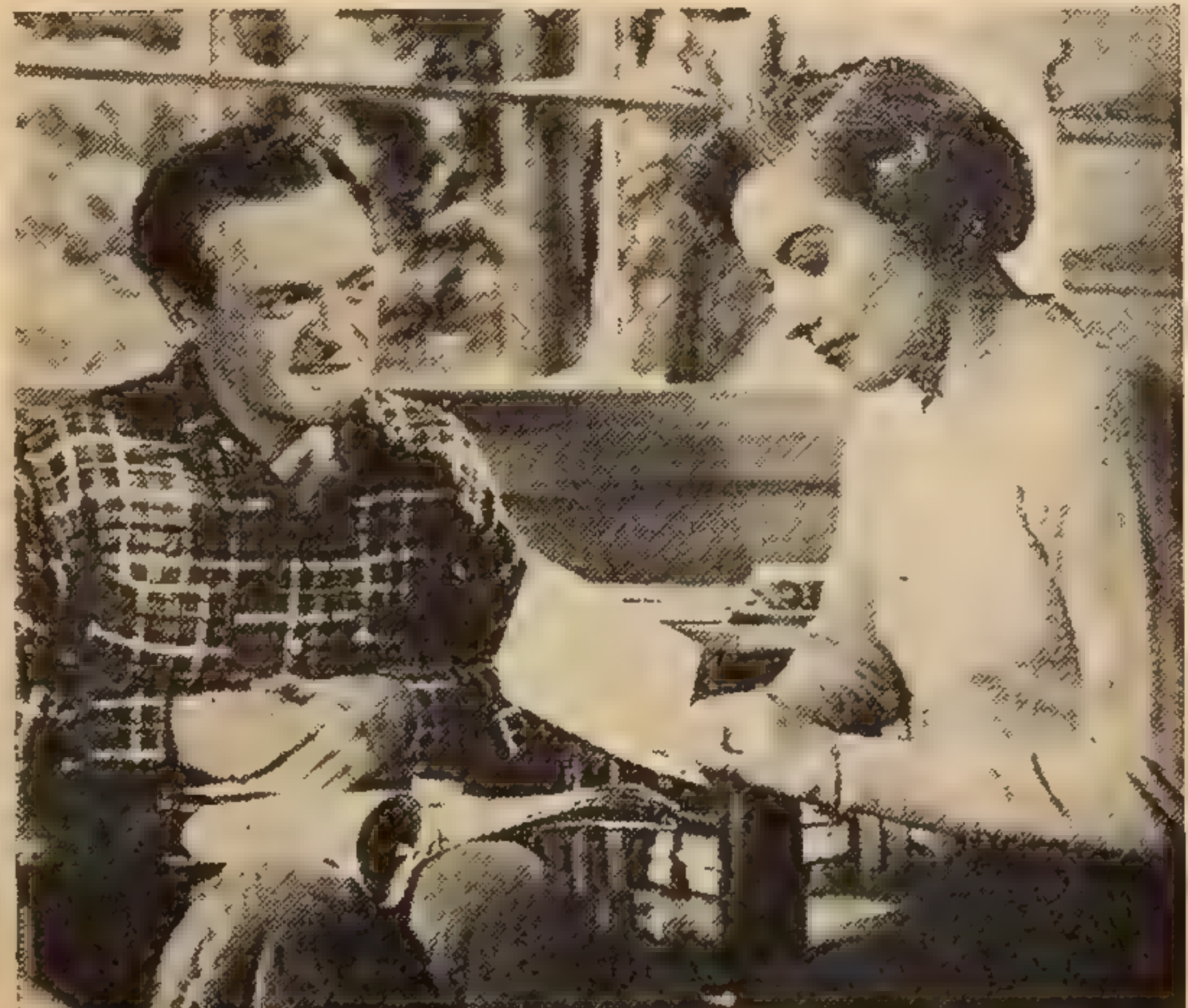
When Uncle Chris drives perilously up to the front door, loudly tooting the horn of his new-fangled automobile, and yelling like a drunken banshee, everyone quails except Mama.

I wish I could tell you more about *I Remember Mama* but I think it's only fair to let you see for yourself. Irene Dunne and Oscar Homolka get top acting honors, but everyone connected with the production deserves the highest congratulations.—*RKO*

B. F.'s DAUGHTER

In a slightly white-washed version of John Marquand's best-selling novel of the war years and the decade preceding them, this one alternately beats the drum for the liberals and the conservatives and winds up sitting neatly on the fence. B. F. Fulton (Charles Coburn) is a dough-heavy industrialist who worships his pretty daughter Polly (Barbara Stanwyck). He has given her everything money can buy, and she should be pretty soft, but somehow she isn't. When she meets Tom Brett (Van Heflin), an unmoneyed, unpressed young Economics professor in a smoke-filled speakeasy, she knows that he's for her, and it's love at first sight. When he asks her to marry him in one of the film's warmer scenes, she says "yes," even though she has been engaged to ultra-conservative Bob Tasmin (Richard Hart) practically all her life.

Step by step, Polly builds Tom into a national figure, putting not only her heart and soul into the process, but also—unbeknownst to Tom—her moolah. When at length he discovers that Polly's been subsidizing him right from his very first lecture contract, he is heartsick, and there is the inevitable crisis in their relationship. On his deathbed, B. F.



B. F.'s Daughter: Barbara Stanwyck, in title role, weds Professor Van Heflin, builds his career.

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



**Yes, "soaping" your hair
with even finest liquid or cream
shampoos hides its natural
lustre with dulling soap film**



- Halo is made with a new patented ingredient. Halo—not a soap, not a cream—cannot leave dulling film! ● So Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. ● Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! ● Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! ● Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! ● Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!
- Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Halo Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

New "LOVELIGHTS"
romantic "LOVELIGHTS"
in your hair!

Richard Hudnut
enriched creme
SHAMPOO



The Egg makes it Extra Gentle!

IT'S so soothing, so caressing... this new kind of shampoo. The reason? A little powdered egg! Yes, and Richard Hudnut Shampoo brings out all the "lovelights," the glorious *natural* sheen of your hair! Be sure to try this *luxury* shampoo, created especially for patrons of Hudnut's exclusive Fifth Avenue Salon... and for you!

A New Kind of Hair Beauty from
a World-Famous Cosmetic House

LIQUID CREME
...Luxuriously smooth

Not a dulling, drying soap. Contains no wax or paste. Richard Hudnut Shampoo is a sm-o-o-o-th liquid creme. Beauty-bathes hair to "love-lighted" perfection. Rinses out quickly, leaving hair easy to manage, free of loose dandruff. At drug and department stores.



Silver River: Ann Sheridan, Errol Flynn and Thomas Mitchell in a drama of the old West.

tells Polly to fight for her marriage, and with that in mind Polly joins Tom in Washington.

Unhappily, Keenan Wynn, most of whose lines couldn't be cornier, is thrown away in the part of the left-wing reporter. Margaret Lindsay, however, is fine as Polly's best friend, Apples; and Spring Byington is excellent as Polly's ineffectual and unaware mama. People will talk and talk about this one, and you won't want to miss it.—M-G-M.

SILVER RIVER

The tall gambler on our left with the wicked twinkle in his eye is Mike McComb, (Errol Flynn). Mike has had quite a history. He was a captain in the Union Army, cashiered for burning up a wagonload of the government's money. He did it to keep the Rebels from getting it, but he was court-martialed anyway.

His pal here on our right is "Pistol" Porter, (Tom D'Andrea) and he does anything Mike tells him to, which is sometimes a good idea and sometimes not.

Over here, the beautiful gal in the shirt and jeans is Miss Georgia Moore, (Ann Sheridan). Georgia, at this point, does not think much of Mike. She and her husband had a lot of machinery they had arranged to have delivered to their Silver River mine. But before Georgia realized what was going on, Mike had bought the concern that was to deliver it. And it was his gambling equipment that was being delivered to Silver River instead.

You see, Mike has been pretty bitter since he was thrown out of the army. His motto now is "McComb for McComb." If anyone gets in his way it's just too bad. He goes on the make for Georgia, and gets exactly nowhere. Maybe that's why, when Mike gets set up as a real power in Silver City, he buys into the Silver River mine. Now he and Stanley Moore, (Bruce Bennett), Georgia's husband, are partners. So he and Georgia are partners, too.

No one ever knows how much coincidence there is to Stanley's prospecting trip into the dangerous Shoshone Indian country. All they know is that Stanley is killed, and that Georgia and Mike get married after a while.

But the silver empire which Mike has gradually built up, is beginning to fall apart. Old enemies become more powerful. Old friends, like his lawyer, John Beck, (Thomas Mitchell), turn against him. "McComb for McComb" turns out to be a pretty poor slogan, after all.—War.



Berlin Express: Robert Ryan and Merle Oberon star in a lightning-paced post-war thriller.

BERLIN EXPRESS

This is a lightning-paced drama, as timely as a news flash, with a message the world should take to its heart. It is essentially the story of one man's crusade for lasting peace.

Dr. Heinrich Bernhardt (Paul Lukas), a wise, middle-aged German, is en route from Paris to Berlin to discuss his plans for a unified Germany. On the same train, also on their way to Berlin for various reasons, are four young men of different nationalities, thrown together by chance and by mutual admiration for Lucienne Mirabeau (Merle Oberon), Dr. Bernhardt's lovely French secretary. They are, Lindley (Robert Ryan), a G. I.; Sterling (Robert Coote), an Englishman; Maxim (Roman Toporour), a Russian; and Perrot (Charles Korvin), a bogus Frenchman; and they start the overnight trip completely at odds, none trusting the other, none liking the other.

Early in the trip, an attempt is made to assassinate Heinrich Bernhardt and everyone in his car—including the oddly-assorted foursome—is taken into custody. At which time the four men grow to trust each other even less. They seem to have nothing at all in common except deep respect for Bernhardt, and it is his mysterious disappearance in the Frankfurt Station that begins to unite them.

Their desperate search for him through the ruins of Frankfurt is as chill-making as anything we've seen, and by the time they find him, only to lose him again, you'll be absolutely gasping with excitement. Thrill piles on thrill as the hunt continues, through the shady, out-of-bounds night club district, into a frightening, cavernous old brewery. Take a spare set of fingernails along for chewing purposes—you'll need 'em in this noisy, action-packed scene.

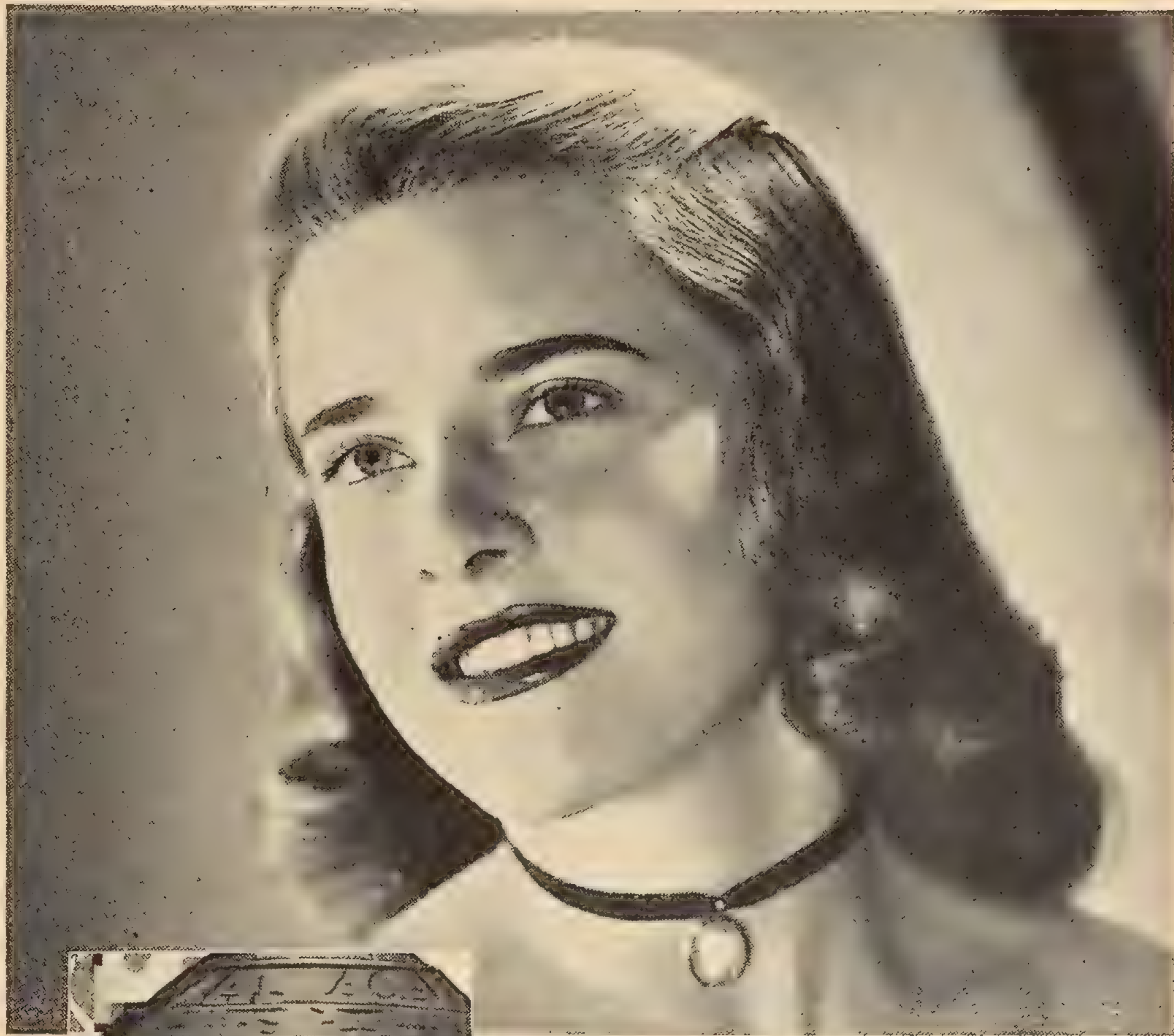
If you want to know whether they find the doctor alive, and which of the four guys gets the gal, you'll have to go see for yourself. You won't be sorry, for after all the terror and suspense, there's a quiet, hopeful ending at which to warm your fast-beating heart.—*RKO.*

WINTER MEETING

Bette Davis has the kind of part which suits her best in *Winter Meeting*. On the surface, Susan Grieve is a prim, spinsterish young woman, who writes poetry—very dull poetry. She is proud of her New England ancestors, and her apartment looks like a Beacon Street parlor. But underneath, there is another Susan,

Joan Smith's smile wins her proudest title—

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

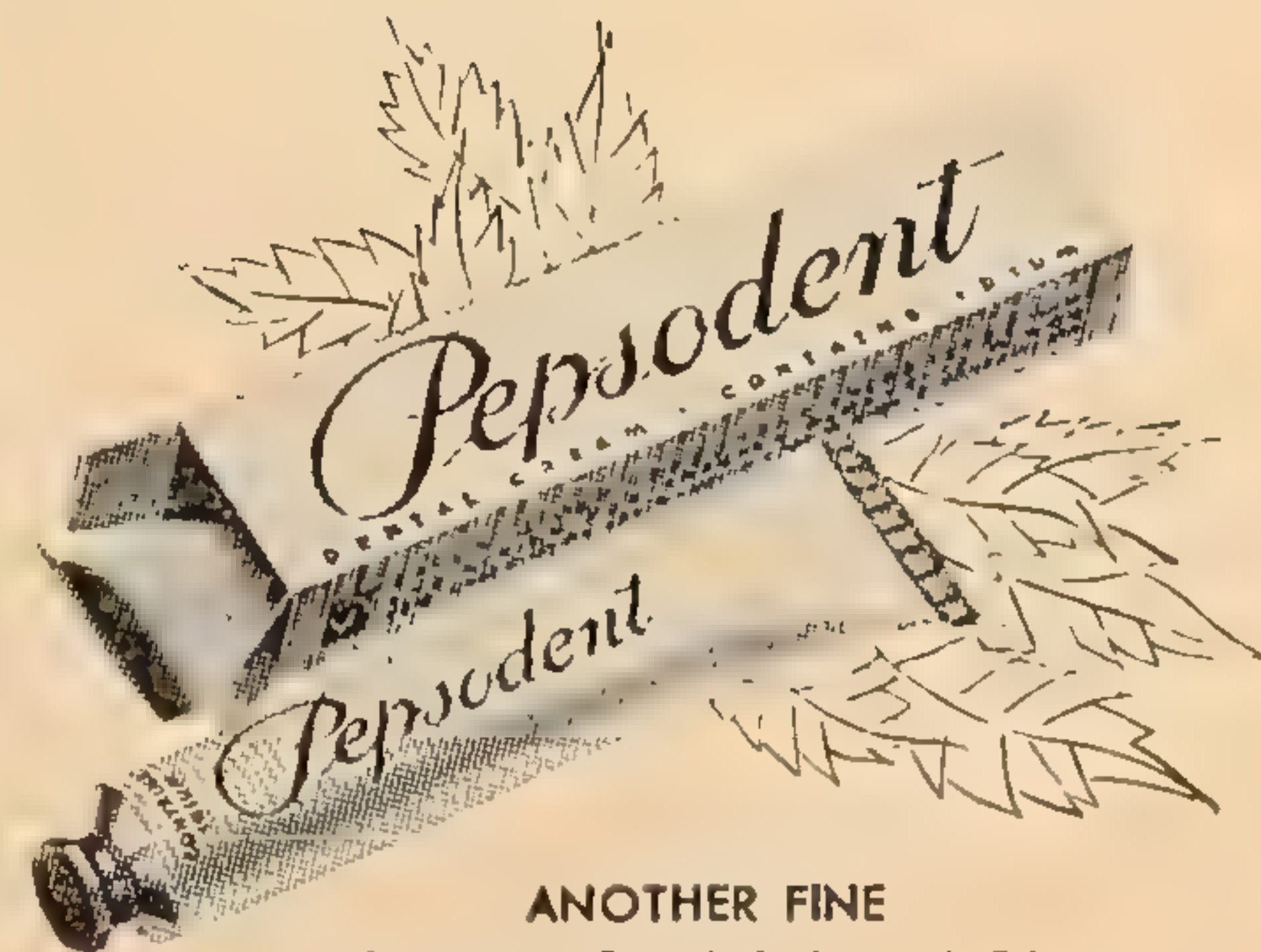


Joan Smith, Beauty Winner over 20,000 girls—"America's most photogenic girl" in a recent contest—looks forward to a new title. It's the proud "Mrs." she will add to her name when her Annapolis Midshipman fiance graduates. Joan, a Bellmore, L. I. girl, is reserving her most radiant smile for this year's June-Week festivities at the Naval Academy. For then, in the traditional Ring-Dance ceremony, she receives her engagement diamond. Her radiant smile will be a Pepsodent Smile! "Pepsodent's my tooth paste always," Joan says. "There's none better!"

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste!

People all over America agree with Joan Smith in preferring New Pepsodent for brighter smiles. Families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried!

For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!



ANOTHER FINE
LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

"Color's bad,
needs FELS-NAPTHA"



... and the good 'doctor' might well have added
—"or it won't last long".

A shirt that shows Tattle-Tale Gray is, actually, a 'sick' shirt. That dingy color proves there still is dirt in the fabric. Hard rubbing that *may* remove dirt, *surely* shortens the life of the garment.

Fels-Naptha will help make all your fine linens and delicate things last longer. This mild *golden* soap, combined with Fels naptha, removes imbedded grime and perspiration stains with almost no rubbing or bleaching. It brightens colors, keeps all washables fragrantly clean and *white*.

If your washes suffer from Tattle-Tale Gray—try the Fels-Naptha 'treatment'. It works!



Golden bar or Golden chips—

FELS-NAPTHA banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



Winter Meeting: Spinsterish Bette Davis unexpectedly meets, falls in love with Jim Davis.

one who wants to fall in love, to experience life, to let herself feel and care, and, if necessary, be hurt.

Most people don't know this second Susan exists. Stacy Grant, (John Hoyt), a wealthy man-about-town, for instance, has known Susan for five years and has not the slightest idea of what she is like underneath. But then, Stacy is too self-centered to think about other people.

At the moment, he is feeling rather smug. He and Susan and a young man named Novak (Jim Davis) and a voluptuous blonde, Peggy Markham (Janis Paige) are having dinner together in a smart restaurant. Novak was one of the outstanding heroes of the war, and even now, his presence creates a little furor of excitement. Stacy feels mildly pleased at having corralled this dinner guest, and provided Novak with as obviously desirable a date as Peggy.

It is therefore a considerable shock all around, when, at the end of the evening, Novak calmly takes Susan home, leaving Stacy to escort a furious Peggy out to Brooklyn. Susan is more surprised than anybody, and doesn't know how to deal with the situation. But Novak persuades her to relax a little and "Let the Maguire side of the family come out for a while." Gradually, he learns more about her. That she hates her mother because she considers her responsible for the suicide of Susan's father. That she is afraid of love because her mother followed it too far.

Susan in turn, learns why Novak feels that he really isn't a war hero at all. Why he has not gone back to his home town and the acclaim that awaits him there. Oh, they both have plenty to learn about each other and about themselves.

La Davis is wonderful as always, and Jim Davis, who plays Novak, seems to be quite a discovery.—War.

HAZARD

The whirl of the roulette wheel, the click of dice, or the soft rattle of falling cards may not mean a thing to you. Certainly, they are something you can take or leave alone. This is not true of Ellen Crane (Paulette Goddard). To her, they are an escape from the unhappiness she can't face, and as such, she just must have them.

Ellen lost her husband in the war, and ever since, she has been gambling away her fortune in an effort to forget. This time, she has gambled herself into a situation she is not going to find it easy to get out of.



Hazard: Smooth detective Macdonald Carey chases Paulette Goddard across the continent.

Lonnie Burns, (Fred Clark), who has a finger in many of New York's rackets, has a check Ellen gave him. The check turned out to be worth as much as a laundry slip. "No Funds," the bank said, succinctly. So Lonnie makes Ellen a little proposition. They will cut for high card. If she wins, she gets the check back. If she loses, she has to marry Lonnie.

She loses. But she welches on the bet, and leaves town before Lonnie can do anything about it. What he does do, however, is hire the smoothest private detective you ever saw, off screen or on, to find her and bring her back.

This detective is named Storm (Macdonald Carey), and he is told only that Ellen gave a bad check to Lonnie.

The chase that follows covers most of the continent, with Ellen stopping off for a fast game of roulette, or a day at the races, here and there. Storm catches up with her on each of those occasions, but besides being the smoothest private detective, he is also the unluckiest. Ellen always gets away again, until, after an extra big crap game, she finally lands in a Los Angeles jail.

Storm bails her out and they start East in his convertible, and grim silence. Neither lasts very long. The convertible burns up when Ellen tries to pull another fast one, and the silence is broken by what are now, obviously, lovers' quarrels. Eventually, Ellen finds the truth of that old saw, "Unlucky at cards, lucky in love."—*Par.*

RELENTLESS

This is a something-for-everyone deal. Enough blood and thunder for Junior and his pop, enough love interest for mom, enough blazing Technicolor desert sunshine to make us all leave the theater with first degree

(Continued on page 92)



Relentless: Blood-and-thunder Technicolor starring Robert Young and Marguerite Chapman.

The Most Feminine Face Powder Color Ever Created

*NOW One Color is Intensely Flattering To
All Types of Skin, Including YOURS!*

“*Bridal Pink*”



Joy Thorpe Original

Here's something wonderfully new and *different* in a shade of face powder! A color that is so truly *feminine* it not only flatters, but brings you a charm that is entirely new and completely captivating.

And my exciting new “Bridal Pink” is for you, because I have tried it on every skin-color type I could find, and without exception every girl, every woman who wore it, instantly found herself more interesting, more exciting than ever before.

IF you're a Blond, “Bridal Pink” will intensify your blondness, make you look more feminine than ever.

IF you're a Brunet, with fair skin... “Bridal Pink” glorifies this contrast with a new, more feminine look.

IF you're Brown-Haired, with a medium skin... “Bridal Pink” will bring you the exciting lift of new femininity.

IF you're Auburn-Haired, with a pale complexion... “Bridal Pink” will wake up your skin, giving it the life and warmth of real live femininity.

Lady Esther “Bridal Pink” Now
at all Good Cosmetic Counters

Look *different* tomorrow! Appear with this newly beautiful, more feminine look. See how your face lights up with instant new life and warmth. Find out, as you will, how much more attractive you immediately become.

Lady Esther Face Powder is sold at the best stores in 50¢ and 25¢ sizes. Get your box of Lady Esther “Bridal Pink” today!



Lady Esther

dorothy kilgallen

selects
"mr. blandings
builds
his dream
house"



Cary Grant, Melvyn Douglas and Myrna Loy view the beginnings of a dream.

■ Accurate imitation of life can be one of the finest forms of comedy—and that, I think, accounts for the superior brand of hilarity in *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House*. A custard pie in the face is classically humorous, but special—not an experience universally shared. After all, comparatively few audiences know what it is like to be caressed by a plateful of meringue.

But let a man on the screen grope feebly through a closet crammed with his wife's finery and falling boxes, and the magic of recognition goes to work. Joe Doakes nudges the missus, Aunt Mabel whispers "Just like Harry," and the laughter that drowns out the sound track is warm and sympathetic.

That's why they will roar merrily from border to border and coast to coast at Cary Grant as Mr. Blandings. Blandings, the would-be home builder, never descends to improbabilities or slapstick. In the entire enchanting course of the movie nothing happens to him that has not happened to millions of his fellows—with the possible exception, of course, of the fact that he is given Myrna Loy for his wife.

How many mortals have started out with a harmless little summer afternoon idea and watched with

horror as it grew into a monster?

Who has not struggled with the baffling vagaries of a plumber, a painter, a cement-mixer or a well driller? Who has not paid too much for a dream?

The answer is very few, and even these will find *Mr. Blandings* a warning, an instruction and a delight.

The story based on the book of the same name, quite obviously also is based on life. It is simple and funny. An apartment dweller gets the urge to own that plot of land, that hearth, that castle with closet space. And the fun begins. Fun for you, that is—not, until the very end, for poor handsome Mr. Blandings.

The proceedings are enlivened with unusually intelligent dialogue, enhanced with a bright, witty musical score, and softened with the charming blend of connubiality and romance that Myrna Loy and Cary Grant seem to achieve better than most. Melvyn Douglas is admirably off-hand as their unhelpful but attractive "best friend." H. C. Potter's direction is respectful of character delineation and pace.

It's one of those pictures "for the whole family"—but especially for a family that has built a dream house, or expects to some day.

SHOW THE WORLD
A LOVELIER SKIN!

BIGGER—LOTS BIGGER!

MORE LUXURY!
MORE LATHER!

SAME FINE,
SMOOTH TEXTURE!

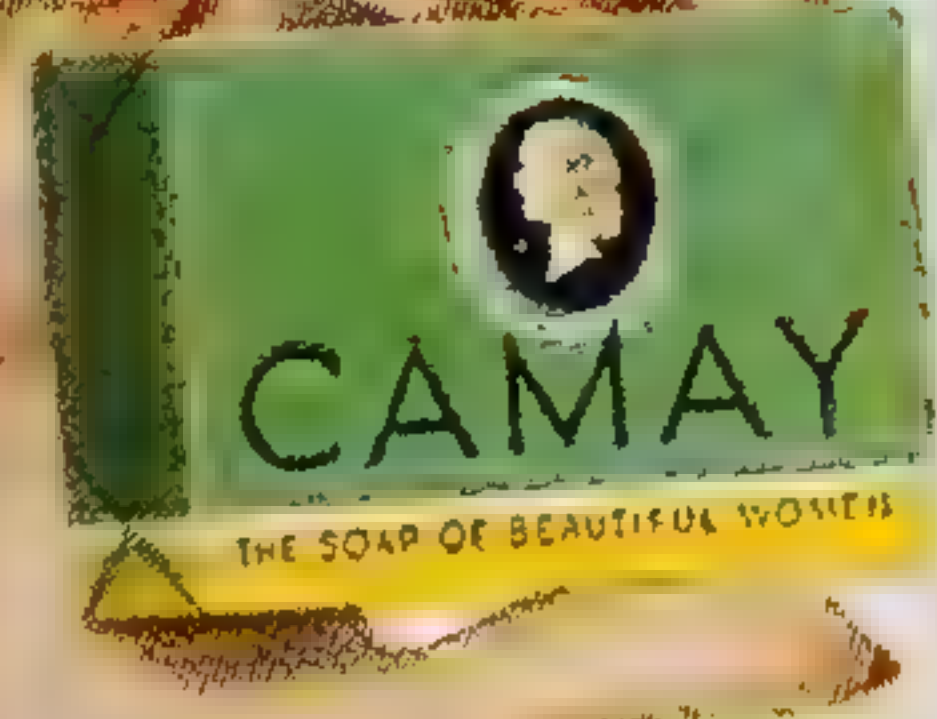
DELICATE,
FLOWER-LIKE PERFUME!

BE LOVELIER—
HEAD TO TOE!

BEVIES OF BEAUTIES
ARE SINGING
ITS PRAISES!

Making a Sensational Splash!

Everybody's talking about the new Bath-Size Camay. Buying it. Trying it. Praising it to the skies! Because this bigger Camay makes every bath a luxurious beauty treatment. Bathe with it every day, of your life—and your skin will be lovelier from head to toe. And you'll rise from your bath just touched with the delicate, flower-like fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women!



CAMAY
NOW IN 2 SIZES!

Use Regular Camay for your complexion—the new Bath-Size for your Camay Beauty Bath.

Bath-Size Camay
FOR YOUR
CAMAY BEAUTY BATH

You Can say "Yes" to Romance



**Because Veto says "No"
to Offending**



Veto says "no"—

to perspiration worry and odor!

Soft as a caress . . . exciting . . . new—Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. And Veto lasts and lasts—from bath to bath! You feel confident . . . sure of exquisite daintiness.

Veto says "no"—

to harming skin and clothes!

So effective . . . yet so gentle—Colgate's lovely, new cosmetic deodorant, Veto, is harmless to any normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto! So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!

TRUST ALWAYS TO VETO IF YOU VALUE YOUR CHARM!

is the lady a

has-been?

In Hollywood,
talk's cheap, and some
of them are saying
Garson's all washed up.
But let's take a
look at the record ...

By ERSKINE JOHNSON



■ She stood in the center of a crowded courtroom and twisted her handkerchief.

It was one of the most dramatic scenes she had ever played, and she played it to the hilt.

All eyes in that courtroom fastened on the tall, beautiful red-head, as she told the story of a section of her life. A space of months paraded before them as she unfolded that story:

He had played her son in a picture. They had fallen in love. She was older than he was, but that didn't seem to make any difference.

Women in the courtroom silently pulled their handkerchiefs from their purses and wiped their sentimental eyes as she talked.

She told the court that it was a happy marriage up to a point, then something had gone wrong, the romance had soured, and now she was asking for a divorce. As the final justification for her request, she said that her husband had told her she was a "has-been" in Hollywood.

"A has-been!" The phrase that touches a Hollywood heart with a cold and icy hand and holds it in a death grip of fear.

It was the curtain speech of her performance in the court. "He told me I was a 'has-been'."

Now (*Continued on page 113*)



1. "That crazy collie pup of mine, Bill, gets the papers at 4 a.m. and hides them. This morning they were right under the camellia bush. Very uninspired, Bill. I could have done better myself."



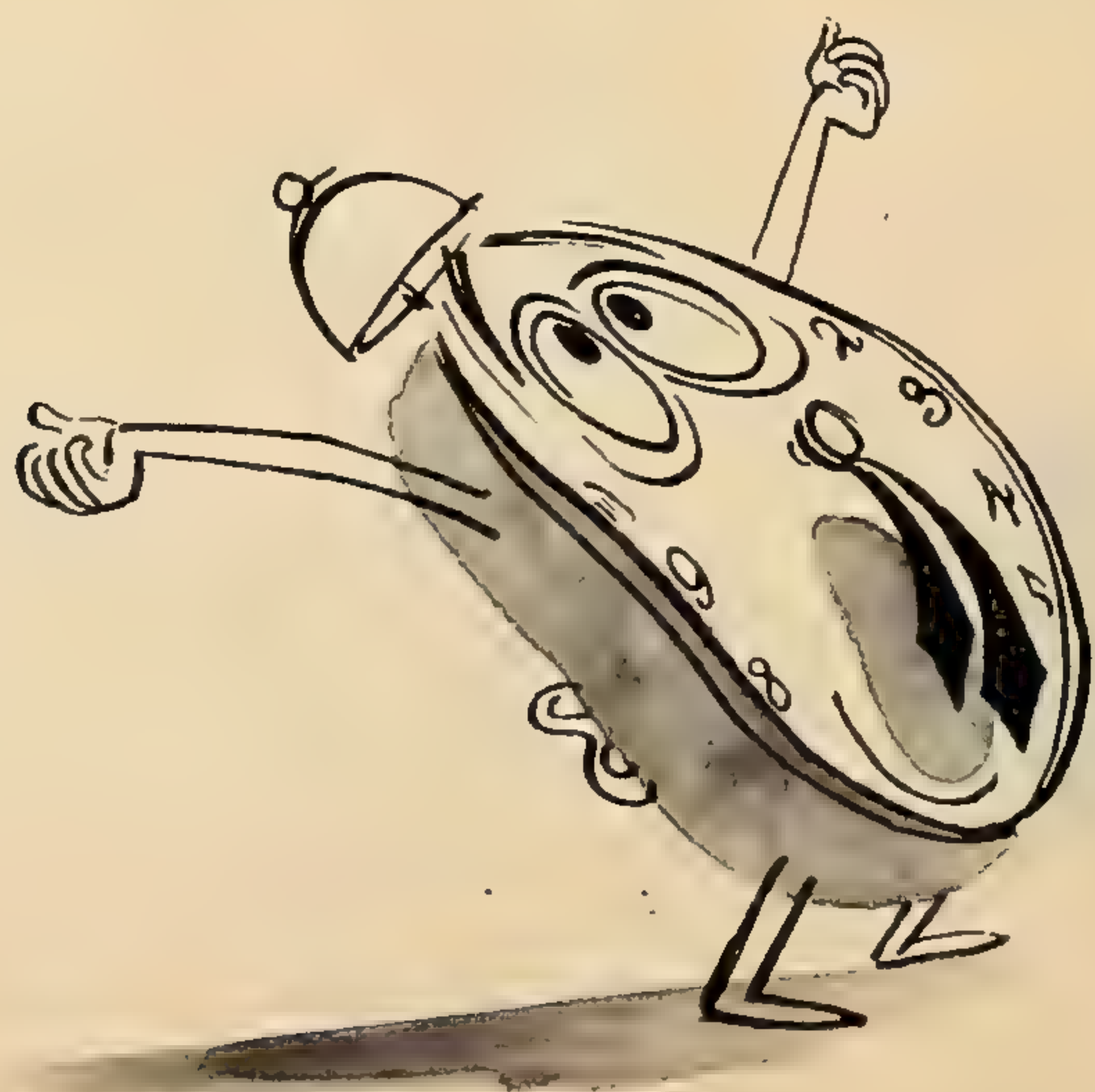
2. "I'm an hour late for the studio already, and I have to dash upstairs. I've forgotten my shoes—and my script. On the way down, Pete collars me for a good-bye kiss. Ah, this is what I live for . . ."



4. "In the scene we're going to do now, we ride into camp after the last battle of the Civil War and wreck the place. So you can see that we've got to do it right the first time—or else!"



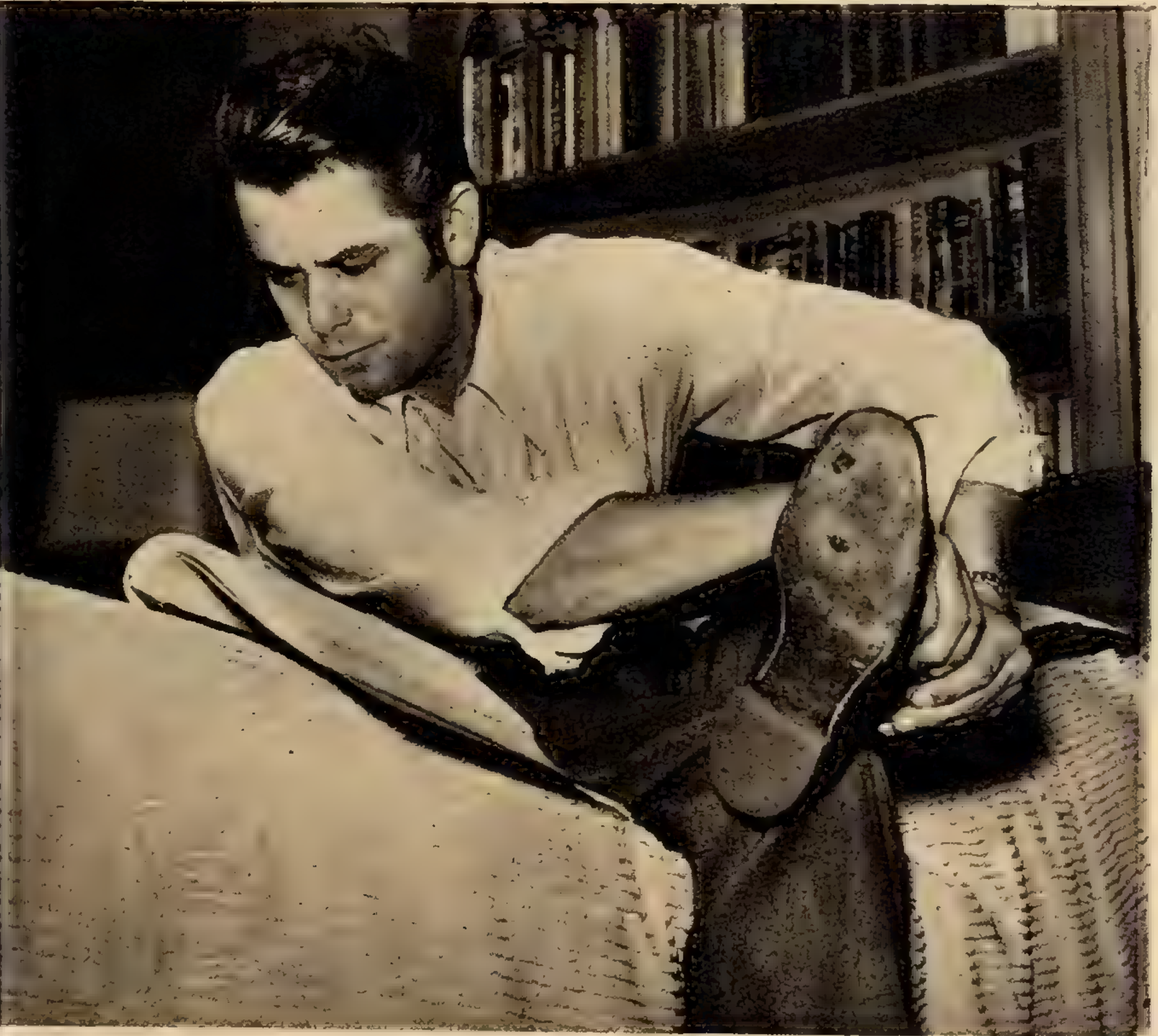
5. "It's after 12, the weekly poker game is over (I lost), and I've put in a call to Ellie, who's on tour. Now, I'll slip my favorite symphony on the record machine, get a good book—and wait for the phone."



life begins



3. "Bill Holden and I are waiting for them to get ready for the big courtroom scene in *The Man From Colorado*. We started this game first day of shooting and—excuse me, they're calling us . . ."



6. "In a few hours, it'll be 6:30 again, and I'll be starting all over. Right now, I've got to learn 300 words of dialogue. But I'm feeling very good. I've just been talking to my wife."

at **6:30**

by glenn ford

"You actors," sighs his ex-bootcamp buddy. "Sleep till noon . . . kiss beautiful dames . . ." And Glenn grins wearily, because he's been up since 6:30 a.m.—and the only female on the set has four legs and a saddle!

■ I ran into an old Marine Corps buddy of mine the other day. I'll call him Joe, because that's not his name.

Joe and I, we used to bunk side by side in boot camp and every gray dawn, come 6:30 sharp when Little Boy Blue cut loose with his bugle, we'd groan and gripe somewhat like this:

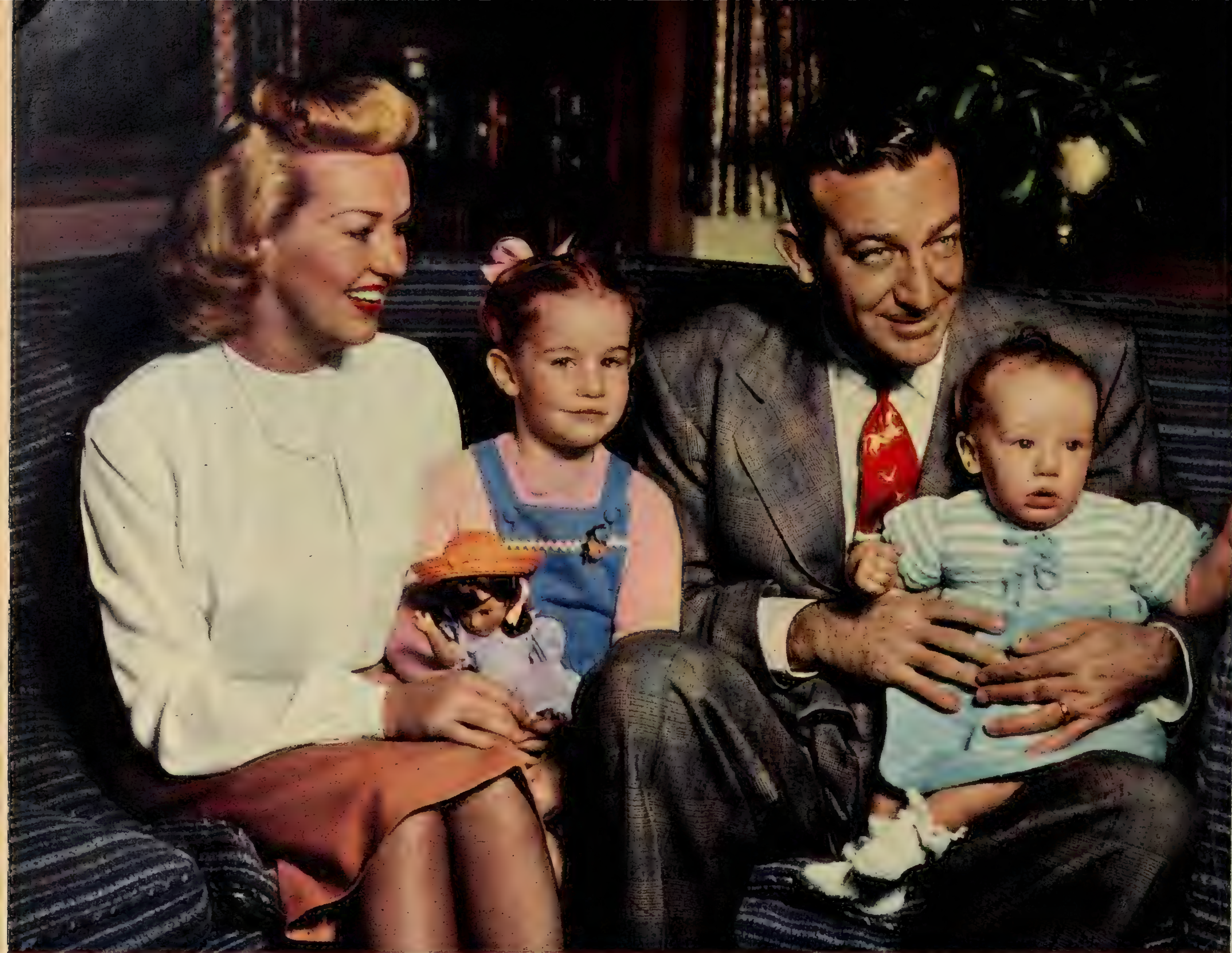
"Brother, if I'm ever a civilian again, I'll heave every alarm clock I meet straight out the window, roll over on a mattress six feet deep and sleep every day until noon!"

When I saw Joe, the other day, he sounded sort of disillusioned. "Fordie," said Joe. "How're you making with that dream of ours, pal? Me, I'm back at the old desk, punching the clock and putting in my eight hours a day. But you—say, you're the guy who really made it work. What a life! Sleeping late, lying around all day, kissing pretty girls. Nothing but fun, and they pay you for it! Chum, give—how do you do it?"

I didn't have the heart right there to set Joe straight. But later on I got to worrying. Suppose, like a lot of other people, the guy really believed all that. Right he was, of course—I'm the luckiest ex-Marine in the world to be back making pictures in Hollywood. But about that life of ease stuff—

Look, Joe, I figure the only way I can convince a character like you is to set a watch on myself and deliver a blow-by-blow report. Maybe it will make you feel better right away to know that my Hollywood *reveille* is still that same ghastly hour. It's exactly

6:30 and I'm waking up to music. No bugle like the boot barracks, thank the Lord. I've slipped a symphony on my record machine before I blanked out last night, and it's wired to an electric clock to start playing you know when. I've got an (Continued on page 106)



The James' recently celebrated Vicki's 4th birthday. Mama Betty's now making *That Lady in Ermine*. Baby Jess, 1, occupies Harry's lap.

■ Sure, people go for glamor. Sure, they get a kick out of Hollywood's dazzling daughters. Look at the Harlows, the Hedy Lamarrs . . . They make the headlines, the columns, they fall in love in public. And when they break their hearts, the public sighs for them.

But it isn't these moon-touched creatures who hit that No. 1 box-office slot, year after year. It's the warmer, more human stars. It's the boosters of family life, the solid citizens. Marie Dressler . . . Shirley Temple . . . and now Betty Grable.

I don't have to tell you much about Betty. The box office figures prove you know. Still, it's possible you've been taking her for granted. She's your girl, she's terrific, she does her own shopping, she loves her own husband—and when you come right down to it, so what? A lot of people love their husbands. Happy homes aren't

anything new; they're a nice, solid tradition. That's true, of course. With you. With me. How about with movie stars? How about steering a Grable course in a city known for its poses, its easy divorce—in a city where women deny their own children, and there are too many cooks for every broth?

When I get through telling what I know about Betty Grable, I don't think you'll take that kid for granted any more.

I'll start with a recent afternoon. I was visiting Betty when her daughter Victoria whirled into the room, and Betty's arms.

Betty hugged her, glowing. "This is what I live for. Is there really such a thing as a studio? Do I really make pictures?"

I grinned. "There's a persistent rumor around town that you're Hollywood's biggest female star—you're right below Bing Crosby."

We were sitting in a cozy room, warm

with wood beams and panels, a huge field-stone hearth and fireplace, deep long sofas and chairs, plenty of brass and pewter and chintz all around. "Our living-room," Betty said, "and I mean it. We collect here, we always eat here—all of us. Everybody's welcome—babies, relatives, guests, servants, puppy dogs." ("Punky," the French poodle, bounded in just then to prove it, and sniffed around.) "It's likely to turn into anything at any time," sighed Betty. "Hallowe'en it was all over black paper, pumpkin shells, and witch hats. Christmas—what a wonderful mess! Thanksgiving—cranberry stains, apples, turkey crumbs. And tomorrow's Vicki's birthday. We've got to doll it up again."

I was thinking of the Regency rooms, the Empire rooms, the "Louis Quinze" rooms, decorators' dreams scattered in other star homes all over Beverly Hills and Holly-

virtue pays

For years, exhibitors
have been naming Betty Grable
their No. 1 money-maker
—and we've been wondering:
Can a woman with
a minimum of husbands and
couple of kids have more
appeal than a siren? Hedda
—and the box-office—say yes!

by hedda hopper

wood. Rich, immaculate, cold, and untouchable.

I looked around. Two baby buggies were parked side by side, smack in the middle of the place. Vicki's doll house perched importantly on the best table. A stack of records—maybe a couple of thousand, cluttered one corner.

Before Vicki'd raced in, I'd been watching the James girls through the big windows. One in pink, one blue, they'd been playing in the sun under the watchful eye of their nurse; Vicki pushing a circus-painted merry-go-round, Jessica goggling, entranced.

"Mommy," Vicki was whispering now, "can I stay here while you talk?"

Betty squeezed her close. "You certainly may, darling. You can always stay wherever Mommy is."

A picture flashed to my mind. A certain star I know. (Continued on page 97)

the record at the box-office:

VIRTUE: FIRST



GLAMOR: A POOR SECOND



Early 1930's: The name of platinum beauty **Jean Harlow** always figured in exciting headlines. Though her fans were legion and fiercely loyal, it was plain old hard-trouping **Marie Dressler** who outshone her as No. 1 female box-office draw of her day.



Late 1930's: America's darling was **Shirley Temple**, all purity and light. She headed money-makers 4 years in a row. **Marlene Dietrich**, who spelled Sex from her gold-dusted curls to her satin mules, was labeled "box-office poison" by movie exhibitors.



1940's: **Betty Grable**, today's biggest money-coiner among women stars, admits her home and family come first. **Linda Darnell**, who has had to sacrifice some personal happiness for a glamor career, never hit the very top box-office brackets.



by dorothea kilgallen

Technicolor
Venus . . . queen of
the lot—yet not to
be envied! That's
how Kilgallen
sizes up Hayworth,
the lady who's
had too much romance . . .
the lady who hasn't
found love . . .

Loves
of

rita

■ Some weeks ago a Hollywood writer added to the ever-piquant chronicle of Rita Hayworth this salient note:

"Rita is so anxious to get away early this summer that she has booked passage on *five* different boats."

There was no explanation of why the gentle siren of the Technicolor cinema yearned so desperately to fly from her land of milk and honey and mile-high billing and boy-friends at the other end of every phone call. Perhaps the writer felt none was needed.

But a short time after that announcement a reporter visiting the set of a Hayworth drama asked the star to give a capsule description of her own personality.

"Are you gay, vivacious, sultry—how shall I describe you?" he inquired.

Rita smiled wanly.

"Just describe me as tired," she replied.

And there you have the old Hollywood story.

(Continued on next page)





Genius: glib, colorful "boy wonder" Orson Welles impressed Rita by being intellectual, witty, vivid, opinionated—and more egotistical than any glamor guy she'd ever met. (Above, with the Errol Flynn's on their yacht, *Zaca*. *Lady From Shanghai* scenes were filmed aboard the *Zaca*.)



Playboy: After her divorce from Welles, Rita played the Hollywood bachelor field. Steve Crane, Lana's ex, entered the picture briefly, never meant more than a casual evening of dancing.



Master-mind: Rita's first husband, Ed Judson, was a slick promoter who picked her like a canny horse-trader picks horseflesh. He changed her hairline, taught her to wear clothes, handle herself like a glamor girl

loves of rita

too many men in her life. Rita, confused and uncertain, has never discovered her "type."



Gorgeous hunk: About her romance with Victor Mature (now married to Dorothy Berry), Rita said, "He's kind and considerate, and he makes me laugh. When I'm with him, I'm in a different world."



Gentleman-in-waiting: Teddy Stauffer, Swiss bandleader who danced attendance on Rita when she was abroad and crossed the ocean to be near her, was deeply smitten. She liked him—but that's all.

(Continued from preceding page) Aphrodite, pin-up girl, queen of the lot—yet not altogether to be envied.

It always seems more than faintly silly to commiserate in public print with a girl who has youth, beauty, talent and energy and is worth her weight in cabochon rubies. Obviously it is more than a little difficult to make the average Josephine shed tears of sympathy over a lass like that.

But the truth is that unless you consider the signing of autographs and the wearing of Paris gowns to be permanent and sufficient pleasures, there is a large and glamorous group of female stars in Hollywood who are frustrated and discontented and not to be compared in the happiness league with average women of slight purse, unremarkable face and no fame at all.

Hedy Lamarr is one of them. There are dozens of others. They belong to an unofficial club of girls who don't always get the men they want and don't always want the men they get.

Rita is a charter member of the club. It has been that way since she was in her teens.

She was quite a different kind of siren then—too plump for the cameras, too gauche for speaking roles, too badly dressed and too unsure to make an impression on Hollywood's skin-deep social life. Her name was Margarita Cansino and she was definitely the Spanish-dancer type. Her hairline grew too low for cinema beauty, her makeup was obvious, her diction went with the general ensemble.

But she had magnificent legs. They were what the 20th Century-Fox talent scout saw when he signed her, and those legs were filmed over and over again for pictures in which her face never appeared.

Then Eddie Judson, the first man in her life, appeared on the horizon and changed the dancing-girl Margarita Cansino into Rita Hayworth. Judson was a slick promoter who picked her the way a horse-trader with a gambling instinct picks a piece of horseflesh. He married her and proceeded to bring her along as carefully and as cleverly as any manager training a prospective challenger for a prizefight title. He got her weight down, changed her hairline and her makeup, invested heavily in (Continued on page 71)



valli is sublime ...

by inez robb

double life

■ Since I had seen none of the 34 Italian movies in which Alida Valli had starred before arriving here in January, 1947, I boned up on my subject by going to see *The Paradine Case* before setting out to interview her. I came away from the theater with the impression of a sultry, brooding woman who might easily set fire to the drapes through the process of spontaneous combustion; so I was not prepared for the reality when I went to call on Miss Valli the following morning at the Plaza Hotel. Because Miss Valli, in person, has the fresh, scrubbed, school-girl look of Ingrid Bergman off-stage.

Miss Valli is beautiful, all right. But any resemblance between her off-screen self and the smoldering Mrs. Paradine is purely coincidental and a fine piece of acting. In fact, Mrs. Paradine is still a source of amazement to her creator.

"It is the first time I have ever played a *femme fatale*," she said. And then Miss Valli lowered her voice, as if hopeful that the confession might not prove too shocking.

"You know, I was the Deanna Durbin of Italy for years."

I studied this Selznick discovery, amazed. Her breakfast coat was not Star stuff; it was a plain bathrobe of fine, aqua blue flannel, cinched around her neat waist. And it did not cover a black *robe de nuit*; it covered a pair of old white silk pajamas that looked as if they might have been pinched from her husband, pianist Oscar de Mejo.

Nor are her manners yet off the Hollywood assembly line. She began drinking her stone cold breakfast coffee without comment. It was I who bellowed for hot, on the theory Old Marse Selznick wouldn't want us to have anything but the best. And (Continued on page 83)



valli is simple . . .

the mystery of bob walker



Ava Gardner and Bob get along fine on the *One Touch of Venus* set, but they're "just friends." Bob recently disappeared again; just walked off the set. Studio was frantic until he nonchalantly strolled back.

He's a strange
young man, Bob Walker—dis-
appears for weeks;
turns down beautiful parts,
and people whisper
he's still in love with his ex-
wife. Like Garbo, Bob's
becoming a mysterious recluse . . .
another Hollywood legend . . .

By FLORABEL MUIR
Special Modern Screen Reporter

■ Consider the mystery of Robert Walker, one of the strangest men in Hollywood.

He's a guy with a million romances, but they say he's still in love with his ex-wife.

He's a man who wants to act, but he's turned down parts any other actor would have hocked his soul for. (A lead in *State of the Union*, for instance.)

He's disappeared for long stretches at a time, and neither family, friends nor studio could track him down, or lure him back.

He's behaved at all times the way he's

felt like behaving; he's never conformed, he's never tried to.

He went straight to the top, stayed there a while, and then very calmly walked out.

Nobody in Hollywood understood Walker but that wasn't strange, because Walker didn't understand himself.

A few months ago, he went to the head men at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. "Take me off the payroll," he said. "I'm through with movies for good."

"Listen, Bob," one of them said, "take

some time and think it over. Go to New York, do a play—but quit talking nonsense. Hollywood is where you belong."

Walker shook his head stubbornly. "Take me off the payroll. I'm not working, and I'm not going to work."

"You can't work for any *other* outfit," he was warned. "Your contract belongs to Metro."

"I understand that. I'm not asking you to tear up my contract. I just want it clearly understood that as far as pictures



are concerned I'm all washed up. Through."

It was shortly thereafter that Frank Capra sent for Bob and offered him the part of the young newspaperman in *State of the Union*. He wasn't interested. That was a break for Van Johnson who was tickled to get the role. Then the studio wanted Bob for a top part in its massive Technicolor production of *The Three Musketeers*. He said no again.

Now Bob has one very close pal in Hollywood. He's Jimmy Henaghan, a bright

young man with a bubbling sense of humor, who works at Paramount breathing life into dead scripts. I doubt if anyone (outside of Bob's father and mother and aunt) shares Bob's confidence to the extent that Jimmy does. When it looked as though Bob's career was about to crack up, Jimmy felt terrible.

"Listen, fella, what's eating you?" he asked.

"I'm just sick and tired of playing Private Hargrove," Bob said. "I'm sick of

playing a callow and eager young man."

"I think you're crazy," Jimmy said. "You're a great actor. Makes no difference what role you play. Look, I've got a suggestion. Try comedy. You can be the new Harold Lloyd!"

Bob listened, but turned away.

"Guess I'll take a trip back home to Utah," he said, and that's what he did. For weeks he just visited around with relatives at Ogden, Utah, seeing boys and girls he'd grown up with, (Continued on page 105)



1. Breakfast this morning at the Alan Ladd place was different. Mom and the nurse had the day off, so the star of *Saigon* took over. Feeding one-year-old David was easy; he races through meals.



"Don't need baby-sitters," Alan mumbled, "take care of the kids myself." So Susie reached for her hat. And this is what happened at the Ladd house when Mama wasn't home . . .

Susie's day out

■ "Naturally, I can do it," Alan said bravely, watching his wife put on her hat. "Anybody can handle two children. You women are always fussing around about nothing."

Susie said, "Yes, dear," sweetly, and picked up her gloves. "Why, I can handle William Bendix," Alan went on stubbornly. Susie said, "Yes, dear," sweetly, and started for the door. At the door, she turned. "But honey, this is no movie."

He reflected upon her parting shot with some bitterness. He guessed he could handle his own children for a day, all right. He just had to keep Lonnie from cold-creaming her hair, and see that David didn't take his bread and jam into the bathtub, and give them both a couple of meals, and dress them, and feed them. He'd glide through the entire schedule with one hand tied behind him. "Fairy stories," he told himself. "In awkward moments, resort to fairy stories. Kids love 'em. And then they'll nap in the afternoon, and I'll sit back with my paper—"

It sounded good—and it wasn't bad. For proof look at the pictures on these pages.

susie's day out



2. Jezebel, the boxer, joined family on their farmhouse porch in Hidden Valley. The kids live with their nurse in three rooms of their own built on an incline behind the main house.



3. When David spies a radio he makes a bee-line for it, and breaks all the knobs. After Dad tuned in jazz, Alana stayed close to David who loves dancing but is unsteady on his feet.



6. David squirmed like an eel and Alan's hands trembled—it was his first attempt at baby-bathing. Climax to the bath was a quick shower under the faucet. David squealed in delight.



7. Alan asked permission first, then removed teddy bear and blocks from the crib. With David safely out of the way, Lonnie and Dad (who's finished *Beyond Glory*) headed for the barn.



4. Soup was on again but David complained. Seems he wanted to be taken care of before Alana. Dad was so busy all day picking up toys and answering questions, he forgot to eat!



5. No privacy for David when he got ready for his bath. Alana (called Lonnie) and Dad helped the gentleman disrobe. Later, four-year-old Lonnie massaged her brother's feet with lotion.



8. The lady had a mind of her own and wanted to skip a nap, but finally decided on a small one in the late afternoon. Last trick was to make Alan brush her hair before she'd retire.



9. After both kids were in bed, Sue (visiting Dinah Shore) got a phone call. It was Alan. "Honey," he said, "everything's under control, but please come home." P.S. She did.



"MacRaymond" pool clings to lower terrace (there are 5 levels). Poolhouse (background), once scene of swimming parties for servicemen, is now ideal setting for informal barbecues.

Twin Gables, in exclusive Bel-Air section, is the same house to which Gene brought his bride 11 years ago. He bought and furnished it as a surprise for Jeanette, who loved it on sight.



the **H**ouse they live in



Inviting their friends to dinner is faster with two phones. Formal dinners are usually topped off with Gene's specialty, *Cafe Diablo* (coffee and brandy, ignited in a large bowl.)



Once they had 7 dogs; now there are two: Trey (above) and Misty. Their horses, Black Knight and White Lady, are farmed out, and the horse stalls converted into Gene's writing room—"Fable Stable."

*This is about a
house with a heart . . .
Gene Raymond built
it for his Jeanette.
There's no other house—
or story—like it
in all the world.*

BY HELEN FERGUSON

■ See the house on the page at your left? Looks just like a house. Not ordinary, maybe. A little bigger, a little more beautiful than a lot of places. But you couldn't guess its secrets from looking at it. You'd never suspect that every closet had a skeleton, or that we'd stolen material for the very drapes, or that we'd lied and cheated for months to make it all come true . . . It began one night when Gene Raymond (my first male star client when I opened my publicity office in Hollywood, and later my good friend) was talking to my husband Dick and me about his forthcoming marriage to Jeanette MacDonald.

I grinned. "So come next June, Gene, you'll carry your bride across your threshold—"

Raymond looked around the room. "I don't *have* a threshold that I own," he said anxiously. "I ought to have." The next minute he came up with the big idea. He went home spinning a dream, that night, and my husband and I were pledged to help.

Gene Raymond's dream sits today high on a wooded Bel-Air hill above the twinkling lights of Hollywood. We call it the

Gene's bedroom is used as a sort of upstairs study, too. The walls are panelled in a satin-finished, hand-hewn wood, ordered by Jeanette to Gene's taste. Gene caught the marlin (over fireplace) off Florida coast.



THE HOUSE THEY LIVE IN

"MacRaymonds," though Gene and Jeanette call it "Twin Gables." It's more than just a house and always will be. For eleven years (they'll celebrate that anniversary there this June) to me it has been a symbol of a man's deep desire to please the woman he loves, a symbol inspired by that woman. To me the house is Gene and Jeanette Raymond. It's a house with a heart. Pictures can indicate its beauty, but can't tell the story—the wonderfully insane, fabulous story of how Gene personally planned and furnished it for his bride, right down to her favorite perfume on the dressing table, and kept it strictly secret from her until he lifted her across its threshold in the most romantic real life plot of Hollywood's history.

It was late August of 1936 when Jeanette and Gene became engaged, and set their wedding for the following June. During the next ten months, I connived with Gene to deceive my best friend, his best girl. We tricked, tormented, even stole from Jeanette. We broke laws, dodged friends, lured accomplices into lives of crime, worked and worried ourselves down to skin and bones. I wouldn't go through it all again for nine million dollars and the Hope diamond thrown in, not for anybody—except, of course, Gene Raymond.

He called me one day, breathless. "Helen! I've got the house. Come up quick." I dropped everything, raced to the Bel-Air address he'd told me. The house was Tudor English (basically the kind we'd both heard Jeanette say she adored). The gardens were neglected, but lovely. I walked inside, stopped in my tracks.

It was just wrong—everything was wrong; nothing like Jeanette. But it had what decorators call "possibilities," and Gene saw them. He said, "I'll buy it!"

"But Gene," I gasped, "the remodeling, the decorating, the expense!" My knees wobbled.

"Answer me a question: could we fix it so Jeanette would love it?"

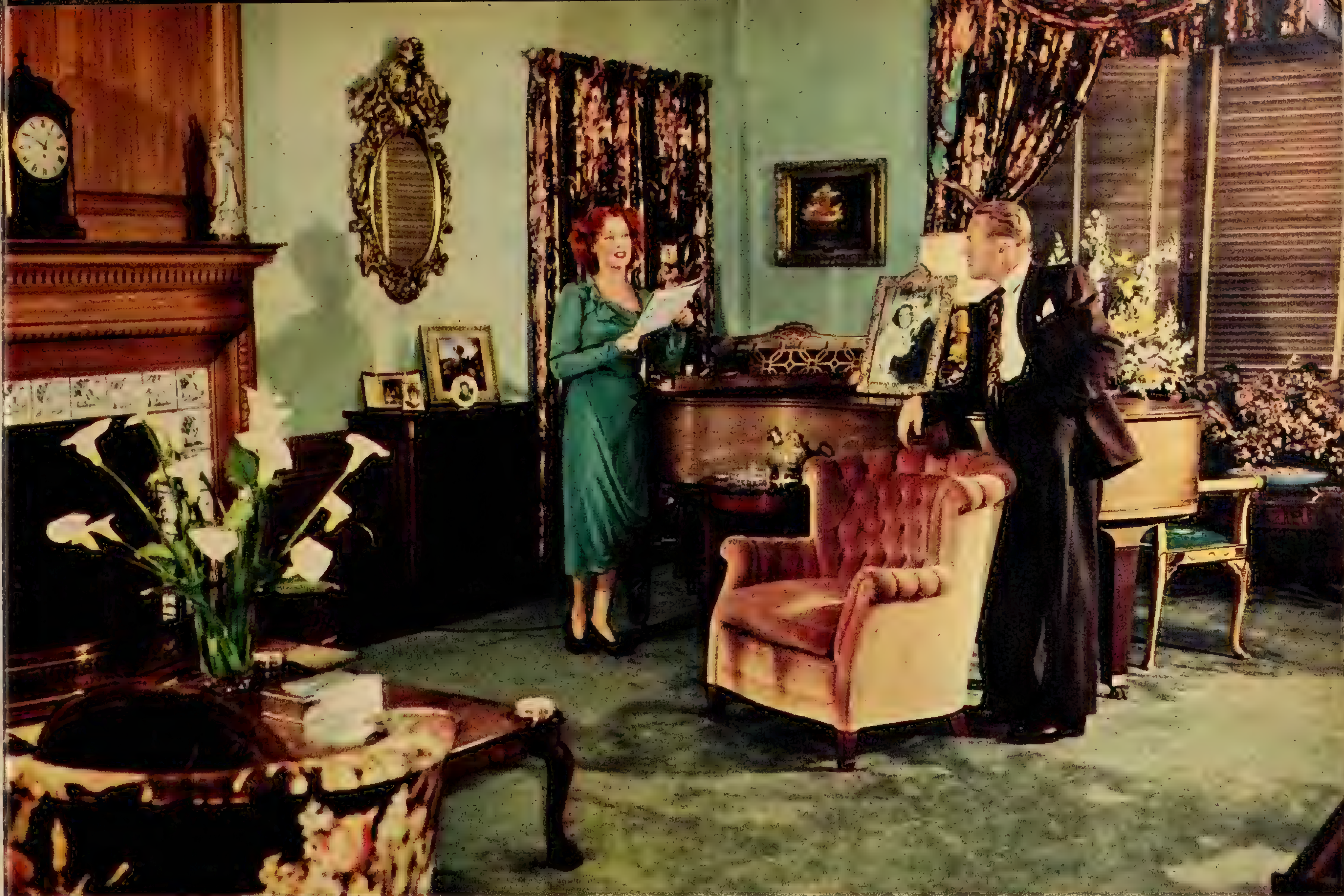
"Yes, but—"

"Then we'll buy it. Nuts to expense!"

We bought it. That is, I bought it. I had to. Let Gene Raymond's name be mentioned in the real estate news, and our secret would be out right then. Mrs. Richard Hargreaves (that's my married name) was the (Continued on page 94)



Jeanette recently remodeled the guest rooms into a suite for herself. Quilted wall covering is of spun-glass fabric, as is matching coral and silver chair upholstery. On the custom-made desk is a portrait of Jeanette's late mother.



▲ The classic living-room is a perfect setting for two musically-minded people. Gene (now making *Assignment To Danger*) has written several songs which Jeanette sings on her concert tours.

▼ Bright blue brick fireplace in the charming little poolhouse is in sharp contrast to the warm tones of Jeanette's copper collection. The star of *Three Daring Daughters* also collects antique fans.





by
phil
harris

■ Alice "Sit-By-The-Fire" Faye we call her. It takes so much urging to get her out of the house to dinner that one night our friends had a pipe and bedroom slippers waiting for her when she walked in their door.

She hasn't made a movie in three years. She still has a contract with Twentieth Century Fox; they send over scripts for approval and she just says: "Get lost, script!" Finally she finds one she likes—likes a lot. But what happens? Maybe you read about it in the papers back there a few weeks before Christmas.

We're over at the home of one of our writers, playin' *The Game* (that's Park Avenue charades) when it happens. Alice is on her feet actin' out *The Wreck of the Hesperus* for her team. They don't know what her line is, of course, and she's got to do it all in pantomime. They guess the first word fast, get stuck on *wreck*. She twists her face into an awful expression and goes around the room looking all beat up. Tryin' to be a human wreck.

"The witch in *Snow White*," someone yells.

This is so far off Alice changes her tack. Now she's really wreckin' that old barge. With every roll of the ship Alice is tossed from port to starboard and then back. Her team doesn't get it.

"A lousy ballet. (Continued on page 102)



On the Fitch Bandwagon, Ann Whitfield and Jeanine Roose sub for the Harris kids who are still too young to radio-act. Walter Scharf (opp. pg.), musical director, rehearses Alice.

Phil looks at his wife
and sighs. "Oh, you gorgeous hunk
of talent, what're you doin'
here?" He can't figure
her. "Alice," he says, "Hollywood's
callin' for you!" And Alice smiles,
"But honey, I want to stay home."

**oh,
that
alice!**





by
paul
brinkman



Jeanne Crain (starred in *Apartment For Peggy*) keeps a sketch-book of Paul, Jr.

all the things you are

It was two years
ago; the band was play-
ing softly; Jeanne
drifted into his arms, and
their song was telling
it all—the way Paul felt
then, the way he feels
now—*The dearest things I
know are what you are . . .*

■ I remember the night we became engaged. What a formal way to say it. I looked at this girl in her soft, pale dress, and my arms felt shaky around her, and none of the phrases Ronald Colman would use came into my mind. So I said, "I love you," which she already knew, and the music was playing "All The Things You Are," and this girl, this girl, she was way ahead of me.

She said, "Nice song," smiling up, and I thought, you'll never guess how nice, and then I thought, but maybe you will. Because she seemed to be able to guess everything else about me. The vocalist with the band was singing softly. A bare circle of floor, a dead-white spot, a thin figure, and the words drifting out . . . "*You are the promised kiss of springtime that makes the lonely Winter seem long. . .*"

And that was funny. That wispy song. It told Jeanne everything I couldn't say. It said it all.

I'm not sure but what I owe my success to that song. I was pretty tongue-tied myself, but my girl married me.

And it's funny to look back on, two years later. Because she's still the kiss of springtime to me—and much more.

I can be sitting in my office dictating a letter to the president of a chrome plating. (Continued on page 112)

In the movies you can't even
count the odds, they're so high. But every
so often a freak thing happens, a
kid like Jean Peters comes along . . .

jackpot!



HOW IT ALL BEGAN: Top student at Ohio State U., Jean spent free time at Hennick's, the local college hangout. Here, she sips cokes with Ann Kline; both girls lived at Baker Hall dorm.

■ In Hollywood, there are a million people balancing themselves on drugstore stools waiting to be discovered. When they're not sitting on drugstore stools, they're killing themselves taking lessons—singing, dancing, elocution. They're batting their heads against the wall. It's a fever. They're all gamblers, like a guy who plays a slot machine every day, feeding the thing all his nickels, feeling each time that this one'll do it.

A slot machine'll take all you have to give it, and so will Hollywood, and by the time you hit the jackpot with either one, you're usually too tired to care.

So we've got a funny story to tell you. It's about a girl named Jean Peters, who got hers without even trying.

It started with a contest at Ohio State U. A beauty contest, Jean didn't enter herself, even though her figure deserved an honorary degree. She wasn't a girl who thought much about her looks. She was a girl who liked to study Educational Psych., and she pulled down grade A's like apples off a tree.

She had a pleasant future planned. She'd teach speech, probably right here at Ohio State where the wintry campus unrolled slowly like soft white linen, and the buildings cut sharp edges into the frosty sky. She'd marry someone she could talk to nights before a fireplace . . . he'd understand her . . . she'd be happy . . .

But the other girls in Baker Hall had ideas. They talked about the (Continued on next page)



JUDGMENT DAY: Jean wanted to teach dramatics, wasn't interested in beauty contests. But at Columbus' Palace Theater, she became Miss Ohio State with score of 95. Runner-up scored 82.



GOODBYE, OHIO U.: \$250, a trip to Hollywood and a screen test at 20th Century-Fox awaited winner! Roommate Arlen Hurwit helped Jean pack for Hollywood; trip was during Xmas vacation.



WHO'D EVER DREAM?: At airport, Jean, her chaperone, her agent Paul Robinson, and his assistant boarded TWA plane. Little did Jean dream that Howard Hughes, head of TWA, would woo her!



LOOK MA, I'M DINING! Arriving in L.A., Jean was swept off in a limousine to the Town House, a fashionable hotel. Breakfast in bed and a hectic week of posing and meeting stars followed.



GILDING THE LILY: When there were no more people to meet, Fox gave Jean her test. She tried on a blonde wig, got false eyelashes, one of Gene Tierney's glamorous gowns; learned lines for two hours.



CINDERELLA STEPS OUT: After the test, Jean dined with Vic Mature at La Rue's, then he took her to Ciro's where she met Desi Arnaz. Next day, Jean went to the races with Don Ameche.

jackpot

contest all the time. "\$250 in cash, a trip to Hollywood, a screen-test at Fox—" the murmurs filled the building from morning till night.

There were 267 girls entered—Jean among them, though she didn't know. Her room-mate, Arlen, had sent off her name and her picture.

Jean found out, one afternoon, when she picked up a paper and stared at her own face.

She went tearing up to the room she shared with Arlen. Arlen was lying across one of the beds, studying the snow outside the window.

"Hey," Jean said. "Hey, dope!"

"Oh," Arlen said. "You saw."

"Yes," Jean said. "I saw. You must be crazy."

Arlen denied this vehemently. "You'll win, easy."

Jean announced that she'd lose, easier, and they pretended to forget the whole matter.

But studying economics was hard that afternoon.

And then the contest night came, and she was standing backstage at the Palace Theater in Columbus and out front, beyond the footlights, (Continued on page 80)

SCREEN TEST: Jean's five-minute test was made with Michael Dunne (currently appearing in *Shock*). Fox officials were impressed, signed her to term contract. Next test for *Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay!* was a flop.





CATANA AND THE CAPTAIN: Failure of *Scudda Hoo!* test left Jean free for coveted Catana role opposite Tyrone Power in *Captain From Castile*.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?: Howard Hughes isn't in it! Usually when Jean dolls up, Howard's around.

the good life

■ It started when Charlie Bickford sent Susan the book by Margaret Ferguson.

She'd thought about making a picture, she'd talked about making a picture, but it was one of those faraway things that never seem real. Besides, the doctor hadn't said she could work.

One day Frank Orsatti called. "I've just finished a book called *Sign of the Ram*," Susan told him. "First story I've read since my injury that I'd really like to do."

Frank was not Susan's agent. She was merely yakking to him as to a friend. But yak to a friend who happens to be an agent, and look what happens. A week later he was back on the phone. "Were you serious about *Sign of the Ram*?"

"Never more so. Why?"

"Irving Cummings is interested. Have you got your doctor's permission?"

"Uh-huh," Susan lied.

So before you could say Harry Cohn, she was signed at Columbia on an independent deal. After which, like a little angel, she asked her doctor. He said okay, but with conditions. A nurse on the set, a weekly checkup, a working day of not over five hours. She stuck to them all but the last. Got up at 6 and got home at 6, just like the good old days. What's more, she thrived on it.

That first morning, however, she wasn't so cocky. "Dick, I must have been crazy, I can't go through with it. Dick, Dick, get me out of it—"

Ever since she was hurt, it's been Dick who's egged her on to do what she thinks she can't, laughed her out of her fears, put the accent on normal living. Cracking the old bull whip, the young Quines call it.

"I *can't* drive, Dick—"

"Oh yes, you can!"

And now she drives herself all over the map.

"But I *can't* work, Dick. It's three years since I've opened my mouth."

"Since you *what*?" yelled her outraged husband.

"I mean before the cameras," she amended meekly.

"They're the same cameras you adored three years ago. You've cooked yourself up a deal, honey. Now go and deliver."

Scared to death, she went. Scared of Columbia, where she'd never worked before. Scared of Harry Cohn— (Continued on page 69)

You like to visit
the Quines;
you're always sorry to leave.
Because in Susan and Dick's house,
they have a wonderful plan.
And the plan goes—
don't cry for yesterday,
don't fear for tomorrow...

BY IDA ZEITLIN



Painting's a habit with Susan; Dick and son Timothy like it, too. The Quines may have a breakfast radio program soon; Susie's a hit in *Sign of the Ram*.





Mary Frances, accomplished pianist,
loved mama in *I Remember Mama*

These are Mary's prized portraits of Irene.

Softly quiet, listen-
ing to your problems
. . . gay as a walk in
the woods . . .
serenely beautiful,
like a movie
star. These are the
ways Mary Frances
remembers Mama Irene
Dunne—who also
chews bubble-gum!

pictures of mother

■ Sometimes people ask me what it's like to be Irene Dunne's daughter. That's an easy one. Being her daughter is wonderful. But now MODERN SCREEN says, "Tell us about her. Is she as heavenly as she looks? As serene? What's she really like, this gentle, beautiful woman?" And that's a hard one, because how can you tell people about her? About that cute tongue-in-cheek look she has when she's about to put one over on Daddy? That quick shout of laughter when the joke's on her? The way her cool hand feels on your forehead when you're sick in bed?

I have three pictures of Mother on my dresser at school, and each of them shows her differently. In one—the one in which she's caring for the flowers in her garden—she looks sort of quiet and soft, the way she looks when we're having a serious talk. She's the best person to talk to, because she's so reasonable and so fair, and she'll always listen to my side of an argument. The second picture shows her in dungarees and plaid shirt. That's the way she looks weekends when we go on a long walk. In the third picture, mother's wearing a leopard hat, and she looks awfully beautiful—like a movie star. I can never decide which picture I like the best.

Before I have you thinking that life (Continued on page 116)



by
mary frances
griffin



you don't wear bathing suits. Business clothes are okay, but Kathryn's blue fox stole and the Johnstons' Lincoln Continental dress up the place.

you're welcome at **ciro's** if...

by herman hover

You're welcome at Ciro's
if you bring your Lincoln,
but leave your dog at home;
if you like service
a la King, but don't think
you are one;
if you tip the waiter,
but not on next week's races;
if you're the Johnstons,
Host Hover's favorite guests.

■ First, let me say this much. People are lovely. We want 'em, at Ciro's, and I don't like anybody to think the place is stuffy, snobbish, or hard to break into. But there *are* certain rules of behavior we like to see observed. You'll get the idea right away if you look at these pictures of Johnnie Johnston and his wife, Kathryn Grayson. Here are two kids who always do the right thing at the right time. They can have the run of my joint any day in the week. After you've looked at the pictures, come on back here, and I'll tell you a few of the things you *don't* do if you wanna be loved (by a night club owner, that is). For instance:

You don't wear bathing suits. Okay, that's a little far-fetched, but what I mean is that pretty people dress up a place. I like glamor. I don't like sport clothes, I don't allow slacks. Business suits are all right, I want customers to feel comfortable. A tie is required; we keep a stock on hand for men coming in from the beach in sport shirts. On opening nights black tie is preferred; formal dress is fine any night but Sunday. If you come formal on a Sunday night, we admit you, but suspect you. It just isn't done (though I'm not sure why).

You don't try to bribe the maitre d'. Forget about slipping the maitre d' hotel that five. It isn't necessary, and he won't be impressed anyhow. (Exceptions to this rule are when he's done you a special favor, like coming in in the afternoon to arrange for a special birthday party.) Gus Kornazes, our own maitre d' at Ciro's, is half-Greek, as

you don't try to bribe the maitre d'. Headwaiter at Ciro's is Gus Kornazes, and you can't impress him with money. Look as glamorous as Kathryn and Johnnie, or come often, and you'll be seated at a ringside table without question.

you don't act snooty with the help. The people who work in Ciro's are nice people and they're ready to serve you. When Kathryn caught her heel in the hem of her gown, she got the attention of Hazel Therard who's in the ladies' lounge.





you don't wear bathing suits. Business clothes are okay, but Kathryn's blue fox stole and the Johnstons' Lincoln Continental dress up the place.

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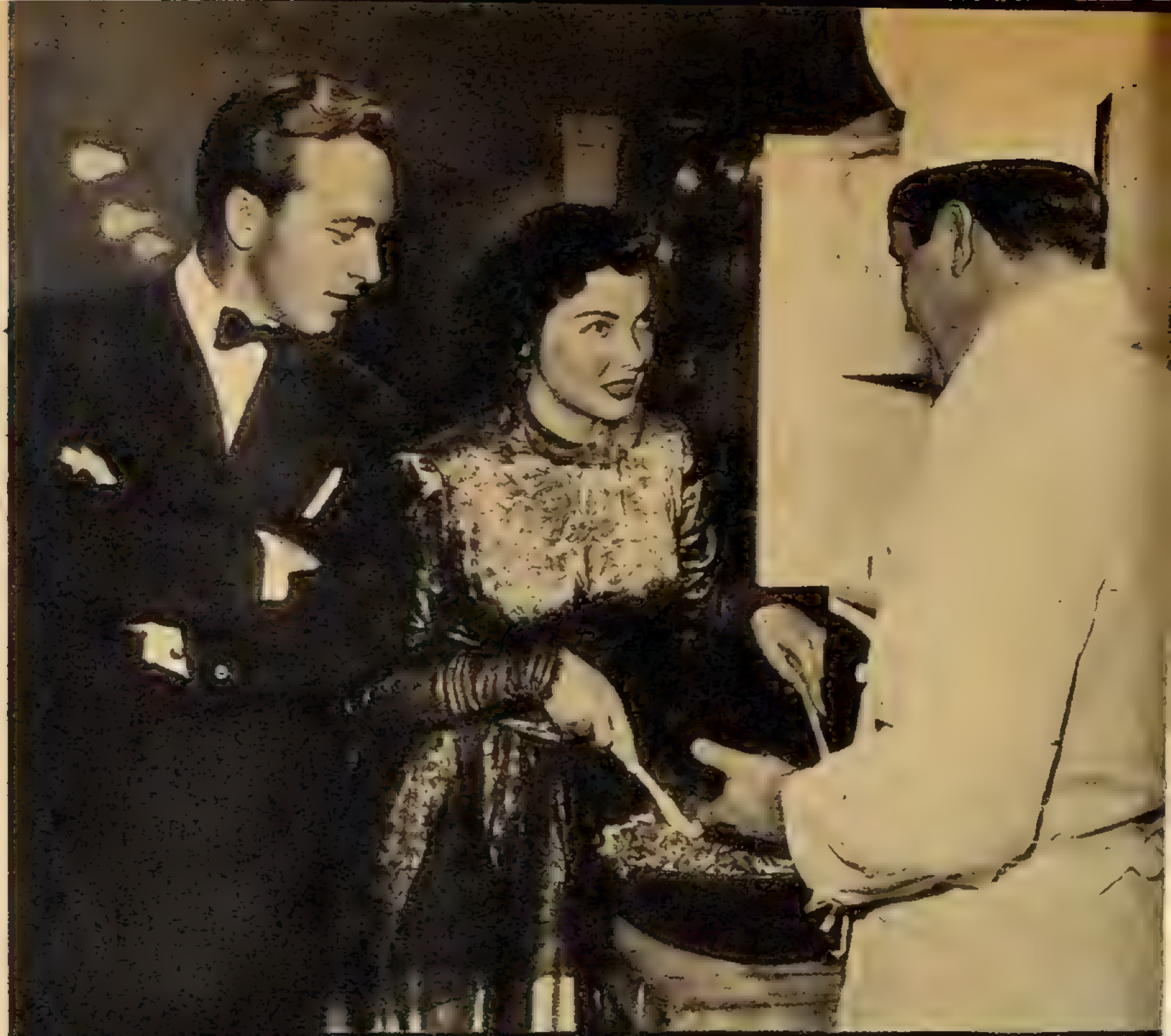
wise as Socrates, and such a good judge of human nature I think he could look at a man in swimming trunks and tell you how much income tax the guy pays. Gus was once a wrestler, went to a school for hotel training at Monte Carlo. He can taste gravy and tell you all its ingredients!

He's had some weird experiences with *Ciro* patrons, too. There was the man who used to call up every night. "I don't care where you seat me," he'd say, "but Betty Hutton's going to be in my party tonight." Gus would see that he got a ringside table, of course. Next night he'd be on the phone again. "I don't care where you seat me, but Rita Hayworth will be in my party tonight." This went on for a long time, and none of the famous stars the man mentioned ever showed up.

So one night when he called, Gus told him, "Look, you don't have to be a movie star to get a ringside table. You come here often enough to get a ringside table in your own name."

Gus also has to be aware of those times when a star would rather not be seated conspicuously. For instance, when Van Johnson's wife was pregnant, the Johnsons naturally preferred a table in the corner. Then there are some stars who never care where they're seated. Bob Hutton and his wife aren't fussy, neither are the Zachary Scotts. They can have a good time at any table.

You don't act snooty with the help. The people who work in *Ciro's* are nice people; I like them treated well. Hazel Therard is in charge of the powder room. She knows first aid, is a dressmaker, keeps needles, scissors and pins handy for girls whose clothes need a quick stitch. Hazel has a case full of makeup and perfumes to which you're welcome, too. Proper tip for Hazel: twenty-five cents. And by my standards, it's okay for a girl who discovers she hasn't a quarter when she's on her way to the powder room to ask her escort for the money. If she makes more than one trip to the powder room, the first quarter's enough to cover her for the whole evening. (Continued on page 111)



you don't mind eating like a king. At Ciro's you can walk into the kitchen and prepare your own food! Kathryn tossed a salad as Johnnie and Chef Rene Milesi beamed approval. The food is tops because Rene goes back to France part of every year to find out what's new in the art of cookery.

you don't force liquor on the bandleader. Being friends with the bandleader is fine. You can even ask bandleader-pianist Barclay Allen for a special song, as K. and J. did. But monopolizing his attention doesn't go. Trying to make him stay at your table the whole evening, or tipping him, is bad taste.

you don't table-hop all night long. Greeting friends adds gaiety to the evening, and naturally, you don't want to miss saying hello. Kathryn and Johnnie chatted a while with Esther Williams and Ben Gage, then went back to their own table. Unless you're invited, don't join a pal's party.

you don't slap the waiter on the back. Waiters should be treated cordially, but with reserve. If you have a favorite, you can ask to be put at his station. Nicholas Stames, the Johnstons' favorite waiter, served them torten cake, while Herman Hover, Ciro's owner, smiled on.

you don't park poodles with the hat-check girl. Kathryn left Throckmorton, the St. Bernard, at home, which is what a proper guest should do. There are five hat-check girls at Ciro's, all with movie contracts. Sandy Jo Sanders (helping Kathryn) is a movie extra, attends college during the day.

you don't take your shoes off until you get home. No fooling, Ciro's guests are refined, and sometimes, before they leave, they're given a token gift. Kathryn (of *The Kissing Bandit*) and Johnnie (of *The Man From Texas*) had nightcaps (milk) in their kitchen, discussed who was where at Ciro's.



by ann blyth

photos by don ornitz

"or would
you
rather be
a **fish?**"

They laced Ann Blyth into a tail,
and coated her with cod liver oil,
and told her to be a mermaid.
And now she sits at home wailing,
"River stay 'way from my door!"



After *Another Part Of The Forest*, Ann became a mermaid for *Mr. Peabody And The Mermaid*. Ben McMahon and Bud Westmore adjust her tail.



Made of latex, the tail was skin-tight. Once in it, all Ann could do was wiggle her toes! A sponge rubber padding kept her shaky knees from knocking.



Every morning Ann was carried to the set on a stretcher. Bud Westmore (rt.) and his assistant do the honors. Ann wore a blonde wig for the part, learned to comb it underwater. Scenes were shot at Weekiwachee Springs, Fla., in a pool 137 ft. deep.



Champion swimmer Newton Perry taught Ann all the underwater tactics. Here, in a mermaid's frenzy, she bites Andrea King's leg.



Ann got up at 6 a.m. to get laced into the tail, and was unlaced at 5 p.m. With a few days training, she could hold her breath underwater for 1 min. 15 secs., swam by kicking 2 legs at once.

■ During the past three months, I would estimate that I have spent more than 80 hours in the water, a good deal of it submerged. And at this moment, I can safely claim that I am, Esther Williams notwithstanding, the most water-logged actress in Hollywood. I have learned to hold my breath underwater for as long as 1 minute and 15 seconds, which is no world's record but pretty good for a girl who used to do all her swimming topside. I have learned how to do a Bronx cheer underwater, how to laugh underwater without strangling, how to brush my hair underwater. I can even cry underwater. By the way, did you ever try to blow your nose on a saturated lace handkerchief 15 feet down? If not, skip it, and save yourself a lot of trouble.

All this, and more too, resulted from the gay job I've had as the mermaid in Nunnally Johnson's production, *Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid*. It started innocently enough. I was working in a normal two-legged role as the young Regina in *Another Part of the Forest*, when the talk started about the mermaid role. Someone from off the lot was supposed to be testing in the tank to see how she photographed underwater. (Continued on page 110)

HER HEART STOOD STILL

(Continued from page 12)

They were all caught with the joy on the face of the girl, joy so deep that her eyes shone as if tears of happiness were not far behind. And thus it was that Loretta Young first met the outside world after just having won the Academy Award for the best performance by an actress in 1947—autographing a program for Mrs. Edith Garland of 430 West 31st Street in Los Angeles; waving to the woman on the balcony at 3247 Royal Street, just across from the Shrine Auditorium entrance; and climbing into Yellow Cab No. 788, driven by Pat Karley. They were all as happy as Loretta, stirred by the magic of human emotion commonly shared.

As the cab bore her away, there were many thoughts running through Loretta's mind about this day of great surprise. And through the mind of her husband, Tom Lewis, who sat with her. They had gone to church together that morning; to the Church of the Good Shepherd, in Beverly Hills. On the way back, Tom had brought up the Academy Awards, and she had told him how she felt. "As far as I'm concerned, I'm not in the running, and I'm glad of it. I don't want to sit there, jittery, for hours. The polls show I haven't got a chance. Thank goodness we can go and relax."

He had laughed, and agreed it was a wise frame of mind, but added that she was certain to win one award anyway—an award for the gown she planned to wear (the emerald green creation that swirled out to make almost a six-foot circle, and which was later to be talked about almost as much as the Award winning itself).

Before lunch, Tom had played golf, and their daughter Judy begged to walk around the course with him. He thought he knew what was on her mind. Along about the third hole, she started quizzing him, "Daddy, is Mom going to win tonight?"

Up to two years before, Judy hadn't even known what the Academy Awards were because she'd never been permitted to see a picture. Now she was getting hep, Tom thought to himself. He shook his head. "No, she's not going to win, Judy."

"Why not?"

He explained very carefully about the unofficial polls that had been taken, and had shown that Loretta was far from being a favorite. In view of that, and in view of the fact that she had only one chance in five anyway, he went on, there wasn't much likelihood.

Judy scuffed at the grass with her foot, and didn't look convinced. Tom took her by the shoulders. "Look, Judy," he began, "no matter how you feel about it, it is very important that you don't let your mother know you think she is going to win. If she gets that idea, it will be a sort of weight on her—she'll feel she has let you down, if she doesn't win. Understand?"

Judy nodded. As Tom turned away, he just about heard her say, under her breath, "Just the same, I hope she does win."

The night didn't start out too well. Dore Schary, who had produced *The Farmer's Daughter*, in which Loretta had played the role for which she was nominated for an award, telephoned the Lewises to say that he couldn't attend, because his mother was ill.

The Lewises were going to the Shrine with friends, though, and by the time they got into their seats at the auditorium, Loretta was prepared to enjoy herself listening to the Awards. But she had reckoned without a man sitting in the seat next to her. It was Nigel Bruce. He looked worried. He took her hand.

"Dear," he said, "I hope you get this. I earnestly do."

She was set back. "Willie," she said. (Willie, for some reason, is what Nigel's friends all call him), "you're going to worry me by worrying."

"All right, I'll behave," he replied. But every time she looked at him his eyes flickered nervously.

The Awards went on, and then Fredric March was up there, and announcing her name. For a second, Loretta made no move. She looked back at Tom, and her eyes were blank. She started to rise to her feet—March was beckoning to her to come up to the stage—but the seat slipped down, and so did she. From across the aisle,

someone was calling to her with congratulations. She looked, and it was Darryl Zanuck. Willie was saying something now. Something about, "Gretchen, get up. You'll have to go up there, you know." (All Loretta's old friends call her Gretchen.)

And then she was in the aisle, and on her way. It was all a whirly haze from there. She remembered making a speech of thanks, but all she could recall of it was the way she gripped the Oscar and said, "And as for you—at long last."

Then she was backstage, and the photographers had her. Once she caught a glimpse of Tom in the background, looking happy, and then there was a free moment and she got to a telephone to call her mother.

"What do you think about it?" she asked. Her mother told her, but she couldn't remember a word. In the meantime, Tom was on another phone, calling Judy. As he waited, he thought to himself that Judy would probably give herself the feminine prerogative of saying, "See? I told you so." Judy came on the wire, and he told her, "Your mother won the Oscar, Judy." Then he waited to let her have her little moment of triumph. But all Judy said was, "What does it look like?"

There was a tenseness among the reporters who surrounded Loretta in the press room as soon as the photographers let her go free. There were so many of them that each felt there was little chance of getting in an interview. Some of the other Awards winners had already disappeared. But Loretta stayed until every reporter was satisfied, and until only she and Tom were alone in the room.

Then she turned to him. "I still don't believe it."

He held up the Oscar. "Tell him."

She went up to the statuette and looked straight at it. "If you are mine, say so," she said. From backstage where the technicians were dis-assembling the special sound equipment came a low, reverberating sound—like a grunt. Loretta and Tom looked at each other, and then fell into each other's arms, laughing.

end of a perfect day . . .

He had her wrap ready, and led her back into the now empty auditorium illuminated only by the harsh worklights set out for the night cleaners. Already, the shining pillars which had formed the background before which she had stood, were lying about in sections, and the whole beautiful setting was a shambles.

"Sic transit," Tom started to say, but Loretta finished it for him—"gloria mundi. I know. But I don't care. It's the finest stage I ever saw in my life."

They crossed the lobby where someone was sweeping up big mounds of cigarette stubs. The watchman nodded to them. Loretta said goodnight to him, and Tom pushed open the exit door, and they were out in the street.

But there was still another street scene to take place that night. At Loretta's insistence, they drove many miles to a quiet, residential block in Brentwood, to the home of Dore Schary, who'd made Loretta's winning picture, but hadn't been able to come share in her honor.

They rang the bell, and Dore came to an upper window.

Loretta called up to him. "I couldn't go home until I came to see you and thank you. I wanted you to be as happy as I am."

Dore leaned out the window. "I am," he told her. And he was, even if tears did fill his eyes.

MODERN SCREEN



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Modess ... *because*

THE GOOD LIFE—BY IDA ZEITLIN

(Continued from page 56)

they said he never talked to a soul. Scared of the lights and the million people as she sat in her wheelchair—it was so long since she'd been around so many people.

The spooky feeling lasted till after her first line came out, smooth as a ribbon. Then the ham in Miss Peters took over, and she went to town. As for Columbia, "Love that studio," she chants. As for Harry Cohn, no human could have been kinder.

Her first day on the set, she noticed this attractive-looking man standing around. He finally came over and asked: "Well, how do you like it?"

"I like it fine."

Nobody introduced them. Only reason she asked about him, his face stuck in her mind. "Who's that dark man with the twinkle in his eye?"

"That's the boss."

Thereafter he was on the set every day, to see for himself that Susan was comfortable. He had both her dressing-rooms air-conditioned; he had hot lunches sent down from the executive dining-room, not only for her and her nurse, but for any guest she might wish to entertain. Doctor's orders called for a daily eggnog and a glass of milk every two hours. They appeared like clockwork.

errant star . . .

One day, Susan was through at two, and decided she'd like to see a movie. By the time she got home, Mr. Cohn had called four times.

"I've been worried about you. What happened?"

"I just went to a movie."

He hit the roof. "Of all the silly performances! Next time you want to see a movie, say so, and we'll have it run at the studio."

Frankly, Susan thinks the man's wonderful.

She thinks Ross Ford's wonderful too in another way. Ross Ford plays her stepson in *Sign of the Ram*. She hopes some day they'll say she discovered him, though it's a lie.

Levis Green called one day before the picture went into production. "I'd love to have a cup of coffee with you, Susie."

"Let's face it, Levis, you don't want a cup of coffee. You've got an actor to sell, and it's no use. The picture's cast."

So they had a cup of coffee. "Just for the fun of it, name me the list of characters, Susie, huh?"

"Levis, you haven't got a prayer, but I like to watch you in operation." She named off the characters, and came to the stepson.

Green's hand hit the table. "I've got just the boy for you. Will you see him?"

She sat her cup down. "Look. No. 1, the picture's cast, or so they tell me. No. 2, I have no control over such things. No. 3, I'm going out in exactly an hour."

"Can I use your phone? He'll be here in fifteen minutes."

It was closer to fourteen. The boy had a good face and a good personality, which didn't say he could act. You had to ask him something, so she asked him how old he was, and felt like a trainer meeting a likely horse.

Just then the phone rang. It was John Sturges, the director. "Tell him about Ross," hissed Green. Susan shot a despairing glance at Dick, who hunched a shoulder. Could you say, "No, I won't," with the guy sitting right there, and his heart in his eyes?

So she told Mr. Sturges about him, bade her visitors goodbye, and brushed the whole thing from her mind. Two weeks later Irving Cummings called. I want to thank you for Ross Ford."

"Who the heck is Ross Ford?"

"The boy you sent to see us."

"No!" Susan gasped. "You don't mean he's playing the part!"

"And how! He's great, great!"

She hung up, looking awed. "What's-a-matter?" asked Dick.

"The boy Levis brought over. He's got the part. Not only he's got the part, he's great."

So when you discover Ross Ford in *Sign of the Ram*, remember Susan got there first.

Right now, another dream is coming true for the Quines, another of those far-away things that didn't seem real to Susan till November 6th. They're building their house. For years they planned it, and the plans were knocked into so many cocked hats by the war and Susan's accident and skyrocketing costs. But they did buy the land, and a year ago last November they'd saved enough money to start building in January. Then along came Christmas.

"Our dearly beloved family," Susan explains, "is the size of the kingdom of England. We had to begin saving all over again."

For their anniversary they gave each other the plans. It should have been November 7th, but they counted the days up wrong and made a date with the architect for the 6th. Dozens of times Dick had described the house to Susan—New England Colonial, white siding combined with fieldstone and flagstone, a shake roof. But Susan has no imagination. Not till they stuck the blue-and-white paper under her nose, had she any idea what the house would look like. Then she went crazy.

"We will start in January, Dick? Even if we have to drive nails ourselves?"

"First you dig a hole, honey—"

"First you dig a hole, honey," she echoed dreamily. "Then you take this angel-of-a-house and dump it in."

Practically speaking, they're counting on a good six months, to avoid disappointments. The angel-of-a-home will rise a story and a half, so the upstairs can be converted into a playroom, where the children will run their parties and dances when they've reached teen-age. Other-

wise, it's all on one floor and one level, with special provisions for Susan's independence. She'll be able to drive her car to the very door of her room. The tub in her bathroom is set so she can get into and out of it alone. Drawers and wall space are built in where she can reach them easily, and all the doorways are wider, so she can wheel herself to any part of the house. If she feels lazy, there'll be a speaker system.

"To every room but mine," threatens Dick.

Through the years of apartment living, they've dreamed of a garden for Susan and a workroom for Dick. In Susan's vision, she's surrounded by children. In Dick's, he's surrounded by his desk, his records, his piano and an absence of radios.

"The man's perverse," says his wife. "He forever wants to play the piano when I want to listen to the radio."

In the new house he'll have his room, and she her tree-shaded garden. The sixteen big trees are why they picked this particular lot to build on. Their combined living-room, dining-room and den, opening on the patio, will be 20th Century Informal, inviting you to put your feet on the furniture and play ball if you care to. The furniture you'll put your feet on will be modern and traditional mixed. They'll buy it gradually.

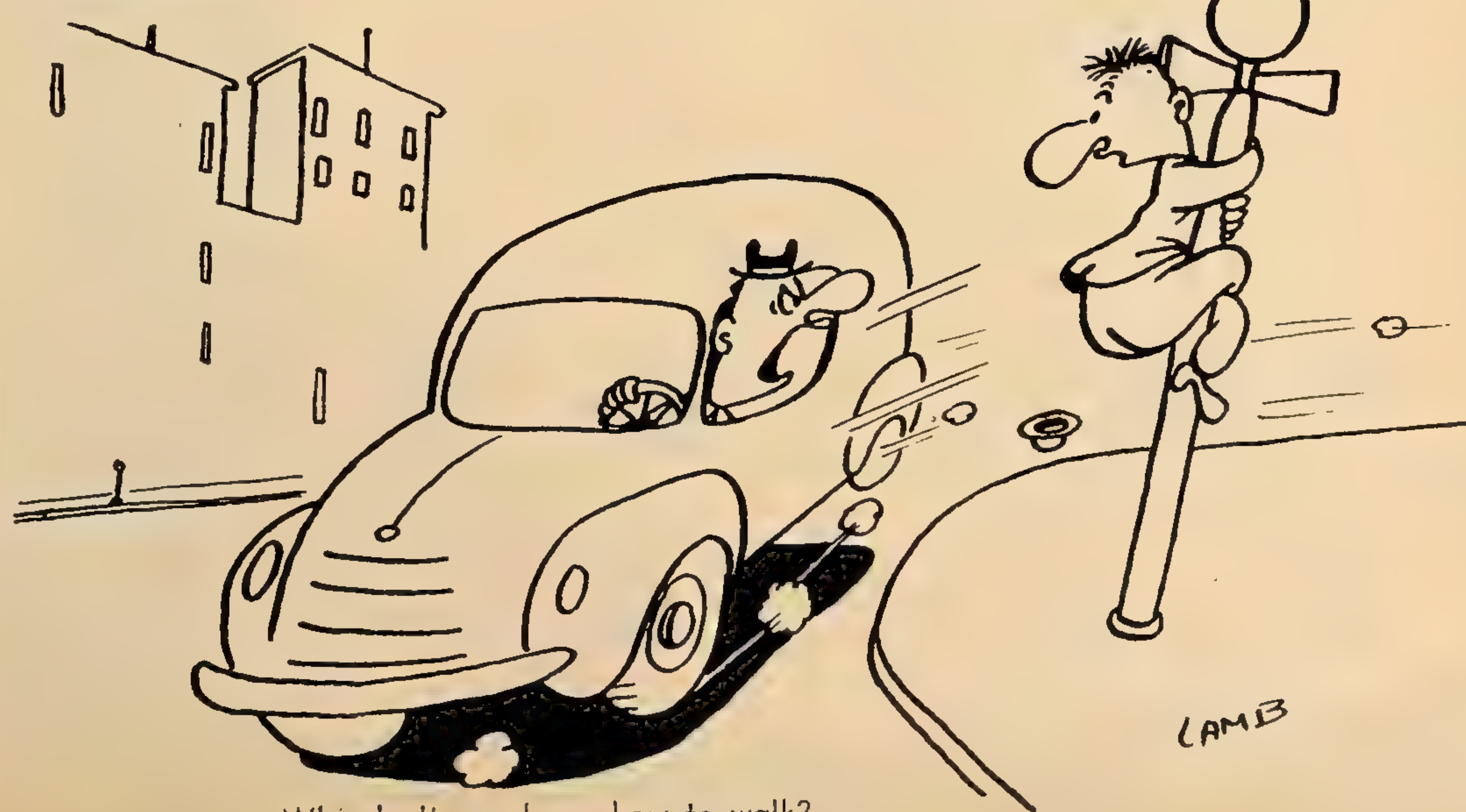
"If you sit in a room long enough," says Dick, "it finally comes to you what belongs in that corner."

"Then you keep on going to auctions," says Susan, "till you find it."

If you've had any experience with the Quines, you know they'll build more than wood and stone into their house. It will be a place you're glad to go to, and sorry to leave. At the Quines', there's always an atmosphere of gaiety and warmth. You've read enough about Susan's accident to know how they licked it by straight and fearless thinking: don't whine over what's lost, don't stick your head in the sand either, and pretend you've lost nothing—take what's left, and make a good life of it.

They've made a good life—love and work, friends and fun, a child and plans for more children. In spite of the wheelchair, Susan leads an active existence. They go out to dinner, they go nightclubbing, they have people in—June and Dick Powell, Cesar Romero, the Durochers. They play bridge or records. They talk.

MODERN SCREEN



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ANGEL WHIP DRESSING

So light, so suave, so refreshing!

1/2 cup sugar	juice and grated rind of 1/2 lemon	2 teaspoons butter
1 tablespoon flour	juice and grated rind of 1/2 orange	1/2 cup Carnation Milk, undiluted, chilled ice-crystal cold for whipping
1 egg		
1/4 cup water		

Sift together sugar and flour. Beat egg and add with water, fruit juices, rinds, and butter to the dry ingredients. Cook over low heat until thick, stirring constantly. Cool. Whip Carnation Milk until stiff and frothy. Beat into cooled mixture. Serve heaping, with any fruit salad or as a dessert. Makes 1 1/2 cups.

WRITE for the "Velvet Blend Book"—a treasury of 75 "new look" recipes for modern menus. Address Carnation Company, Dept. X-6, Oconomowoc, Wis.

COFFEE LOVERS! Try Carnation Milk—undiluted, double-rich—for a velvet blend in the cup. Fine with cereals, too.

"From Contented Cows"



CARNATION CO.

"How much talking the rest of us do," drawls Dick, "depends on my wife. My wife can't drink. At Dick Powell's birthday party she had half a drink, and nobody else got a word in."

Afternoons, she takes Timothy driving. She takes painting lessons. She's learning to type—partly because her handwriting's so bad, she's embarrassed for people to see it; partly to help Dick, who's busy on a screenplay. Spanish and shorthand are next on her program. And she knits.

Dick got sick of it. All through the picture she'd knit. Evenings, too.

"Honey, for Pete's sake, why don't you put that down? You look like the French Revolution!"

"Apologize."

"Okay, so you don't look like the French Revolution. Now will you put it down?"

"No use, I'll just have to tell you—"

"Tell me what?"

"What a mean husband you are. Remember our deal? No birthday presents on account of the house? Did you stick to it? No, you gave me my watch."

"You're a girl, that's different—"

"You're a boy, and you're getting these socks for your birthday. Argyles, no less."

There are a few situations which they don't reduce to humor. Take their account of their mornings, for instance.

Dick starts it, looking baleful. "My wife is peculiar. She likes to eat in the morning. Food before 12 turns me green. Even the sight of it. But who has to cook her breakfast? Me. Because nobody else can fix the eggs right."

"Did I have eggs today?"

"So you had French toast."

"That was yesterday. What did I have today? Some tired pumpernickel, that's what I had today. Trouble with him is, he loathes rolling out of bed."

"So she sets the alarm clock off."

"What else can I do? When I said, 'Get up,' you accused me of heckling!"

rise and shine . . .

"It's the way you said it. You never call me Dick except first thing in the morning. 'Dick! —The alarm!' I like to be wakened lovingly. 'Dah-ling, won't you please turn off the alarm, dahling—'"

"What you'd really like is to be awakened over a period of four hours. With music yet."

Susan points a finger. "Just put it down that we're not compatible till noon."

"Correction," grins Dick. "We're arranging to sleep till noon, so we can be compatible round the clock."

In the midst of this nonsense, Timothy enters, fresh from his walk, and presents a glowing cheek for his mother's kiss. Pixie-faced Timothy's 18 months old, and you'd say he belonged to the Quines if only by right of the merriment in his eye. Ambling over to Dick, his attention's caught by the bowl of flowers on a low table. A tentative hand goes out. "Don't touch that!" Then: "Father's the heavy in the house," announces Dick smugly.

"Father's a fake," hoots Susan, watching them roughhouse, while Thunder looks on like a large benevolent uncle. "Father's yet to lay hands on him."

There's no room in the apartment, so they're waiting for the house to be finished before adopting the rest of their family. Susan's sure she wants three (and would rather have six—"Only how can we be so lucky again as with Timothy?"). Dick's not sure they can manage more than two. This presents a problem. If it's two, the second will be a girl. Otherwise, Susan wants her daughter to be the youngest, with two big brothers to spoil her and keep her in order.

Whichever way it works out, the Quines'll do all right. It's a habit they've got.

LOVES OF RITA

(Continued from page 35)

glamorous clothes, taught her how to "handle" herself and took her to premières and nightclubs where her entrance would make Hollywood heads turn and ask "Who's that?"

And before very long, just the way it happens in the fiction stories, she was a star.

She was also unhappy.

Judson was much older than she, a tough task-master, and incessantly mercenary. She made little secret of the fact that he was "mean" to her. Their marriage always had been more of a business partnership than a husband-wife relationship.

They were near the public breaking point when she was cast in a picture with Victor Mature and, as the Victorian novels used to have it, young blood called to young blood. They fell madly and obviously in love (to the distress of Rita's producer, Harry Cohn, who considered the Mature type of publicity appallingly "undignified" at a time when he was trying to build Rita up as a cross between Sarah Bernhardt and Sister Kenny) and they became unofficially betrothed. This was signified not by the exchanging of rings, as in more conventional villages, but by their purchase of "twin" cars—bright yellow, black long, and convertible.

happiness at last . . .

Rita seemed to be having fun for the first time since her name went up in lights.

When she asked Judson for a divorce, she agreed to settle a large sum of money on him, and this was no more than he deserved in the light of what he had done to unveil her box-office potentialities.

As Rita actually moved to apply for the divorce, Judson took advantage of her affection for Mature to demand a far bigger property settlement than had been agreed upon originally, threatening a front page scandal if she did not choose to comply. Details were never given out, but apparently his demands were met, because the matter dropped into oblivion.

The war was on then, and when Vic entered the Coast Guard Rita took a small apartment to be near his California base. She seemed to adore him, and to bask in his attentiveness after Judson's harsh treatment.

She explained the Mature romance to friends by saying: "He's considerate and kind and he makes me laugh. When I'm with him, I'm in a different world."

Eventually Victor was assigned to Atlantic duty, and Rita, in the role of the faithful fiancée, was seen by the Hollywood board of rumor-mongers only at obscure little restaurants where she would dine with women friends.

But Victor might have been better off if she had sallied forth with playboys.

For there was where Orson Welles came in.

Welles observed her dining with another girl at a restaurant, and with his traditional reticence, strolled over and sat down at their table.

Soon after that Rita shed her "hen party" routine. She and Welles began to be seen together in the places where the flash bulbs grow. But when gossip columns hinted that a new love story was brewing, Rita denied it vigorously. She was lonely with Vic away, she explained.

She married Welles while Vic was still away in service. Those who knew her history and her temperament found it easy to understand what she saw in the boy won-

der. A, he was different. He was glib, colorful, off-center—a sort of highbrow Milton Berle. He impressed her by being intellectual and witty and vivid and opinionated and more egotistical than any glamor boy she ever had encountered.

Rita's childhood as a member of the Can-sino tribe of fine dancers had not included much schooling. With her modest education and uninquiring temperament for a backdrop, Welles at first flush must have seemed to her like the result of a wedding of Aristotle and Madame Recamier. She learned from him that newspapers had front pages, and that you, too, can be an intellectual if you really try.

First thing she knew the girl who was famous for never saying much about anything was speaking right up in company with such mental personalities as Joseph Cotten, Aggie Moorehead, John Steinbeck and Robert Sherwood. She lost much of her shyness, and she enjoyed it. When she was not reading hefty tomes or discussing the state of the union, she was touring with Orson's magic show and he was sawing her in half.

But the fly appeared in the amber of this matrimonial venture at an early date. There were those nights when the boy wonder just forgot to come home. There were others when the connubial routine seemed to bore him to tears. They had been married just a short time when Rita learned he was interested in another girl. No matter how much Shakespeare she read in her spare time, she couldn't hold his interest.

So they separated, announced that the idyll was ended, and took up their lives on opposite coasts. Tony Martin, who had had a crush on Rita from afar for several seasons, became head man in her life.

She had completed her second metamorphosis. In the first she had gone from a man who changed her physically to one who was gentle and devoted, in the second from a man who changed her mentally to one who had no desire to change her at all. She marries dominant men, but she seems to rest up between marriages with admirers who are more tender than aggressive.

the flame still burns . . .

Yet those who are closest to Rita say she still loves Welles and would go back to him if she thought there was any chance of the union lasting. She wasn't happy with him, but he left her smarter than he found her, and gave her maturity.

An intimate friend of Rita's put it this way:

"I have an idea she's still crazy about him. She thinks of him as a great guy and a genius—but a lousy husband."

After her first separation from Welles, Tony Martin enjoyed top position in her date book for several months—or until Orson decided he wanted the glamorous Hayworth back, flew in from New York and did some fast talking.

The second phase of the Rita-Orson marriage was a briefer version of the first. Rita wanted a home life; Orson preferred the open road (or at least the neighborhood bar).

With all the vicissitudes, however, Rita's husband number two was hard for the other boys to follow. Tony Martin went the way of all beaux, Steve Crane entered the picture briefly but never meant anything to her except a casual evening of dancing, and Howard Hughes took her a few places in the course of keeping his

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no frizziness, no dried-out brittleness even on the first day.

Which twin has the TONI?

"My Toni-savings paid for a new hat," remarks Eileen Mary Skillings. "No wonder Edith Ann says, after this we'll be Toni Twins." Eileen Mary, the twin at the left, has the Toni.

Where can I buy TONI?

At all drug, notions or cosmetic counters. Try Toni today.



record (Never Miss A Movie Star) intact. Peter Lawford was strictly for laughs.

The newspapers made quite a thing of her dates with David Niven, but Rita's epitaph to the "romance" that so titillated the gossips was a rather weary: "I had four dates with him in my life."

Teddy Stauffer, the European band-leader who spent so much time with Rita when she was abroad, crossed the ocean to be at her side. After a little time had gone by, however, it was obvious that she was not deeply smitten with him.

She went places with him, danced with him, dined with him, listened to swing music and watched floor shows with him. When she had a headache, he was the one rubbing her head and the back of her neck in her suite at the Waldorf-Astoria. He was attentive, convenient, amusing. She was fond of him, but that was all.

And Jimmy Stewart, darling of the glamor girls? She went out with him, he sent her a box of lollipops to the train as a going-away present, and when she met him in "21" her first day back from abroad, she flew into his arms.

But that couldn't have been love. Because only a few hours after the kissing episode, Rita was capable of adopting a coldly hard-boiled attitude toward her attractive swain. When she was asked to pose for a photograph with Jimmy she replied frostily:

"Why should I pose with him? My last picture was a hit."

And no one thinks her intentions toward Youkka Troubetzkoy, Prince Pahlavi or, for that matter, Maxie Rosenbloom, were any more serious.

Rita seems to be waiting, like a streamlined version of the fair ladies of old, for the White Knight. He need not shine with armor, or bear a blue banner, or ride a white horse with plumes at his neck.

But she would like him to stay home nights.

Meanwhile, because she loves to dance and because it is part of her business to be seen, glittering with sequins and tawny with stone marten, at the places where the flash bulbs pop—and because even a million dollar baby can get lonely—Rita will have her dates with an assortment of lads who will puzzle, intrigue and fool the gossip writers.

When she appears for the fifth or sixth time with the same man, they'll wonder why she sees so much of the same man if it doesn't mean anything.

The answer—obvious when you analyze it—was given succinctly by a close friend of hers who said:

"She doesn't pick them. They pick her."

Vanessa Brown,

the rising young 20th Century-Fox star you liked so much in *Mother Wore Tights*.

Vanessa poses for *Modern Screen* in a flirty black ruffled bathing suit. It's rayon jersey, so it has the flattering softness so many of you want. The back is faille, for firmness.

It comes in pink, aqua, lime or yellow with black flounce and edging. Sizes 32 to 38.

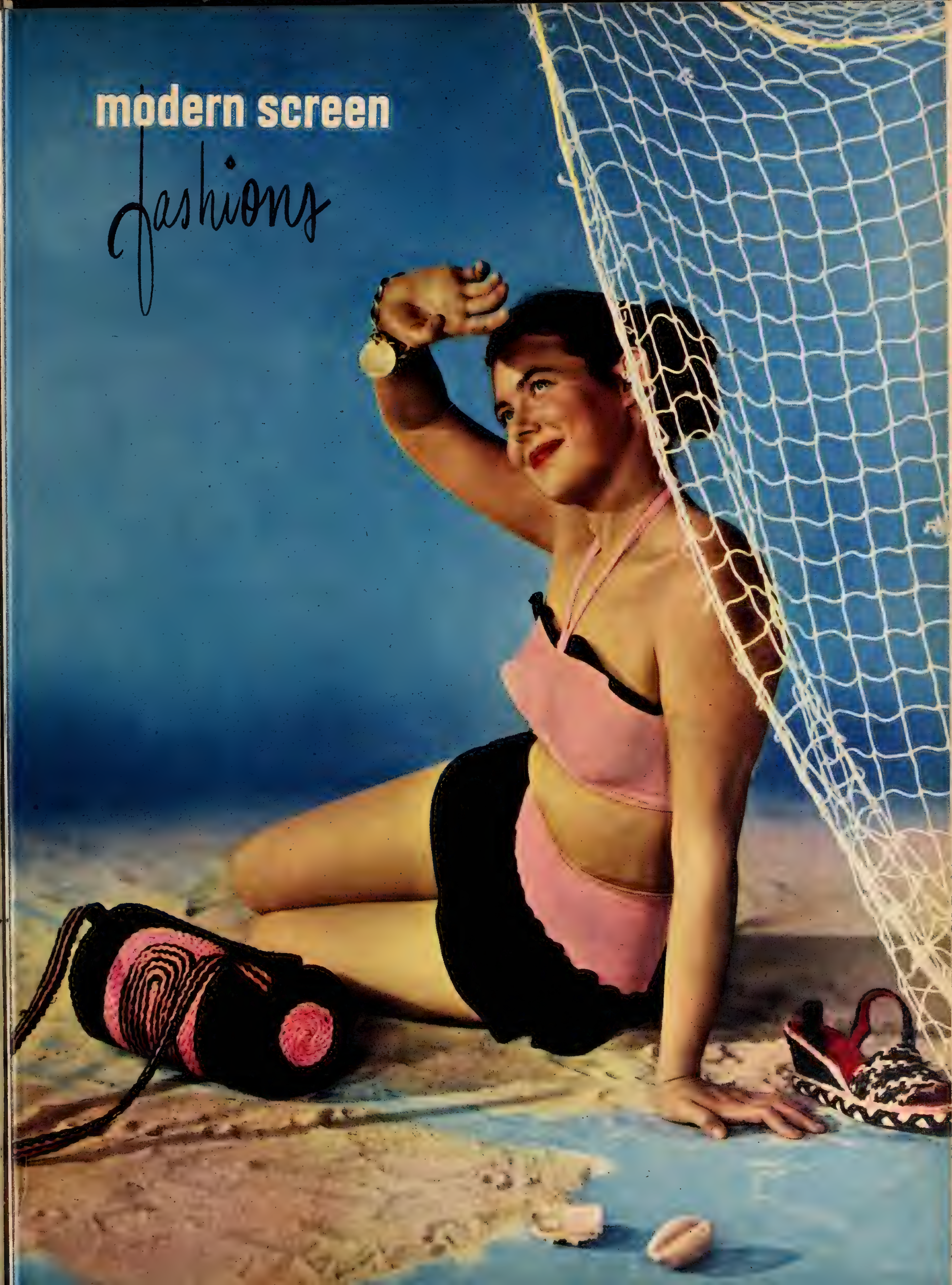
Suit by Sea Goddess.

The barrel bag and wedgie shoes are by Simon Brothers.

For where to buy, see page 89.

modern screen

fashions





by
connie bartel,
fashion
editor

Wonder what they're whistling at? As if you didn't know! You,

in your ticking shorts and halter, of course. Red, navy, powder blue or copper stripes, or solid colors. Sturdy cotton ticking. By White Stag. Shorts, \$3.95 . . . halter, \$2.95 . . . hat, \$1.95.

Canvas Nauti-bag, \$2.95. Kickerinos sandals, \$6.95. Stores on page 89. *a modern screen fashion*

**a
typical
Carole King
girl**



Engstead

Carole King

DRESSES FOR JUNIORS

"CASUALLY YOURS" ...an air of charming simplicity for all the playlong day! A Carole King Original in exclusive rayon shantung print. Junior sizes 9 to 15. Under \$15.00. At one fine store in your city.

For name of store, write Carole King, Dept. B, 1641 Washington, St. Louis 3, Missouri. 75



Satin and Slick . . . to get you plenty of attention on the beach.

Glamorously printed with a vivid Spanish scene. Slipper satin and woven Lastex, with a nice strong cling. White, with your choice of a black or royal blue back. Sizes 32 to 38.

By Nanina . . . about \$8.99. For where to buy, see page 89.

a modern screen fashion



Cotton and Cute

Prettified two-piecer with printed palm trees; a provocative scalloped edge, and a tiny ruffle around the bra top. The bra is lightly boned for a lovely bosom line. Blue or green print, on fine white corded cotton. Comes in sizes 32-38. By Winkies of Long Island . . . about \$5.98. Stores on page 89. *a modern screen fashion*



Ruffle and Bustle

... real Southern belle charm, suh! Black cotton skirt with pink and black striped bustle. Also black with yellow or aqua stripes. Worn with batiste blouse edged with eyelet. Sisal bag by Simon Brothers, \$2.95. Blouse and skirt by Boreva. Skirt, \$6.00 . . . blouse, \$3.00. For where to buy, see page 89. *a modern screen fashion*



Eyelet and Plaid

Hold it please! Somebody's bound to take your picture in this one—and there you are, being carried around in a wallet! Broadcloth blouse with eyelet-edged bertha. Red, green or blue plaid gingham skirt, with eyelet band. Blouse by Alice Karen, \$3.98. Skirt by Carole Wren, \$3.98. Stores on page 89. *a modern screen fashion*

JACKPOT!

(Continued from page 54)

the whole school sat waiting, and for the first time she caught the excitement of the theater—the musty smell of the curtains, and the unused props, the girls rustling about nervously in their best formals.

Now she was walking across the stage in front of the judges, smiling frozenly, and from far off, she heard applause.

She stood in the wings with the rest of the contestants while the judges reached their decision. She was quite calm. It was just a contest after all, and contests weren't run for the winner; they were run for someone's publicity. Once they got what they wanted, you were through. The record for contest winners was practically zero. She thought of beauty contest winners she'd read about—going to Hollywood, being lost in the shuffle.

Then they were calling her name, and kids pushed her forward, and somebody handed her a trophy cup.

It was the beginning. The kid who hadn't even tried came through . . .

Well, with Jean, the breaks were added to the breaks. Still vastly cynical, but with every intention of enjoying the ride while it lasted, she allowed herself to be spirited off to Hollywood. She posed for glamor shots, she met movie stars, and one day they gave her The Test.

She was draped in a filmy black gown, and handed a script and a leading man. He was Michael Dunne. They rehearsed for two hours, Jean giggling throughout.

The actual test lasted about five minutes, and all that time Jean spent reclining on a couch trying to lure Michael into her arms.

The last eight seconds of the test showed

Michael breathing very heavily as he took Jean into his arms.

And she even had a break there. The sound equipment was defective. When the big shots saw Jean's test, Michael's breathing came over the sound track in positive groans of ecstasy. The big shots were impressed. "That kid's got sex," they said.

Jean didn't know this, of course. All she knew was the test was finished, the whirl was over. It was time to go home.

JEAN PETERS: Personal History

BORN: Canton, Ohio

DATE: October 15, 1926

HEIGHT: 5' 5½"

WEIGHT: 124 pounds

COLORING: Green eyes, dark brown hair

UNMARRIED

REAL NAME: Elizabeth Jean Peters

RECENT PICTURES: *Captain From Castile*, *Deep Waters*

She got back to school and found a Fox contract had beaten her there.

So she laughed some more. "What do I know about acting?" she said to Arlen.

"What difference does it make?" Arlen replied sensibly. "Where else can you make \$150 a week for doing nothing? Besides, they'll teach you."

And they did. She was enrolled at the

Actor's Lab, Hollywood's best known dramatic school, and learned fencing and the Stanislavsky method. Then she tested for *Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay!*

She didn't get the part. So you want to know why we keep talking about breaks. Here's the kid's first big chance, and she muffs it, you say. But wait.

Not only was her luck not gone—failing the test was her biggest break so far. Jean was left free for a role she hadn't even dreamed of.

They were looking for a girl to play opposite Tyrone Power in *Captain From Castile*. They could have had almost anyone. Any glamor queen and her sister for stand-in. But they asked for Jean Peters to test for the role. She knew three other girls had tested before her so she tried to be philosophical. They want to keep the cameras grinding, she told herself, while they go find Cleopatra.

But she was wrong. She got the part.

Jean can remember how good Ty Power was to her, how he helped her forget she was just a beginner, how Director Henry King shot the toughest scenes first so the rest would seem easy, and how much fun the hard work turned out to be.

As for romance, there's millionaire sportsman Howard Hughes, handsome, suave—and news. Most kids have to go through all kinds of crazy stuff to get publicity; Jean was spared even this because anyone who's dated by Howard Hughes gets her face spread all over the world.

You could say Jean Peters was a star, now. And you could say the whole business was accidental. And you could be right.



"It's a miracle...all this

New, Natural

Color

with my first Rayve Creme Shampoo!"

See it! Believe it!

Blonde, Brunette, red hair or white, your *very first* Rayve Creme Shampoo uncovers new, natural, radiant color you never dreamed was in your hair!

Without special rinse . . .
in the easiest, fastest
Shampoo you ever
enjoyed.

Not a soap . . .
no dulling film! Even
in hardest water,
Rayve gives billows
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like a whiz,
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loose dandruff.

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to manage, glossy, radiantly
colorful!



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ALL DRUG, DEPARTMENT
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Rayve Creme Shampoo

The Creme Shampoo that brings out Color and Gleam!

* Pronounced RAVE—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

june . . . moon . . . at last!

For a long time we girls have been under a romantic handicap.

All our lives we've had to put up with praises of the feminine girl—in song, book and movie—while we ourselves were wearing the straight-from-the-shoulder, or let's-be-pals type of clothes. We were treated to endless raves out the candy box girl from drooling males, but we were unable to wear sentimental fashions ourselves—because there weren't any.

Now, thank goodness, fashion is giving us a break, and we can dress just as June-



Camisole, \$1.75—
Petticoat, \$3.98. Real-
craft cotton undies
by United Mills.

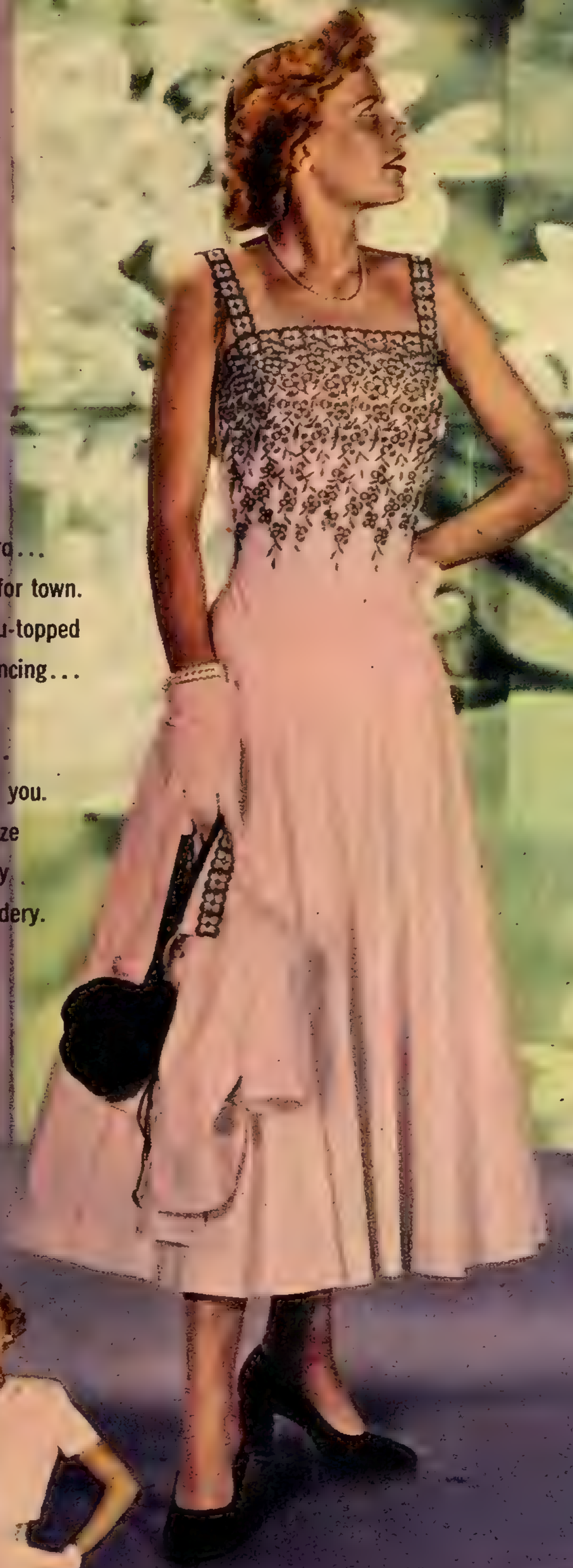
Moon as we please. Take undies, for example—like the sweet, cool cotton ones sketched here. Try the fluffy-ruffle petticoat under one of your new full skirts—and the beribboned little camisole under a sheer blouse. Arrange yourself prettily on the porch swing, in the moonlight if possible. And see how you feel!

Because, although we can't explain it, what you wear really does affect how you feel—and even what you are! You'll find that you've never been sweeter—and you'll find the boys think so, too.

Who knows? Maybe the new trend toward femininity will bring with it a new trend in language. Maybe we'll revive words like "sweet" and "girlish" and "modest" . . . which used to be some of the nicest things a boy could say about a girl. We're not predicting. We're merely saying—could be.

C. B.

Slip into the bolero . . .
and you're ready for town.
But bare your tutu-topped
dress and go a'dancing . . .
in Doris Dodson's
Dance Ballerina . . .
made specially for you.
Pink, blue, or maize
Lonsdale chambray
with black embroidery.
9 to 15. Under
eighteen dollars.



ELLIOT CLARKE



Doris Dodson
JUNIORS

WRITE FOR THE NAME OF YOUR LOCAL SHOP . . .
DORIS DODSON, DEPT. MS-6, ST. LOUIS 1, MO.



All the boys love roses

Be a summertime sweetheart in this flower-garden printed percale—flounced, sleeveless, and very gay. Black stripes with red roses; grey stripes with yellow roses; brown stripes with yellow roses. Comes in sizes 10 to 20.

By Gingham Girl . . . about \$4.98. For where to buy, see page 89.

a modern screen fashion

DOUBLE LIFE

(Continued from page 37)

when she spilled coffee and a solicitous secretary instantly jumped to repair the damage, Miss Valli looked at her in some distress and said gently:

"Please, I am used to waiting on myself."

With *The Paradine Case* fresh in mind, the qualities about Miss Valli that took me most by surprise were her youth, and her great natural gaiety.

Even at 10 A.M. without benefit of make-up, she was lovely; she has wide, smoky, blue-gray eyes, glowing skin, and bright brown hair.

Her whole face is mobile, a register for any emotion, a canvas to take on the pigmentation of any character. I realized this when she began to talk with great vivacity about the play she had seen the night before: *Annie Get Your Gun*. She had loved it, and suddenly she was doing a perfect imitation of Ethel Merman's side-splitting dead-pan routine. For sixty seconds, she was Merman.

I have a hunch that Miss Valli has been more secretly amused than impressed with the ballyhoo attendant upon her transformation from an Italian movie star with a great European reputation into an American screen phenomenon.

ALIDA VALLI: Personal History

BORN: Pola, Italy (now Yugoslavia)

DATE: May 31, 1921

HEIGHT: 5' 4"

WEIGHT: 114 pounds

COLORING: Green eyes, light brown hair

MARRIED: Oscar de Mejo, film composer, in March, 1944

OFFSPRING: Carlos, aged 3

REAL NAME: Alida Altenburgher

RECENT PICTURES: *The Paradine Case*, *Miracle of the Bells*

"How does it feel to be called the most beautiful woman in the world?" I asked.

Miss Valli blushed a beautiful, fiery red to the roots of her hair. (She can still blush. It's a school girl hang-over.) Then she said it seemed "very, very strange" to be called the world's most beautiful woman.

Her transformation into an American film star began the moment she signed the Selznick contract.

"In Europe, actors are just people. We have to do things for ourselves," she explained. "But suddenly, I sign the American contract, and everything is done for me as if by magic. I am no longer a person—I am a Thing."

She was astounded by the smooth, swift transportation by air from Italy to London. There, she and her husband and their small son were met by a horde of Selznick agents who produced ship reservations and orchids by the sheaf. They were wafted on board the *Queen Elizabeth* with the greatest of ease and no effort on their part.

But it was easy to read between the lines. If the Selznick organization amazed the youthful de Mejo family, it, in turn, obviously astounded the Selznick hired hands. For here was a movie star without a personal maid, a nurse for her two-year-old child or even a mink coat.

Obviously, however, it would not do in Hollywood. For when Miss Valli walked down the gangplank of the *Queen Eliza-*

(Continued on page 88)



*Beautiful,
Wearable,
Washable,
Cottons!*

Dan River's Starspun® fabric is butterfly-beautiful and practical as a safety pin. Washable, pre-shrunk,* fast-color.

River Mills, Inc., Danville, Va.

Dress by Henley Junior in green-and-pink, green-and-brown, navy-and-pink. Sizes 9 to 15. About \$11 at Macy's, New York; Gimbel Brothers, Pittsburgh; Bullock's, Los Angeles.

*Fabric shrinkage less than 3%

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Pretty you . . . in these crisp and cool fine cotton treasures. Gay "Dashing-Dots" with flatter-strategy in every line and super-smart capelet. . . "Pretty Peasant" with waist-whittling laced cummerbund, and picture-book neckline. And isn't it wonderful what quality and divine style you get for such a tiny price! The smart thing to do is to order both and have a superb summer wardrobe!



#17
"Dashing-Dots"
Candy Pink with Black
or
Sun Gold with Brown



#18
"Pretty Peasant"
Red, Green
or Blue Flower Print
on white background.
Black cummerbund.

Sizes: 9-11-13-15

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	Size	1st color choice	2nd color choice
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SEND NO MONEY! YOURS ON APPROVAL!

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Tell us your wish
And maybe you'll win
A gold and enamel
Wishbone pin!

We mean it! Just fill in the coupon and tell us what price fashions you wish we'd feature for fall and winter.

To each of the senders of the first twenty-five coupons we receive, we'll send, free, a wishbone pin by Coro. It's a "gold" wishbone, with an enamelled four-leaf clover and a tiny "pearl." Cute! To the senders of the next 500 coupons we receive, we'll send a free copy of "Screen Album." Fill out and mail, right away quick!

Connie Bartel
Modern Screen
Box 125 Murray Hill Station
New York 16, N. Y.

Here are the fashions I wish
you'd feature, and the prices I'd
like to pay:—

fill in price

COATS\$_____

SUITS\$_____

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SWEATERS\$_____

Name

Address

Age

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

WINNING ESSAY: As we promised you last month, we are printing below Lee Garber's first-prize winning article in the MSFCA Writing Contest. We think it meets all of the requirements set for the contest by our judging staff. What do you think? The article is about Lee's honorary, Mel Tormé:

"Singers had opened at night clubs before, but no opening was ever quite like this one! For months, the publicity campaign had been going great guns . . . and tonight the people were here to see if the kid was worth all the talk. The little blond boy's future depended on this night! And his music hadn't arrived from California!

"So while three musicians crowded around the one copy of the song they had, the boy had to lead them, and sing his tune, 'County Fair,' as though it was every night that singers opened at the Copacabana sans music!

"Which is just one of the many unusual things that has happened in the life of Mel Tormé. Other four-year-olds went to restaurants with their parents . . . but Mel decided to get up and sing a song, with the result that at the age of four he was a featured part of the act in the Blackhawk in Chicago! Everybody had their tonsils out, but Mel's grew back, and left him with a voice like a 'Velvet Fog!' In Hyde Park High in Chicago, all the kids wrote songs, but his tune, 'Lament to Love,' was recorded by Harry James! Just because he loved to drum was no sign that he'd some day be competition for Krupa, but when Mel quit school to drum with Chico Marx, no one was the least bit surprised! So it was only natural that his debut at the New York night club should be something out of the ordinary!

reaching for the oldies . . .

"Out of the ordinary, too, were the reviews Mel got at the Copa. No one could decide just what he was trying to do when he sang tunes that had been written before he was born! People were puzzled when he sang 'around' chords of a song, instead of 'hitting the nail on the head!' But the fact that the Copa's coke sales mounted sky high, was enough to convince people. The kids liked Mel . . . and the Paramount Theater in New York is quick to get what the kids like! M-G-M tries to please the younger set, too, so Mel was given a part in Good News. Musicraft records, which had teamed him with Artie Shaw, now gave him a brand new 'solo' contract!

"Yes, it looks as though Mel Tormé, just like the Man Who Came To Dinner, is here to stay! And we can't think of a nicer guy we'd like to have stick around for a long, long time!"

NEWS: Here's a new idea for editors: slant your journals with a different "angle" each time. The Club Crosby is giving their next paper a sports theme, with an article written especially for it by the manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates . . . Anna Mae Roe is offering free memberships in her Bobby Breen Fan Club—but for a limited time only, so act fast. Her address is: 3000 E. 78 Street, Chicago, Ill.

Pre-viewing THE STYLES WITH LINIT



Claire McCardell
designed this spectacular new dress, fitted at one of her all-time best. Prices couldn't be higher—but, Miss McCardell says, "Just remember it's a cotton—and cottons need starching with LINIT." This penetrating starch resists sweat and soil.

Breathtaking are the stripes, multi-colored on mauve, and the billowy gypsyish skirt. Both color and drape profit when you starch with LINIT*, for it restores the fabric's crisp original finish.

Here's your dress for occasions all summer—as long as you keep it starched with LINIT. Remember too, LINIT makes all cottons look and feel like linen—dresses, blouses, men's shirts, bed and table linens, curtains, everything. All grocers sell LINIT.



...ADDS THE

Finishing Touch

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*LINIT is a registered trade-mark distinguishing this product of the Corn Products Refining Co., New York, N. Y.

STAR GAZING ...for "Lustre-Creme" Dream Girls Only

BETWEEN DANCES you seek the beauty of the starry night. But the touch of his cheek against your lovely tresses is part of the magic that holds him enchanted.

NO NEED to "wish upon a star" for clean, fragrant, lovely, heart-winning hair. You have it, thanks to your Lustre-Creme Shampoo. And that's confirmed when he murmurs:—"Dream Girl, can we tell them we're engaged?"

MANY A BRIDE is indebted to Lustre-Creme Shampoo for its magical way with hair. Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme is a dainty new, rich-lathering cream shampoo. Created by cosmetic genius, Kay Daumit, to glamorize hair and leave it with three-way loveliness:

1. Fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff
2. Glistening with sheen
3. Soft, easy to manage

Lustre-Creme is a rare blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to natural oils in a healthy scalp. Lathers instantly in hard or soft water. No special rinse needed. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a Dream Girl... a lovely "Lustre-Creme" Girl.

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor)
919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



For Soft, Glamorous "Dream-Girl" Hair

4-oz. jar \$1.00; smaller sizes in jars or tubes, 49¢ and 25¢. At all cosmetic counters.

Whether you prefer the TUBE or the JAR... you'll prefer LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

... Margaret Staley, prexy of Perry Como's Cream City Club, has been appointed adviser to new Como clubs by the P.C. Fan Clubs International Headquarters in New York. ... Gene Autry Club, winding up its twelfth month of donating \$15 or more to the War Orphan Plan, is now devoting itself to at least one CARE package a month for the coming year. ... Rex Allen Club has adopted 15 crippled children as club honoraries. ... Joyce Moison won the Kid From Hoboken Club's prize for the best article on Intolerance. ... Lee Llewellyn's club for the "Harmonicats and Kittens" are launching a "canned goods" contest for the needy. ... Membership Drive slogan of the Ken Keese-Art Roberts Club is: "Get a new member a month for a snap a month." ... From England comes news that the British branches of the Perry Como, Bobby Breen and Alan Ladd Clubs organized a charity dance which netted five pounds for the Cancer Hospital in Liverpool. ... Three Alan Ladd Fan Clubs (Peggy Pearl's, Gerry Kee's and Bill Vaughn's) are operating under the "point" system, with members earning points for individual participation in club activities. Winners, naturally, not only earn prestige, but prizes as well. ... Members of Connie Anne Grey's Jersey City Frank Sinatra Club are garnering lots of good will by helping out at the Jersey City Medical Center.

* * *

ATTENTION: To obtain your copy of the new MSFCA Fan Club Chart—listing over 350 official fan clubs, send 10c in coin and a stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope (4" x 9") to Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 16.

* * *

7TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST (4th Lap)

We've passed the halfway mark, so it's touch and go from now on to see which clubs will cop those silver cups! And don't forget those marvelous individual prizes: Pond's wonderful DREAM-FLORER bath sets, "Look Twice" lipstick and nail-polish sets, by LA CROSSE. For hard-working editors, there are EBERHARD FABER HARMATONE DELUXE pen and pencil sets. For club artists, we have TANGEE TRIP KITS. Also, subscriptions to SCREEN ALBUM, and FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE for Candid Camera Contest winners.

"This Is My Best" Contest Winners: Shirley Hirstius, "Mardi Gras 1947," Warren Douglas Journal. Hilda Burke, "Alice in Wonderland," Jack Berch Journal. Donna Dawson, "Turning Point," Alan Ladd (Vaughn). Gloria Hagblon, "Stuff Like That There," Teddy Walters (Hoyle). Dolores McMullen, "Speaking for the Defense," Sinatra (McMullen). Jean Sterling, "Discourse on Swooning," Kurt Kreuger Journal.

Candid Camera Contest: First Prize: Rita La-Rossa, Danny Scholl Club. Others, Laura Lindberg, Glen Vernon (McCarthy). Virginia Pink, Bobby Beers Club. Marty Martin, Nina Foch Club. Joan Fox, Sinatra (McMullen). Martha Kay, Shirley Temple Club.

Best Editors: League 1. None qualified. League 2. Betty Fitzgerald, Gene Kelly Club. League 3. Carol Rittgers, Esther Williams Club.

BEST JOURNALS: League 1. None qualified. League 2. Joan Crawford. League 3. (tied) Perry Como (Staley), Jack Berch, James Melton (Reiser) journals.

Best Covers: League 1. None qualified. League 2. Gene Kelly. League 3. Sinatra (Wolfenstein).

Best Original Art Work: Ed Leo, Sinatra (McMullen).

Most Worthwhile Activities: 1. Gene Autry Club (monthly donation of \$15 to war orphan). League 2. Rise Stevens Club (collected \$35 for Red Cross). League 3. Arthur Kennedy Club (donated \$56 to Cancer Fund).

Greatest Percentage Increase in Membership: League 1. None reported. League 2. Ladd (Kee). League 3. Mel Tormé Club.

Best Correspondents: 1. None qualified. 2. Rita and Jo Mottola, Rise Stevens Club. League 3. Vera Chermansky, Cornel Wilde Club.

Leading Clubs: League 1—Nelson Eddy (Nicholin), 950 points. Dennis Morgan, 950 points. Gene Autry, 900 points. League 2—Joan Crawford, 800 points. Ladd (Kee), 750 points. Jack Carson, Ladd (Bellino), Ladd (Pearl), 700 points. League 3—Como (Staley) 1450 points. Sinatra (Ling), Arthur Kennedy, 950 points.

SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director
GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

You know how we're always carrying on about fashion prices? Low ones, we mean? Well, listen to this—and figure out why we're so pleased.

The other day we were idling through a magazine (not Modern Screen)—and we came across a cute picture of Veronica Lake. She was with her handsome husband Andre de Toth, and she was wearing a very smart brown and white checked cotton with a button business going on at the neckline. Although we knew we had never seen the photo before—there was something awfully familiar about it. Then we caught on. The dress Veronica Lake was wearing was a Modern Screen fashion she'd modelled for us over a year ago—and that she'd then and there ordered for her personal wardrobe.

That's right—the fabulous Miss Lake actually went for a Modern Screen fashion enough to wear it in her own private life. Wonder that we're proud?

And, although we never ran into a picture proving it before—it happens all the time. Honestly. Almost invariably when a star poses in one of our fashions for us, she (1,) oohs-and-ahs over the dress (2,) orders it for herself (3,) is amazed at its low price.

Now, we wouldn't kid you. We are certainly not trying to tell you that your favorite movie star makes a point of dressing on a budget. Naturally not. But we do tell you that the Hollywood glamour girls, in spite of their minks and custom suits and John Fredericks hats—do respond to gay young fashions, no matter what the price. We repeat, nearly all of the stars we've ever photographed in MS fashions, have ordered the clothes they've posed in.

Considering that we've never featured a daytime dress that cost more than \$15—doesn't that prove our pet belief—that you don't have to spend a lot of money to be well dressed?

And incidentally, for our fall issues you can name your own prices! Just fill out the coupon on page 84, and write your own price tags for your fall wardrobe. You might win a darling Coro pin while you're at it, too!

Yours, waiting for your coupon,

Connie Bartel



It's Carefree...It's California...

It's *Catalina*

LOOK FOR THE  FLYING FISH

Write for color folder showing other Catalina styles. Catalina, Inc., Dept. 550, 443 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles 13, Calif.



Frame your eyes
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FASHION FRAME

Sunglasses
\$1.00 \$1.50

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Costume-blend colors to harmonize with your summer wardrobe . . . lipstick, pool blue, black, flesh, shell. All Grantly sunglasses are tested for optical safety to protect against infra-red and ultra-violet rays.

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Ballerinas
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in 8 wonderful choices!

RED LEATHER
GREEN LEATHER
WHITE LEATHER
BLACK LEATHER

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BLACK RAYON SATIN
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GOLD METALLIC CLOTH
SILVER METALLIC CLOTH

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ALL IN SIZES 3 to 10

KAYS-NEWPORT
Dept. 1, Newport, R. I.

State regular shoe size for correct fit

Send for "Summer Style Post" catalogue

Kays-Newport, Dept. 1, Newport, R. I.
Please send me Ballerinas by Prima in:

Prs.	Material	Color	Size	Width	Price

Second color choice _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Send free style book _____

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C.O.D. ☐

(Continued from page 83)

beth, she was met at the pier by another covey of Selznick employees bearing a copy of the script of *The Paradine Case*, an English teacher and a nurse for the baby.

Miss Valli had picked up a few English phrases from the G.I.'s in Rome, but not much. Her real lessons began on the train en route to Hollywood.

She had just one week in Hollywood in which to learn still more lines before she began work in the picture. There was no chance to "warm up" or get the feel of the story or the rest of the cast. Miss Valli's big scenes were shot first. She was plummeted into the midst of the film, to sink or swim. She took to the water like a duck.

But the work left her no time for conversational English. She went home every night to learn still more lines by rote, always hoping they would be such that she could weave them into polite conversation at the semi-occasional Hollywood party to which she and de Mejo had time to go. It proved almost fatal in practice.

At one of her first parties, the man on her left made such polite conversation that Miss Valli felt impelled to say a few words. In desperation, she flung at her flabbergasted neighbor one of Mrs. Paradine's most famous lines:

"I am not too well trained yet in the subtle snobberies of your class."

Her horrified husband yelled, "Stop!"

"I never again quoted any lines from the picture," Miss Valli told me.

Miss Valli is so obviously well-bred that it was not necessary to send her to any of the "finishing" schools maintained in Hollywood to teach its star stuff which fork comes first, and not to stick bubble gum on the upholstery.

There are great differences between being an American and a European film star, though, and the greatest of these is the process of glamorization.

"Here, the glamorization is never ending," said Miss Valli with a sly twinkle as a hairdresser and a manicurist arrived in the hotel suite. "In Europe, you are allowed to look human part of the time."

While the hairdresser whisked her away for a shampoo, de Mejo came in to entertain me. He is an attractive, good-looking young man who hopes eventually to write the scores for motion pictures in Hollywood as he did in Italy.

I mentioned the current excellence of Italian films now being shown in America. De Mejo had a thoughtful explanation, in which his wife concurred as she came back, hair dripping.

"In Italy, there is a little amateurishness about everything in picture-making," he said. "Even the amateurish quality of the photography gives the pictures the look of a newsreel and the quality of authenticity."

In the belief that all the money in the world is concentrated in Hollywood, I

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Word got around that scenes for *The Naked City* were being taken near where I live. Crowds of people gathered to watch the actors work. Barry Fitzgerald wore slippers when he wasn't in front of the

camera. Seeing this, a little girl exclaimed, "Gosh, Mommie, does he have feet trouble just like Uncle Joe?"

Celia Gatto
New York City

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**Sea Goddess two-piece rayon jersey and
faillie bathing suit worn by Vanessa Brown
in the full color photograph (page 73)**

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wear, Fourth Floor

Providence, R. I.—The Outlet Co.,
Sportswear Dept., Second Floor

**Simon Brothers spiral mesh barrel bag,
\$4.95 plus tax and shoes, \$4.95 (page 73)**

New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, Hand-
bags, Arcade and Slippers, Third Floor

**White Stag striped ticking shorts, halter
and hat (page 74)**

Chicago, Ill.—Von Lengerke & Antoine,
Fourth Floor

New York, N. Y.—McCreery's, Sports-
wear, Fourth Floor

Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson

**Kickerinos playshoes (page 74) in many
colors and sizes**

Milwaukee, Wis.—Gimbels, First Floor

**Nanina two-piece satin lastex Spanish
print bathing suit (page 76)**

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.

New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, Downstairs
Store

St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co., Sports
Lane, Downstairs

**Winkies of Long Island two-piece corded
cotton print bathing suit (page 77)**

Bronx, N. Y.—Plymouth Shop

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Loeser's

Harrisburg, Pa.—Worth's, Sports Dept.,
Main Floor

Miami, Fla.—Hartley's, Sportswear Dept.,
First Floor

Louisville, Ky.—Zellner's

New Rochelle, N. Y.—Plymouth Shop

New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, Sportswear,
Third Floor

**Boreva Sportswear ruffle back cotton skirt
(page 78)**

Los Angeles, Calif. — Broadway Dept.
Store, Sportswear, Downstairs

New York, N. Y.—Macy's, Deb Shop,
Fourth Floor

**Boreva Sportswear cotton batiste blouse
(page 78)**

Los Angeles, Calif. — Broadway Dept.
Store, Sportswear, Downstairs

New York, N. Y.—Macy's, Deb Shop,
Fourth Floor

**Simon Brothers spiral mesh pancake bag
(page 78)**

New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, Hand-
bags, Arcade

**Carole Wren plaid cotton playskirt with
flounced hem (page 79)**

Los Angeles, Calif.—Grayson's—and all
other Grayson-Robinson stores
throughout country

Minneapolis, Minn. — Grayson's — and
all other Grayson stores throughout
country

New York, N. Y.—Lerner Shops—and
all Lerner Shops throughout country

**Alice Karen broadcloth blouse with eyelet
trim (page 79)**

New Rochelle, N. Y.—Paris Shop

New York, N. Y.—Radin Shops

At all Lerner Shops throughout country

**Gingham Girl striped percale, and rose
print dress (page 82)**

Boston, Mass.—Filene's, Pinafore Bar,
Sixth Floor

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ond Floor

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(Continued from page 88)

committed a major gaucherie as de Mejo left us to meet a group of Italian newspaper men in the hotel lobby.

"How does it feel to make all that Hollywood money?" I asked.

Miss Valli looked at me and chuckled. "But I made much more money in Europe than I do here. You see, there I had a name. In Hollywood, I am just beginning. But Oscar and I are both quite young and we can afford to start over again."

So she was willing to wager ten years, 34 pictures, established fame in Europe and her Old World equivalent of Hollywood's Oscars against success in America. Now, with only one American picture so far released, it seems almost obvious that the lady bet on a sure thing.

But it was not too easy to pull up stakes in Italy, where she was born 27 years ago. Her father (a Viennese) had fought on the Italian side, against his own brothers, in World War I. Later he became an Italian citizen and settled down to a distinguished career as a professor of philosophy and history at the University of Milan.

Miss Valli, an only child, grew up in an atmosphere heavy with books, music and professorial beards—all leavened by her father's volatile Viennese spirits. He died in 1936, just before she went off to Rome to enter its Academy of Cinematic Acting.

She appeared in her first picture in May, 1937—a farce comedy called *The Cruel Saladin*. Her first real, substantial success didn't come till she'd made a fifth picture toward the end of 1938—something called *A Thousand Lire a Month*.

In June, 1943, she refused to make pictures for the Germans, and went into hiding with friends. There she met a young man, also in hiding, an Italian pianist and composer. They were married in March, 1944.

Late in 1945, after she had once more begun to make Italian films, she signed a contract with Selznick. Now she and her husband plan to become American citizens at the earliest possible date.

he's charlie now . . .

The young de Mejos arrived in America almost 15 months ago with a son named Carlos who is never referred to any more as anything but Charlie!

"This is the country for children, isn't it?" Miss Valli cried, still competing with the drier. "Charlie grows like a flower in California. He speaks only English now."

She finds it odd that others think it strange that she nursed Charlie until he was almost six months old.

"I am of the old school," she explained a little primly. "We nurse our babies."

As the manicurist put a final coat of red on her nails and the hairdresser at last brushed out her curls, Miss Valli had only good things to say of Hollywood. She has been very happy there and everyone has been kind to her.

Alfred Hitchcock, who directed her in *The Paradine Case*, and Mrs. Hitchcock have become the de Mejos' best friends in Hollywood.

Her second American film, *The Miracle of the Bells*, not yet released, was also very pleasant to make. Things were not so strange by that time, and she liked working with Fred MacMurray.

"I had seen him in *Double Indemnity* and thought him wonderful," she said.

She has no scenes in this picture with Frank Sinatra, who plays the role of a priest and, according to Miss Valli, plays it brilliantly. She had met him briefly in Italy, when he was there with the U.S.O.

"I went to see his show in Rome, because I really wanted to see if the girls screamed," Miss Valli said, with a grin. "The audience was full of American

WACS, Red Cross workers and nurses, and they really did scream. Now I have come to know him quite well in life, and in person. I like his principles.

"But," she added with dignity, "I do not scream!"

Her great ambition still is to meet Greta Garbo.

"But," she added a little sadly, "I hear it is very difficult."

Only one aspect of American life puzzles and disappoints both Miss Valli and her husband. They love to jitterbug (an art they picked up from the G.I.'s in Rome) and they thought there would surely be jitterbugging at every party in America. All Society jitterbugs in Italy. But in America, no.

"Only at the Palladium in Hollywood, no place else," Miss Valli said a little sorrowfully. "And Oscar and I do so love to jitterbug."

The de Mejos are also serious jazz and be-bop aficionados. They admire in particular somebody called Dizzy Gillespie. They spent a good part of their New York vacation in the small joints dedicated to the more esoteric phases of jazz. De Mejo is the American correspondent of one or two of Europe's highbrow jazz publications.

The new star whose name is inevitably linked with that of Bergman and Garbo is vague about future plans. She does not know what her next picture will be, but she would love to do a comedy.

And definitely, she does not ever want to be burned at the stake again, as in *Miracle of the Bells*, in which she plays not only a Polish girl but Joan of Arc. When they tied her to the stake and lighted the faggots, poor Miss Valli was frightened half to death.

Sometime during the present year, the de Mejos want to pack up Charlie and go back to Italy to visit Miss Valli's pretty mother, who lives at Como.

But after less than fifteen months here, they both regard America and Hollywood as their home.

They live in what to them seems a very big house in Hollywood. But one without a swimming pool.

As the manicurist and hairdresser gave her a last critical look, as a secretary, a press agent, an assistant press agent and a waiter hovered in the background, Miss Valli spoke the Great Heresy. She said, loud enough for all to hear:

"I still have faith in Hollywood that I can succeed—even without the swimming pool!"



*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• Jane Wyman was sitting next to a pool in a Beverly Hills hotel when a bellboy came to call her. "Your mother says to tell you the car is waiting," he announced.

Puzzled, Jane asked, "Mother didn't happen to say that my coach was waiting?"

"Yes," replied the bellboy, "but that was too high-falutin' for me."

But the coach was waiting—Jane's singing coach.

**from the book by Andrew Hecht*

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MOVIE REVIEWS
(Continued from page 23)



The Mating Of Millie: Bus-driver Glenn Ford (rt.) coaches Evelyn Keyes in how to win a husband. Willard Parker (lf.) is one of several willing prospects, but Evelyn has her mind on teacher.

sunburns.

This is really a man-loves-horse story. Nick Buckley (Robert Young), a kind of wandering cowboy with no visible means of support, meanders into a saloon one stormy night to inquire where he can bed down his mare who is going to foal almost any day. Two grizzly old prospectors who have just made a gold strike and are buying champagne for EV-uh-ry-body, tell him to go on out to their shack, and they give him directions. As Nick's about to set forth, a stranger—one Tex Brandaw (Barton MacLane)—approaches him and tells him not to trudge way on out there, that there's a nice dry stall just down the block, and that's where Nick goes.

Next day, Nick approaches the local veterinarian on the street and asks him for some medicine. He is planning to push on to a warmer section of the country and there are some things he'll need to care for his mare. The vet eyes the broken down mare and sneers, "That's pretty fancy stuff for that there horse."

A pretty girl (Marguerite Chapman), proprietor of a travelling store, is watching them from her big covered wagon across the street, and she calls over to Nick that she has all the things he needs. While she's getting them together, Nick confides in her that the reason he needs so many fancy items is that his mare is going to have a very fancy colt, sired by Thunder, a famous and magnificent race horse.

The colt is born en route to the warm valley, smack in the middle of a snowstorm, and shortly thereafter an outlaw whose horse has been shot from under him appears and demands the mare at gunpoint. Nick follows them on foot, knowing the horse won't be able to travel far, and when he finds her dead in the snow, he shoots the ruthless outlaw who ran her to death, without a qualm.

From there on in, the going is rough and Nick—with a price on his head—is one busy guy. How he keeps his motherless colt alive, saves his own skin and hooks the purty trav-

eling saleswoman makes mighty exciting looking. Better go see.—Col.

THE MATING OF MILLIE

The Mating of Millie is a gentle little comedy co-starring Evelyn Keyes as Millie McGonigle, a department store executive, and Glenn Ford as bus-driving Doug Andrews, charming bachelor.

In the beginning of the picture, Millie is a frozen-faced gal in a man-tailored suit, beau-less and fun-less. Two things change her life. (A) Her small friend Tommy Bassett (Jimmy Hunt), who lives in the apartment downstairs, is tragically orphaned and taken to a foundling hospital. And (B) She meets Doug Andrews and befriends him in a highly unorthodox manner. Millie tries desperately to adopt her beloved Tommy, but is told that as a single woman she hasn't a prayer of getting him. She contrives a whopper about a fiance in Alaska, but it's no sale, and Millie goes home heartsick, still yearning after Tommy.

Pal Doug sets about coaching her in the ways of a siren—object matrimony, but not to him. He's a confirmed bachelor. She becomes so frilly, feminine and irresistible that Ralph Galloway (Ron Randell), head of the foundling home, is thoroughly enchanted, as is Phil Gowan (Willard Parker), a neighbor who starts dropping in to borrow cups of sugar and leer at Millie's new look.

What of Doug, the advice-giving bus chap? What of Tommy? Not another word from us—you'll have to go see for yourself. And this is a promise we'd like to make: you'll have a wonderful time.—Col.

I, JANE DOE

The court room is quiet. On one of the long, dirty windows a fly buzzes distractedly. Sitting quite calmly, hands clasped together, a girl is refusing to fight for her life . . .

This is the trial of Jane Doe (Vera Ralston) who is accused of having shot to death a man named Steven Curtis (John Carroll). Witnesses saw her entering the apartment just



I, Jane Doe: Vera Ralston saves John Carroll's life, then is accused of his murder.

before the shot was fired. Steven's wife, Eve (Ruth Hussey), came into the room and found him lying dead, with the girl standing over him. Jane Doe admitted to the first policeman on the scene that she had killed him.

Still, there might have been a chance for her. Steven Curtis had a reputation as a wolf. This girl was young, obviously well brought-up. If she only talked. But she refused even to give her real name. Refused to tell any extenuating circumstances there may have been. So the jury brings in a verdict of guilty and Jane Doe faints in a tired little heap on the floor. It is not until Eve Curtis, Steven's wife, thinks out the reason for that faint, that she feels anything but hatred for the girl. But Jane Doe is going to have a child and that makes a difference. Because it is Steven's child and somehow that matters terribly to Eve.

Eve is a lawyer herself—a brilliant one, although she retired soon after she married Steven. If she can get this girl to talk perhaps there would be a chance for her in a new trial.

Eve does get her to talk, and the story goes something like this . . . Jane Doe is Annette DuBois, a French girl. During the war an American flier was shot down near her farm. Annette and her brother Robert pulled him from his burning plane. Robert died as a result of his burns. The flier, Steven Curtis, lived. Lived, and one night in a quiet village ceremony, he married Annette DuBois. Married her, obviously without mentioning that he already had a wife.

So now Jane Doe is on trial again, but perhaps this time things will be different.—Rep.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While apartment-hunting in Hollywood a while ago I couldn't find a certain house number. I must have looked very forlorn, for a car pulled up and a very handsome young man offered his help. Telling him my troubles, he got out, searched for the number, ushered me up the steps, helped me with my bag and bade me farewell. Only after I sat down did I remember his face. It was none other than Louis Jourdan, that Hollywood heart-throb.

Joan H. Reijmers
Hollywood, California

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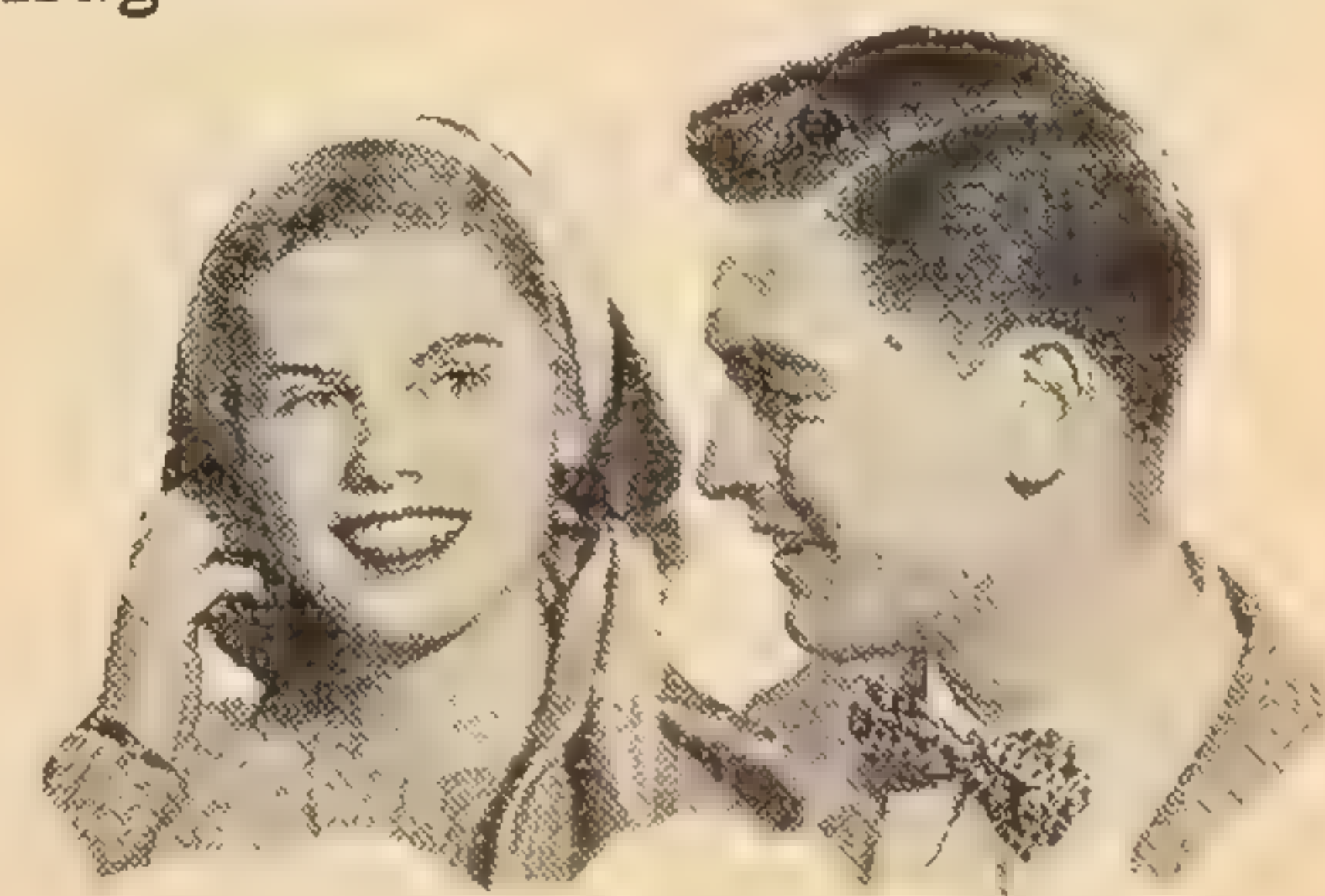
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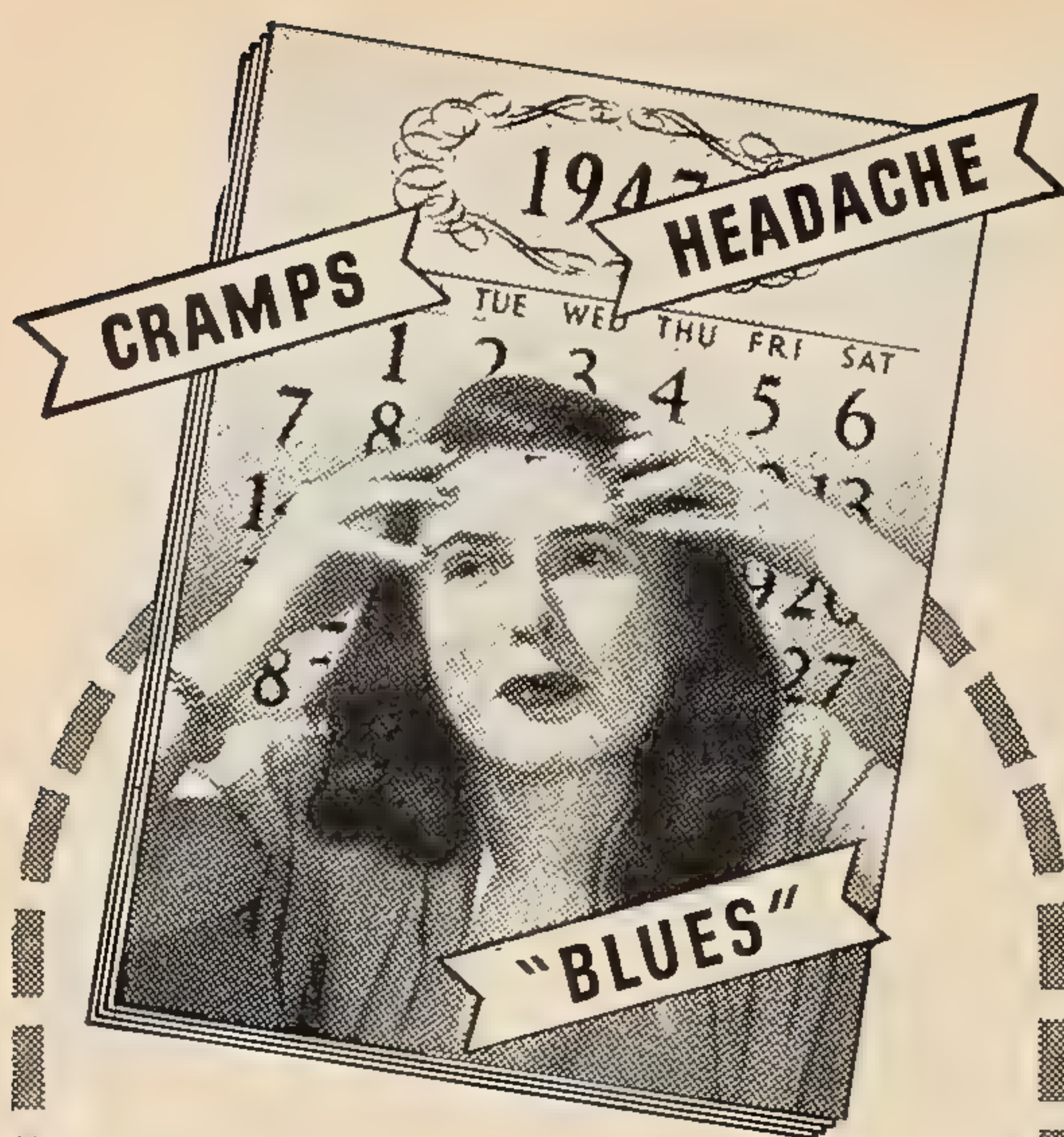
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• Try Mary's beauty secret and be lucky in love! Her SweetHeart complexion and that delicate, haunting fragrance make hearts beat faster.

THE HOUSE THEY LIVE IN

(Continued from page 46)

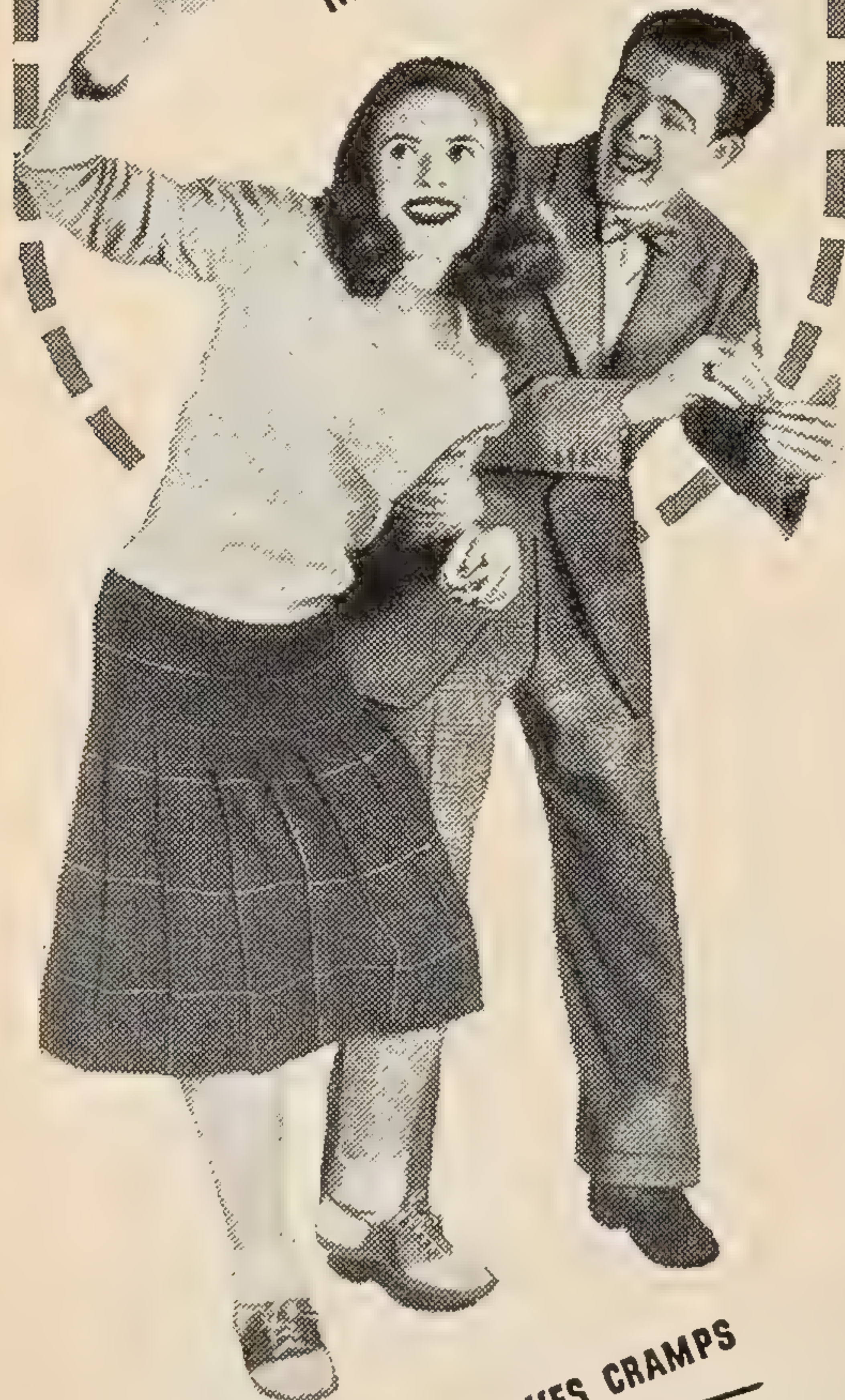


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dummy buyer. Came the first headache. My husband's former wife read of the sale, assumed the Hargreaves had struck it rich, took steps to share the wealth. The hours it took to talk her attorneys into dropping the suit!

I got used to mere trifles like that. Dick and Gene and I were in this together and we'd see it through. But the inner sanctum expanded right away, by one. Kenneth Albright, our architect, was sworn to secrecy, and went to work.

Gene sneaked to meet me at dawn on Sundays, in the dusk on weekdays. He wore a black coat with the collar turned up, a black hat, brim down, and held a handkerchief to his nose. Soon the rumor got around that Chicago gangsters had bought the place; some of the neighbors even whispered "Al Capone!"

the wandering rasmussens . . .

I was the front. I was in business and could quite logically be an agent for someone else. So I invented Mr. and Mrs. Rasmussen, let it be known I'd bought the house for them. They were traveling. Where?—oh, er—Bermuda, Switzerland. Dear Rasmussens, how they traveled!

The carpenters, painters or decorators couldn't be allowed to guess. One might spot Gene and tell. So we met before or after the whistle blew.

I'll skip the million details, but consider—a big, ten-room house: structural changes, paper, paint, carpets, draperies, furniture, mirrors, pictures, landscaping—and projects within projects, like "Raymond's Folly."

Gene and Jeanette love horses and dogs. Between them, then, they had seven pups, two horses—his "Black Knight," her "White Lady." Gene found a corner of the grounds he thought perfect for a stable. One with thatched roof, two stalls, and a tiny corral. Beside it, a spot for seven kennels, each with a dog's name over its door. I got estimates. It came to a small fortune, but Gene knew what he wanted. Up went the stable. Dick named it "Raymond's Folly."

Gene and Jeanette like to play piano duets. That is, two pianos in duet. There was a little play house on the old estate. "Perfect for two pianos—that's the music room," Gene decided. "A white music room." We remodeled, redecorated it, bought the twin small grand pianos, had them painted white. A record machine, too, turned white over night (as Gene's and my hair almost did a few times). A downy love seat, brass for the fireplace, intimate and cozy. The walls? An inspiration—Jeanette's treasured composer etchings—Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms and the rest. Then Gene got the idea that almost wrecked everything. The pictures must be matted in Jeanette's MacDonald plaid, the furniture upholstered in it.

On one of her trips to Europe, Jeanette had toured Scotland and brought back a bolt of the MacDonald tartan. At the time, she'd thought of a coat, a suit, or something, but the bolt still languished in a closet. That was our first theft. Gene was the robber. He called on Jeanette one night lugging a suitcase—what excuse he made, I've forgotten. But he came out with the plaid. Next day the upholsterer cut it up for the couch.

Gene and Jeanette planned a Honolulu honeymoon. One night at dinner, Jeanette was talking trousseau. "I've had that bolt of plaid around for ages," she said. "Wouldn't it be nice—suit and coat—for the boat?" Gene choked on his soup and I dropped my fork. Dick asked reproach-

fully, "Plaid—on a honeymoon?" "Why not?" asked our gal. "Bad luck," said Gene helpfully. "Phooey, I'm not superstitious," said Jeanette. In quite a silence, she chatted on.

Next day I had a call from MacDonald. "We've had robbers!" she gasped. "But—the silliest thing—they took only that bolt of plaid, and some etchings." I said not to call the police—it would look like publicity! Gene thought fast when I told him, and decided we needed another accomplice—Jeanette's secretary, Sylvia Wright. She swore in as our Fifth Column.

Because by then Gene had more ambitious plans than just a house, furnished and decorated to his lady's delight. We already had the living room carpet and drapes in warm rust tones (to match Jeanette's red-gold hair). Fifty paint mixes had brought her favorite, dusty pink, into her boudoir. Twenty, her royal blue in the dining room. Every hint that dropped from her lips lodged in our over-sized ears. (We had a signal language, too. A rubbed elbow, a tugged ear, meant "Get this" or "Cover up" or something.) Sometimes our tips went a little wild, with frantic results. For instance, the cransnutians.

At this time Jeanette was making *The Firefly* with Allan Jones. One weekend, Gene and Jeanette, Allan and his wife Irene, Dick and I went to the Norconian Club. In the garden after dinner, we passed a bed of flowers. The dialogue:

Jeanette: Oh, I'm just crazy about those cransnutians!

Allan: They're the most beautiful, lovely cransnutians I've ever, ever seen!

Jeanette: When Gene and I have our home, we'll certainly have a huge bed of cransnutians.

Raymond was rubbing his elbow like mad. Back in Hollywood, I grabbed the phone and called the landscape man. "Tear out the begonias. Put in a huge bed of cransnutians," I told him. He said, "Okay." Pretty soon he was ringing back. "I can't locate any—er—cransnutians."

cransnutians, indeed! . . .

I'll tuck up the hem of this story: He called all over town. He pored through all the seed catalogues, scanned the horticulture dictionary, no soap, no cransnutians. Exasperated, I called the Norconian Club, described the flower bed. "Oh," said the manager. "Those are double petunias." Then it came to me! Jeanette and Allan Jones were making a picture with director "Pop" (Robert Z.) Leonard. "Pop" uses some trick word on every picture. "Cransnutians," indeed. Most apologetically, I ordered double petunias.

But about Sylvia, our Fifth Column. As I say, Gene's idea had expanded. He wanted Jeanette's dresses in the wardrobe, her pictures on the wall, her toiletries, her books, records, their wedding presents wherever indicated. We had in mind a program of grand larceny from the MacDonald home. We had it more than in mind—we committed it.

Presents arrived at Jeanette's from all over Hollywood—arrived, were opened, then disappeared as Sylvia boxed them and slipped them to Gene or me. "I barely get a chance to see my presents before I write my thank you's," complained MacDonald.

"But I'm sending them over to Mr. Raymond's, as you said," Sylvia'd tell her.

Sylvia really did have an excuse; and Gene and Jeanette had a housing plan (Jeanette thought). They would move for

awhile into Gene's bachelor house. What else could they do? For a reason Jeanette could not quite understand, her fiance had turned persnickety. They'd look at houses; he'd find something wrong.

One day Jeanette confided in me. "Helen, I'm getting worried about Gene. He dawdles everlastingly over important decisions. Our house for instance. Almost as though he's losing interest—and another thing—he's away so much of the time!"

I gulped. "You're both so busy," I rattled. "You're right about just moving into Gene's place. Later on you'll find one you both really like."

"I'm not so sure." And she was very quiet. "I'm *very* sure," I said earnestly, skipping any reply re those "jaunts" of Gene's. I knew where he was—up working like a dog on that house, but I certainly understood that to her it *was* kind of suspicious that he had to see his cousin or look up his uncle's sister so often.

We enlisted another actor in the Great Deception when, six weeks before that June date, Jeanette's Scotch prudence got her at last, and she started perking up Gene's old house. The new trickster was the interior decorator. The shenanigans it took to get her to hire this particular guy who was in league with us! And the hours she spent giving him her instructions. The man was an Oscar calibre actor. He measured chairs, he brought her samples, he told her everything was going beautifully, and all the time he was really working on the *new* house, incorporating all of Jeanette's suggestions into it.

stolen goods . . .

So the wedding day drew near. The suspense was terrific. That's when we started stealing things hard to snitch. Jeanette's dresses, for instance, her shoes, toiletries, keepsakes—one by one. Each with an acceptable excuse or a sly replacement. We had narrow escapes that made our hearts pound. Our only break was that Jeanette herself was busier than a bird dog. Gene hired a butler, sworn to secrecy, to tidy up The Place. Gene made a recording of their courtship song ("You're All I Need").

Then it was the wedding day. I won't forget it. The architect came to the house where we were working like mad. He took a carved wood "R" out of his coat pocket, fastened it in its niche over the library fireplace. It was the final touch. The House was ready.

"I hope you'll be very happy in your home, Mr. Raymond," he said. Gene and I looked at each other and my eyes, at least, were pretty misty.

It was the day we'd worked ten months for, and we'd practically made it without disaster. Outside of our chosen crew not a soul knew. Even Gene's brother, who lived with him, didn't guess the secret. And although her clothes, her collection of miniatures, her music, even her comb and brush were in place, Jeanette suspected nothing. That evening the lights would be on, a fire burning in the fireplace, a snack in the ice box, there'd be champagne on the hearth in a cooler. The dogs (removed from the Sunnyvale Kennels, where they'd been boarded) would be safe in their new houses, all fed. The horses would be bedded in their stables. At a signal, the butler would turn on the victrola so that when Mr. and Mrs. Raymond arrived, their theme song would play softly.

And then, only a few hours from triumph, Sylvia Wright called. "Jeanette's restless and says she's going out to the Sunnyvale Kennels to see the dogs!"

"But," I gasped, "they aren't *there*. They're *at*—they're—"

"I thought so," wailed Sylvia. "You've got to do something—quick! If Jeanette

"I dress for starlight dining
... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



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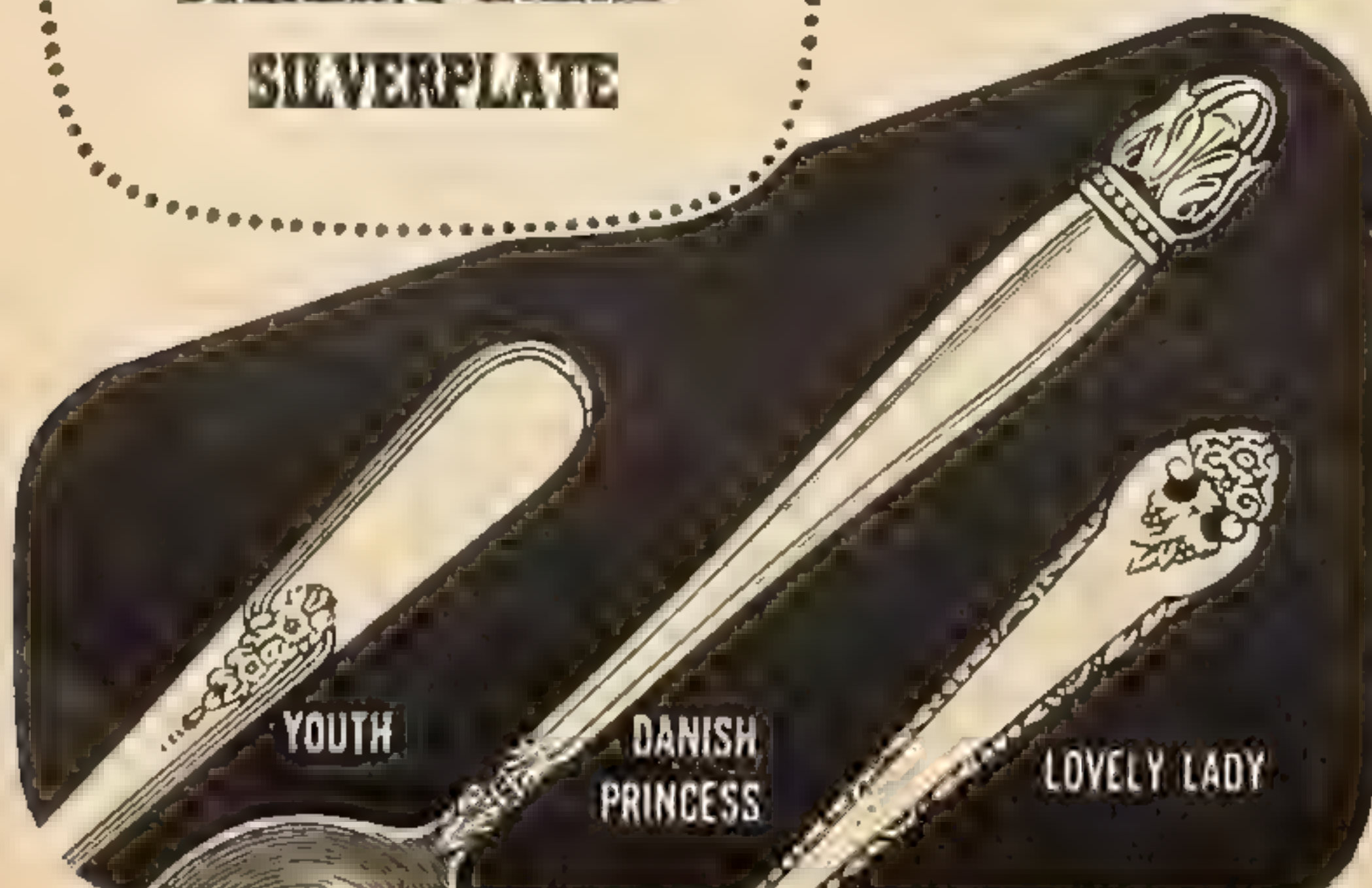
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gets to the kennels and finds no pups, she'll call out the militia!"

"Keep her home for an hour, Sylvia," I croaked, "if you have to rope and tie her!"

I raced to Gene's. He raced to The House, got the five dogs, loaded them in his car, raced to the Sunnyvale Kennels. (After Jeanette's visit, he hustled them back. Try that sometime with five dogs!)

We did other last minute wind-ups—like getting the horses up from Riviera Stables (where they'd been boarded). And while Jeanette went to the hairdressers, we loaded the rest of her clothes (she thought they were safely packed in her trunk) into our cars and rushed them over. We filled the rooms of The House with roses, tried the new gold key for size.

I didn't really enjoy the wedding. It was beautiful, I know, and filled with meaning. But as I started down the aisle in the wedding procession, one thought exploded in my mind.

"Jeanette isn't going to like it!"

I was suddenly, positively certain she wouldn't. I was dog-tired, scared and filled with a horrible shame.

The stark audacity of it! How dared one woman plan another's home? Impertinent, presumptuous, that's what it was. It was a horrible idea, and it was all my fault! I could have stopped it. I could have talked Gene out of it. I heard, "I pronounce you man and wife." The ceremony was over. My misery had only begun.

The minute the bride and groom left, I grabbed Dick and we started home. The tears could no longer be denied. I just bawled. I bawled all the way home.

the road back . . .

I knew they were home by now. I knew Gene's plan—to set out as if for Riverside and the Mission Inn where Jeanette thought they would stay, make wrong turns, say nothing to her protests, wind back to the house and say, "We're home." As soon as he'd shown Jeanette all over the place, he'd call, he'd said.

It was eleven o'clock. I waited.

At 2:12 the telephone rang.

My heart stopped. I reached for it.

Gene's voice said, "Mrs. Raymond would like to speak with you."

"Darling," came Jeanette's voice, and then a pause. I held my breath. She spoke very slowly. "All my life I've dreamed of my house—I've walked into it tonight." My heart was pounding so hard I didn't hear anything else. Dick took the phone and there was laughter and gaiety as Jeanette raved over the house, the garden, the stables—she'd seen everything.

Later, I learned what had happened when Gene pulled up before The House.

It took him twenty minutes to get Jeanette out of the car. She couldn't believe him when he said, "Well, Mrs. Raymond, welcome home." Finally, he pulled her reluctantly up the walk, handed her the gold key, had her open the door herself. Right then Mrs. R. made her classic remark.

"All right," she said, still bewildered, "if it is our home—how much did it cost?"

Her husband didn't answer that. He just picked her up and carried her over the threshold . . .

Jeanette kept everything almost unchanged for about five years. But since then, she's improved almost every room. Now every part of the house shows the touch of her talented hand and, of course, it's more beautiful than ever. But this is its story—the story of how a home was born. As far as I know, there's not another story, or another house, exactly like it anywhere in all the world. It's a house built by romance and devotion. And, eleven years later, romance and the Gene Raymonds are still "at home" in that house in Bel-Air.

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

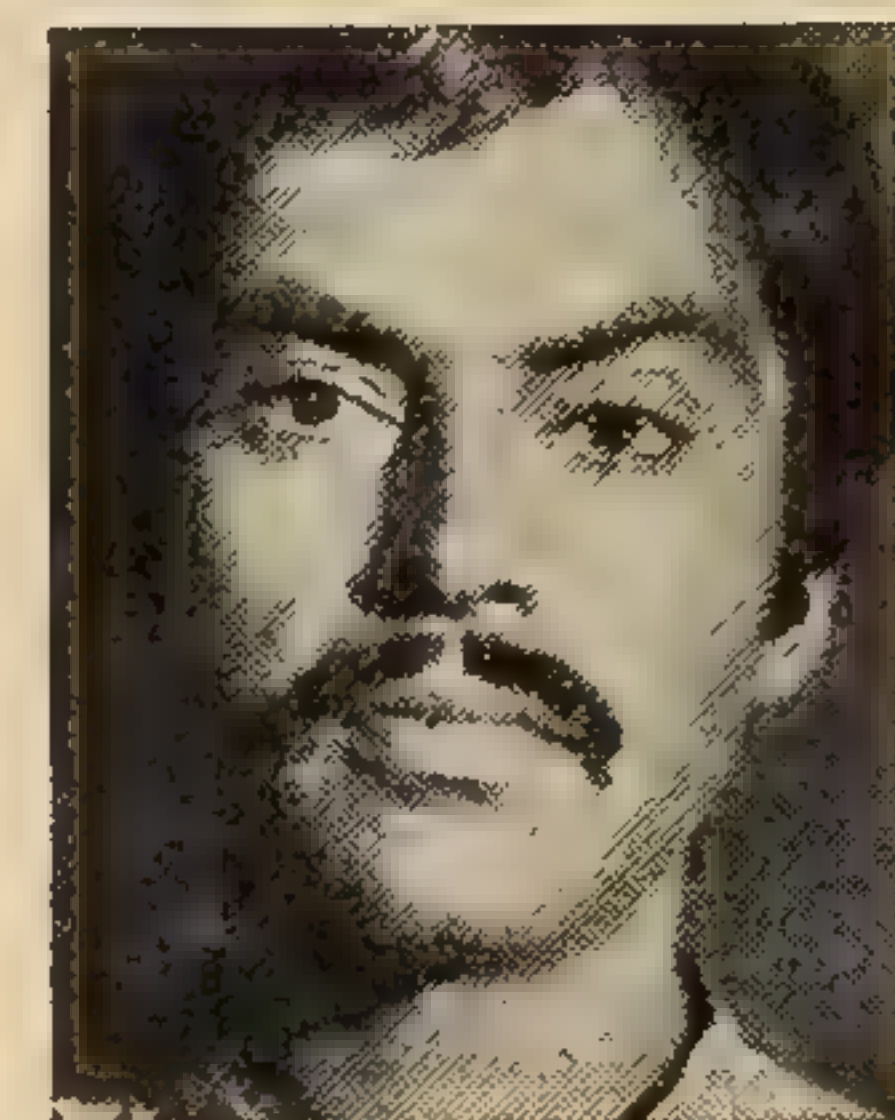


MARK DANIELS, who scored as Alan in *Winged Victory*, and who was more recently seen in *Bury Me Dead*, just hit the Broadway headlines in the lead opposite June Lockhart in *For Love or Money*.

Mark was born Stanley Honiss in Chicago, Ill., on Aug. 27. He's 6' 2", weighs 180, and has brown eyes and hair. Send lots of mail to him at Eagle-Lion Films, Hollywood.



Handsome, blonde, 6 foot **MICHAEL STEELE** debuts in *Station West*. Mike was born in Pennsylvania on Oct. 6, 1921. He is unmarried, has blue eyes, and weighs 155 lbs. Write him at RKO, Hollywood, for a photo.



PEDRO ARMENDARIZ was born in Mexico on May 9, 1912. He is 6' tall, weighs 190, and has black eyes and hair. Is married to Carmen Pedro. Can be reached at RKO, where he will be seen in *The Pearl*

and *Fort Apache*.

G. G., Colo., *The Vanessa Brown Club* is headed by Bob Lutzow, 4862 N. W. Highway, Chicago 32, Ill. The *Mel Torme Club* by Lee Garber, 2137 Cropsey Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. The *Ron Randall Club* by Anna Hreha, 804 E. 102 St., Seattle 55, Wash. *Esther Williams Club* by Darlene Hammond, 1416 Belfast Dr., Hollywood 46, Calif. *Charlotte Ness, Wis.:* *Hail Alma Mater*, *Flurette*, *The Dicky Bird Song*, *Passepied*, *Rosen Kavalier*, *Ritual Fire Dance*, *You Made Me Love You*, *Mulatta Likes the Rhumba*, *Romeo and Juliet Waltz*, *Roumanian Rhapsody*, *Hungarian Fantasy*, *Sweethearts*, *Allegro Appassionata*, Rt. 66, and *Springtide* were played in that order in **THREE DARING DAUGHTERS**.

Keep on sending those questions, with a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN 261 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. I have the answers waitin' for you.

SPECIAL OFFER

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VIRTUE PAYS

(Continued from page 31)

On display and acting, even at home. Her little girl wandering in timidly as I interviewed her. And the star stalking out, hissing angrily to the nurse, but not quite low enough—"Get that child out of here! Go on!" Then, for my benefit—"Good-bye, darling. Mama's busy now. That's a sweet dear."

Vicki James' mother is different.

"When our jobs are over, we drop the curtain," Betty told me. "You have to if you treasure a real home. Harry's one hundred per cent old fashioned that way. So am I. Someone once said that I was the most cooperative star in Hollywood when I was working—the most uncooperative when I wasn't. That's the way I want to be. I give my work everything that's in me when I'm inside a studio. When the whistle blows, I'm through."

"It's the same way with Harry. He's never had a trumpet inside this house. If I'm ever guilty of talking about a scene I made today at the dinner table I hope Harry gags me with the napkin. We have an unwritten law here about those things."

I was thinking of the star I know who turned her home into a sound stage. She replayed her camera script, scene by scene, every evening for her suffering husband. When the poor guy wanted some personal attention, he didn't get it—his wife was too wrapped up in her make-believe life.

Finally, he told her off. "You should marry your producer," he said bluntly. So she divorced him and did just that. Now her home life's strictly show business—but not necessarily the idyll she thought it would be. They fight like cats and dogs!

balance wheel . . .

"You see," Betty elaborated, "when two people spend so much of their time in the tense, unreal business of entertainment, they've got to balance that with a big helping of home life; they've got to go overboard being Mr. and Mrs. Doaks, if they want to be happy. We do."

Betty told me about the time she had to kick her loving husband off her own set. She's used to working with hundreds of eyes watching every move she makes—but impersonal eyes. One day Harry strolled in, kissed her hello and retired to the sidelines to watch the scene. Betty blew her lines, flubbed her actions. Her home life had stepped on the set and it was out of place. After several dismal efforts, she knew what was wrong.

"Honey," she told Harry, "please, will you go sit in my dressing-room until this is over? I just can't do a thing with you around!" Harry understood. He should have known better.

"It's harder for me to keep away from Harry's career than it is for him to skip mine," admitted Betty. "I'm just naturally crazy about music, and I haven't a bit of acting ambition. If it hadn't been for my mother's saying 'Go ahead,' whenever a chance came in Hollywood, I'd still be singing with a band, and perfectly content. That is, if I had the happy home and children I have now. That's the important thing."

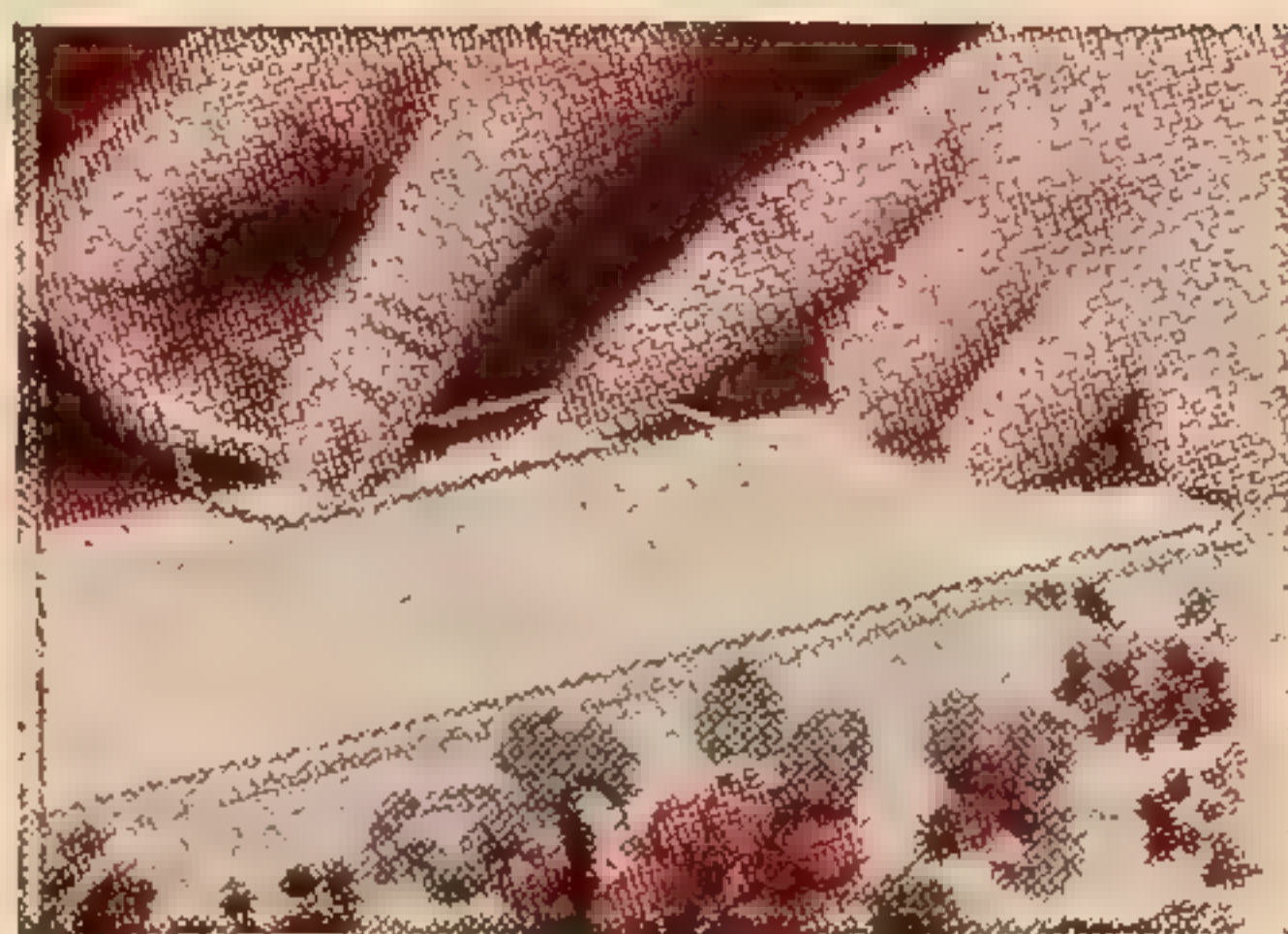
How about that star, I thought, the one who wrecked her marriage and made divorce orphans of her kids—just for the chance to see her name in bigger lights?

Betty Grable has the wholesome domestic habit of putting everything her husband does first. The James house doesn't come with two pairs of pants. Harry handles the house bills, the ranch, the various James family interests. He supports his wife and children and he

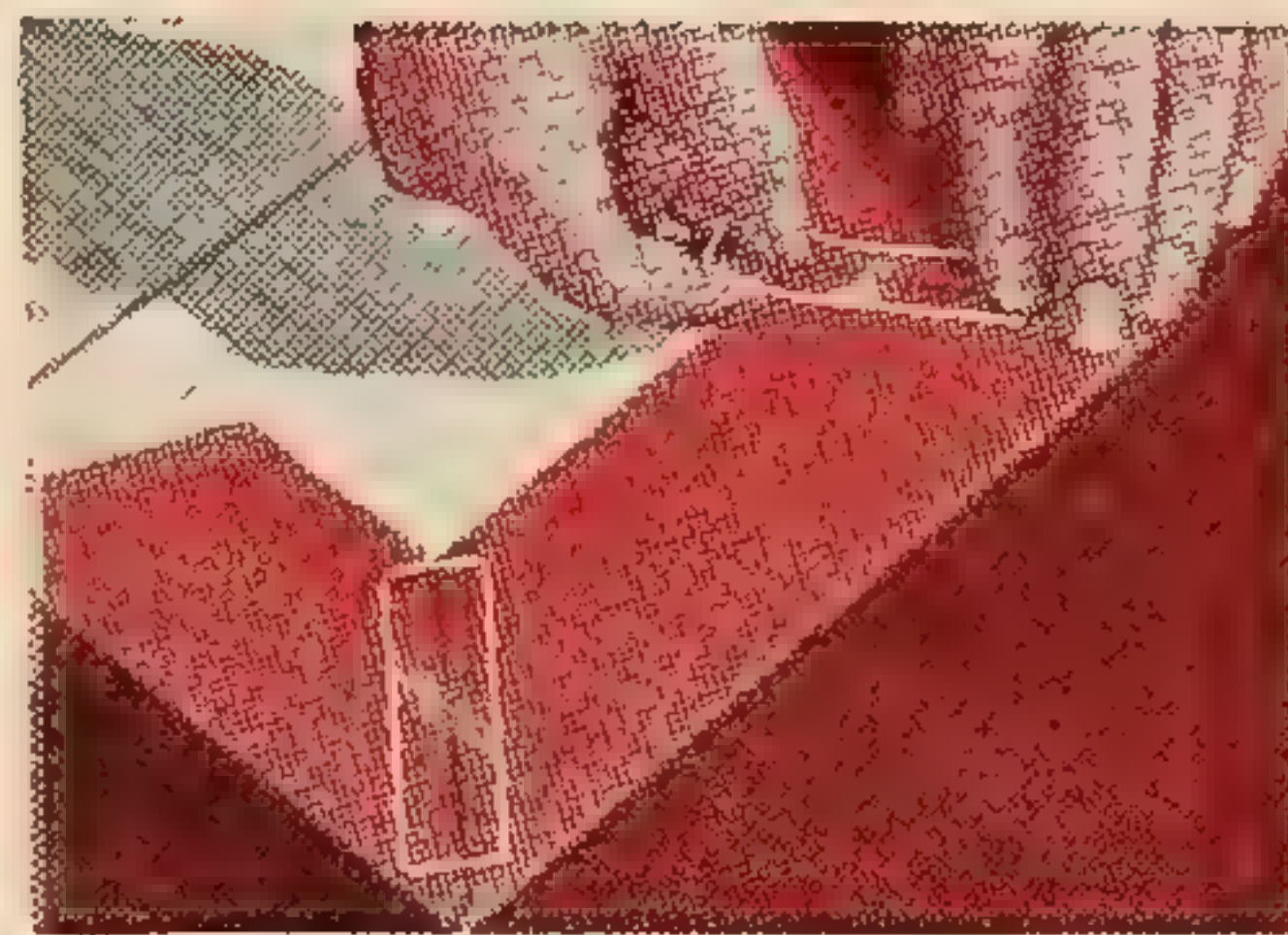


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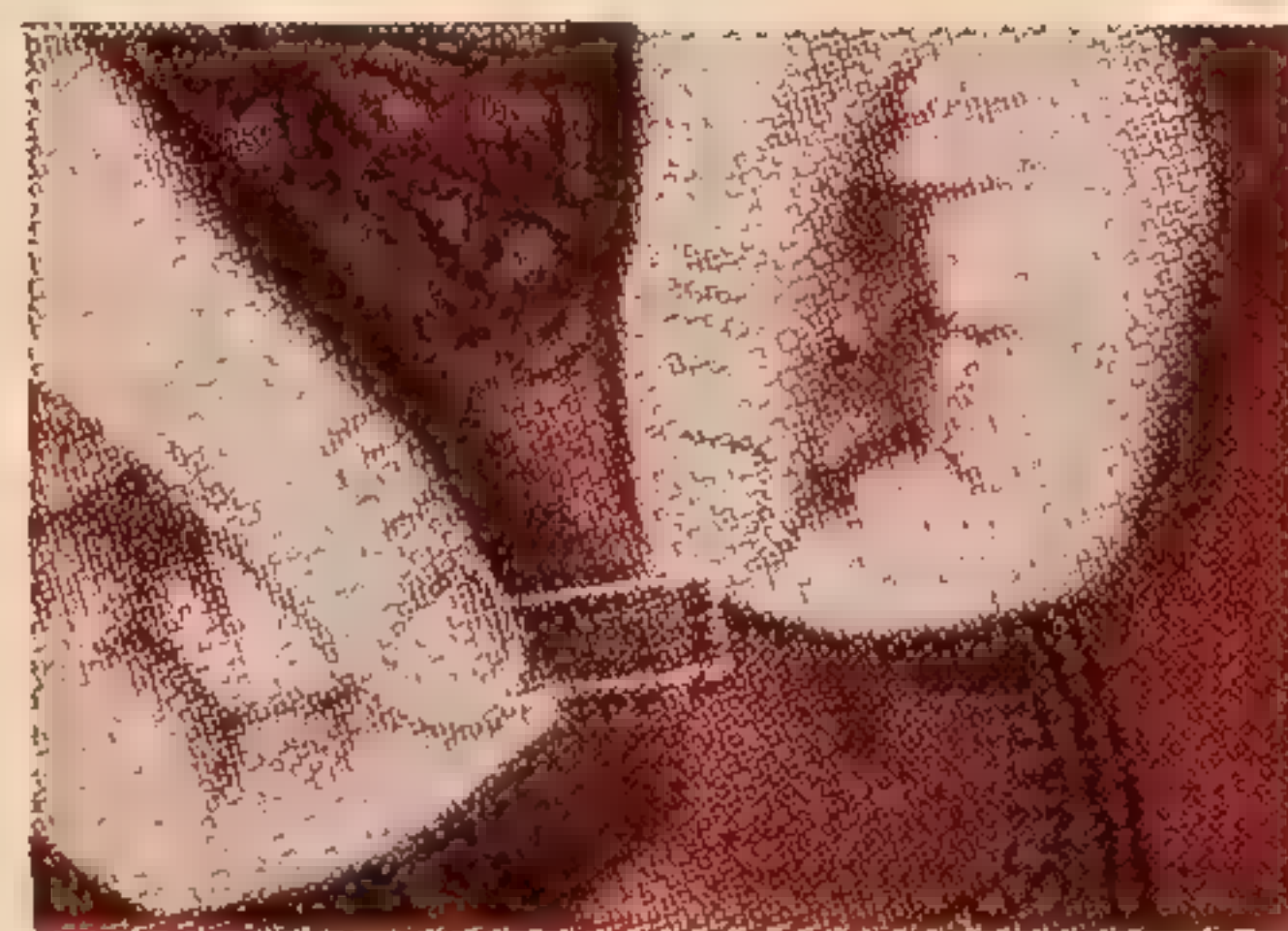
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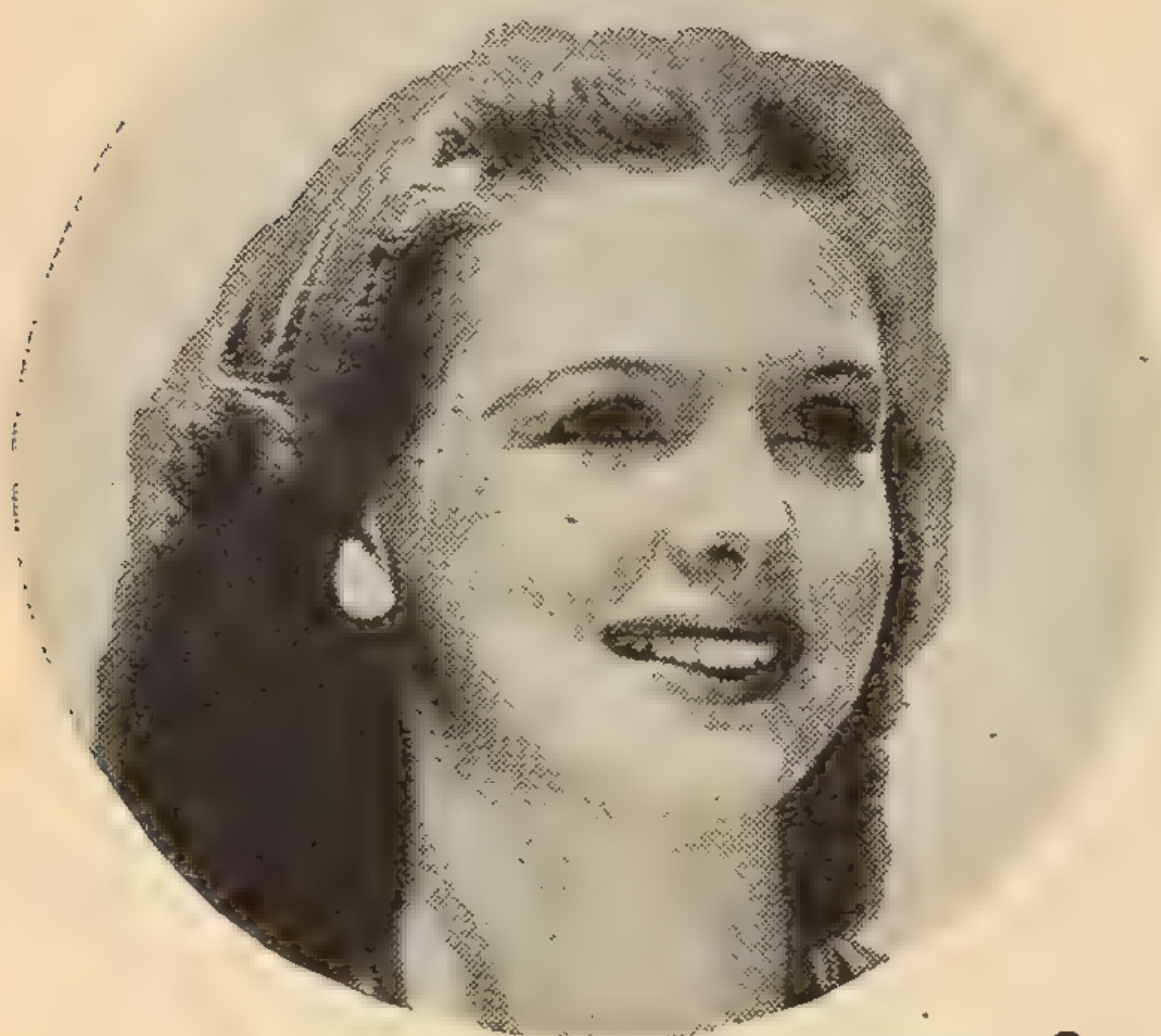
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does it darned well, as I can assure you.

I couldn't help contrast the matrimonial mockery of a certain star who has supported her idle husband for years and years—just for respectability's sake, because he was the father of her child before she found fame. But she acted—without regard for that child, or the husband, like any fancy free single gal: scores of romances, affairs and brazen carryings-on. Why not? She was independent; she paid the bills. And, just to make everything cozy, she even supported her husband's girl friend, too—and still does!

When the Jameses were first married, Betty tried to keep up with Harry on his band tours. It didn't work. Wherever she went she found Betty Grable, movie star, too powerful an attraction and distraction. The crowds yelled for her and unless she sang, took a bow or did something they grumbled. That was bad for Harry, bad for her. Now Betty stays home—"where I belong."

Betty's been accused of being dull, uncooperative (she's always up on that Hollywood Women's Press Club slam-list) and ambitionless. Only the last one's halfway true. Betty's ambition—as she truly stated—is to have a happy home and raise her daughters right.

If Betty Grable's "dull," it's because she fights to shield her home and family from the spotlight of publicity. If she's "uncooperative," it's because an early Hollywood beating fed her up with stunts for sweet publicity's sake.

"When I started back at Paramount," Betty recalled, "I was getting absolutely no parts in pictures, but I worked ten hours a day, posing for every still anybody could dream up. They even pushed me inside a cage with a tiger once—with cameramen hidden behind every bar."

"In a bathing suit?" I asked. "You, not the tiger."

"Of course," grinned Betty. "I always was in a bathing suit. That's when all this 'Legs Grable' stuff started. So now I'm 'uncooperative.' They get me for publicity when they catch me."

who's grable? . . .

"Vicki," she told me, "has no idea who 'Betty Grable' is. I'm Betty James or Mrs. James, or Mommy."

It seemed to me that Vicki shares about everything, already, that Betty and Harry do. I checked on that with Betty. "She certainly does," she said proudly. "Whatever we do that's good for a little girl, Vicki's in on. That's why we have kids—to enjoy them."

I conjured up the contrasting picture of a certain career-crazy big star, I know, who has a son, a swell little guy. But this star hates to admit it, won't even let him be mentioned in print because that's "bad publicity."

Not to mention another glamor star who's always been bored with all her daughters, ungracious to them all the time they grew, interested only in herself. When her eldest got engaged, mama, after several marriages, was starting a new family. She went shopping for her maternity clothes, trotted her engaged daughter along. "By the way," she said, "you might as well pick up your trousseau while I'm shopping." (At a maternity shop!)

"Can I take some friends along?" asked the daughter. It's a pretty exciting occasion, choosing a trousseau.

"Certainly not!" snapped her selfish mother. "I can't be annoyed in the condition I'm in!" What I've always wanted to know: Why did she have children in the first place? She never enjoyed them.

Vicki James has her own pony, "Sweetie Pie," at the James ranch. She has her own piano, too. Last Christmas she came right out and demanded the piano, and Betty

sweet and hot

by leonard feather

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FROM THE MOVIES

APRIL SHOWERS—title song: *Ray Noble (Columbia). Carolina In The Morning: *Tony Martin (Victor).

ARCH OF TRIUMPH—Long After Tonight: *Yvette (Vitacoustic); Kate Smith (M-G-M); Betty Rhodes (Victor). Remember Yvette, the "French" trail from Alabama who was about as Gallic as Hildegard from Milwaukee? Well, she's dropped the foreign accent and emerges as a swell singer sans the French frills. It's a good tune, too.

DAISY KENYON—You Can't Run Away From Love: Harry James (Columbia).

GOLDEN EARRINGS—album of theme music: **Victor Young (Decca).

IF YOU KNEW SUSIE—My Brooklyn Love Song: *Marion Hutton (M-G-M).

Marion, who sang with the old Glenn Miller band, had a brief film fling, then retired to motherhood, sounds much more phonogenic than sister Betty, and the song's as Brooklyn as the Dodgers.

SONG OF MY HEART—Tschaikowsky album: *Tommy Dorsey (Victor).

Allied Artists' movie life of Russia's gift to Tin Pan Alley gives this eight-sided album topicality. *Moon Love, Our Love, Tonight We Love, The Things I Love*, etc., all swiped unashamedly from Peter Ilyitch, are heard here.

ALBUMS

**TONY MARTIN—You And the Night And the Music (Victor).

**CHARLIE PARKER et al.—Bebop Jazz 1948 (Dial).

*CHARLIE BARNET—Barnet Favorites (Apollo).

thought they'd get her a toy one, but Vicki insisted on a "weel one like Daddy's." That did it with Harry. He scoured Los Angeles for a full keyboard, pint-size piano like they use in bars sometimes. Finally, down on Main Street in a second hand shop, he found it. He painted the old scarred finish sky blue, and Miss Victoria can hammer out bits of Chopin and Grieg at the age of four.

"You know," Betty chuckled, "Vicki even takes in the races with us. We love horses, so does she. Last time we went to Santa Anita, Vicki picked four winners."

"Good Lord!" I said. "How?"

"Just pointed her little finger at the entries and where it came down, Mommy made a two-dollar bet. Four paid off. For her size, she's the biggest winner in the James family."

Betty's normally possessive about her kids, but not like a certain big star who adopts children simply to possess them—right down to every tiny heart-beat. I sat in her room once when she brought in the babes, lined them up at attention, practically.

"Who loves you best in the world?" she shot at them.

"You do, Mother."

"Who do you love best in the world?"

"We love you, Mother."

It was like a catechism. A trained chant. I couldn't believe my eyes and ears.

"See?" she turned to me fiercely. "See how they love me?"

Betty doesn't have a relief nurse now. The highspots in her life today are the ranch weekends when she takes over both Vicki and Jessica—and Harry too. She does all the cooking, housework and baby nursing, without a servant in sight. "That would spoil the fun," said Betty. "Maybe all is confusion and a few pots get scorched, and some dirt stays a few minutes on the kids' faces—but that's when we're really a family."

A nurse brought baby Jessica in to Betty about then. Jess is the image of her daddy. Betty took her on her lap, patted her tiny head, made even more baby-bald looking by some goo that plastered her blond wisps flat.

"Vaseline," said Betty. "This afternoon we wash." She pressed Jess to her bosom, and vaseline spots showed on Betty's fresh white blouse. She didn't pay them any attention.

I called on a Hollywood queen one morning to get a story. At that early hour she was groomed, topknot to toenail, fit for the Ritz—and so were her little darlings, who promptly trooped in, starched, combed, manicured and perfumed like French poodles. They paraded in review for me, curtsied, smirked sanctimoniously as they'd been trained to.

When their beglamored mama left the room for the telephone, I whispered, "Say kids, why don't you run outdoors and have a mud fight?"

Eagerness flickered on their faces for a second; then it was gone. "Oh, no!" gasped the little boy in horror. "We wouldn't look nice then for the pictures."

There weren't any pictures. No story, either. I got out of there fast.

she's no oscar of the waldorf . . .

Betty Grable doesn't pretend to be Mrs. Domesticity. Before she married Harry James, she'd never tackled anything in a kitchen much more complex than bacon and toast. One day afterward, though, she was seized by an understandable wifely urge to cook a bang-up meal for the man she loved.

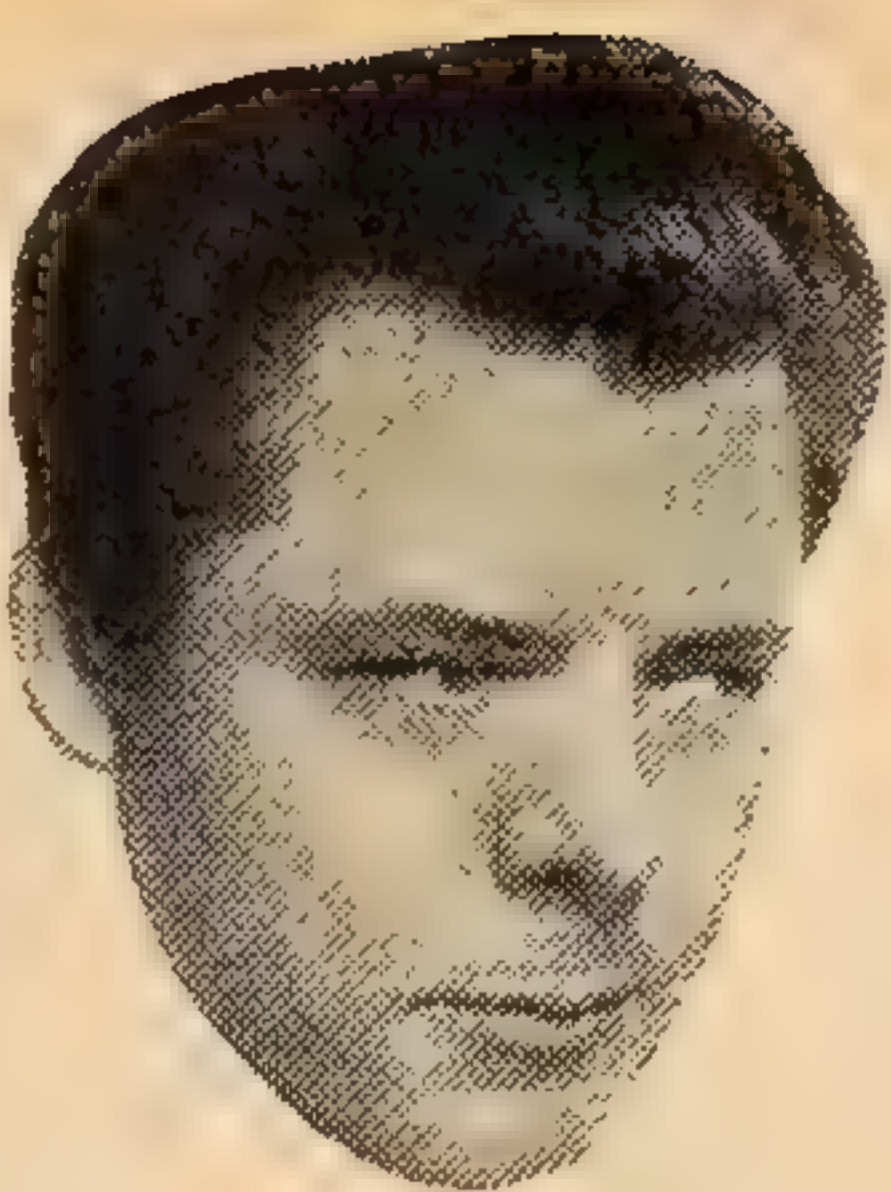
"I picked out a roast of beef," Betty said, "brought it home and opened my cook book. First direction was, 'Wash the roast.' I put it in a pan of soap and water and went to work with a scrub brush. It was a little hard to get all the bubbles off but it was clean, all right, when I got through. Then I slipped it in the oven. I knew Harry liked his beef rare. So I was pretty careful about time and temperature. It looked wonderful on the platter, I thought. Then Harry carved it.

"Well," said Betty, "it was rare, but it wasn't roast beef. It turned out to be veal. I didn't know the difference. Rare veal—can you imagine? Funny thing, it didn't taste so bad. At least Harry said so. Now you know he loves me."

I've seen Betty James so many times late in the evening picking groceries off the shelves of a Beverly Hills market where I often shop. I asked her if that was a steady habit. "Oh, sure," she said, "I do all the marketing. Sometimes my dad sends out the meat, and there's a vegetable man who comes by the house now. But the rest is my job."

"Even when you're working?"

Betty nodded. "The health of the James family is more important than any picture I'll ever make." I wondered why she

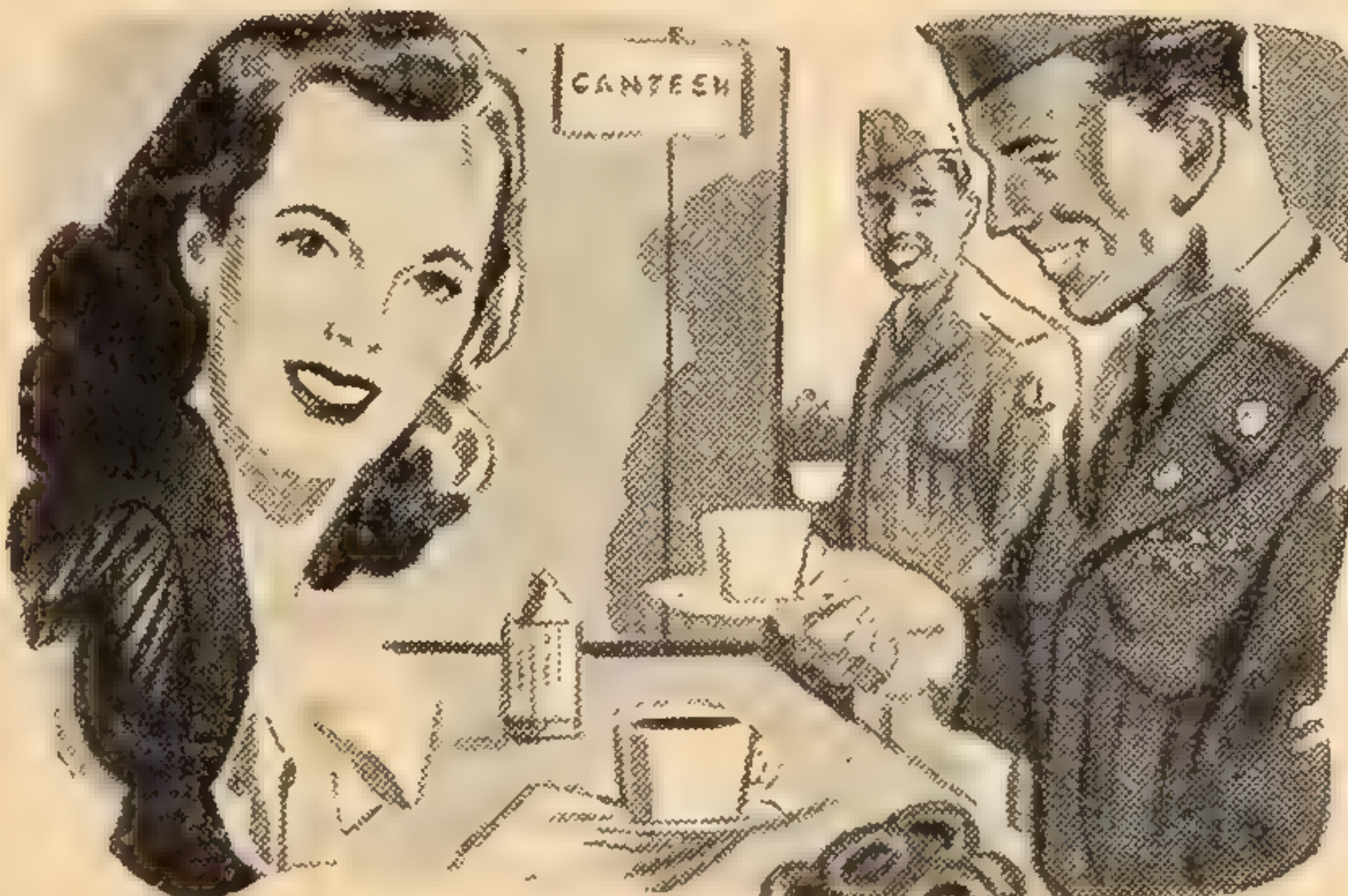


The Beauty Story

OF A STAR

by Perc Westmore

DIRECTOR OF MAKE-UP AT WARNER BROS. STUDIO



From snack bar to stardom—that's how it happened for Janis Paige. While serving in a servicemen's canteen, she pinch-hit for an absent singer. The little girl from Tacoma made a big hit—and a talent scout signed her up! By coincidence, she made her screen debut in Warner Bros. "Hollywood Canteen."

At the studio Janis met Perc Westmore, beauty advisor to Hollywood stars. To emphasize her natural beauty, he helped her select the Westmore beauty colors to flatter her complexion. He told her, "To be a star you must look lovely off the screen as well as on." Now Janis says it's easy to look her beautiful best with this marvelous Westmore make-up.

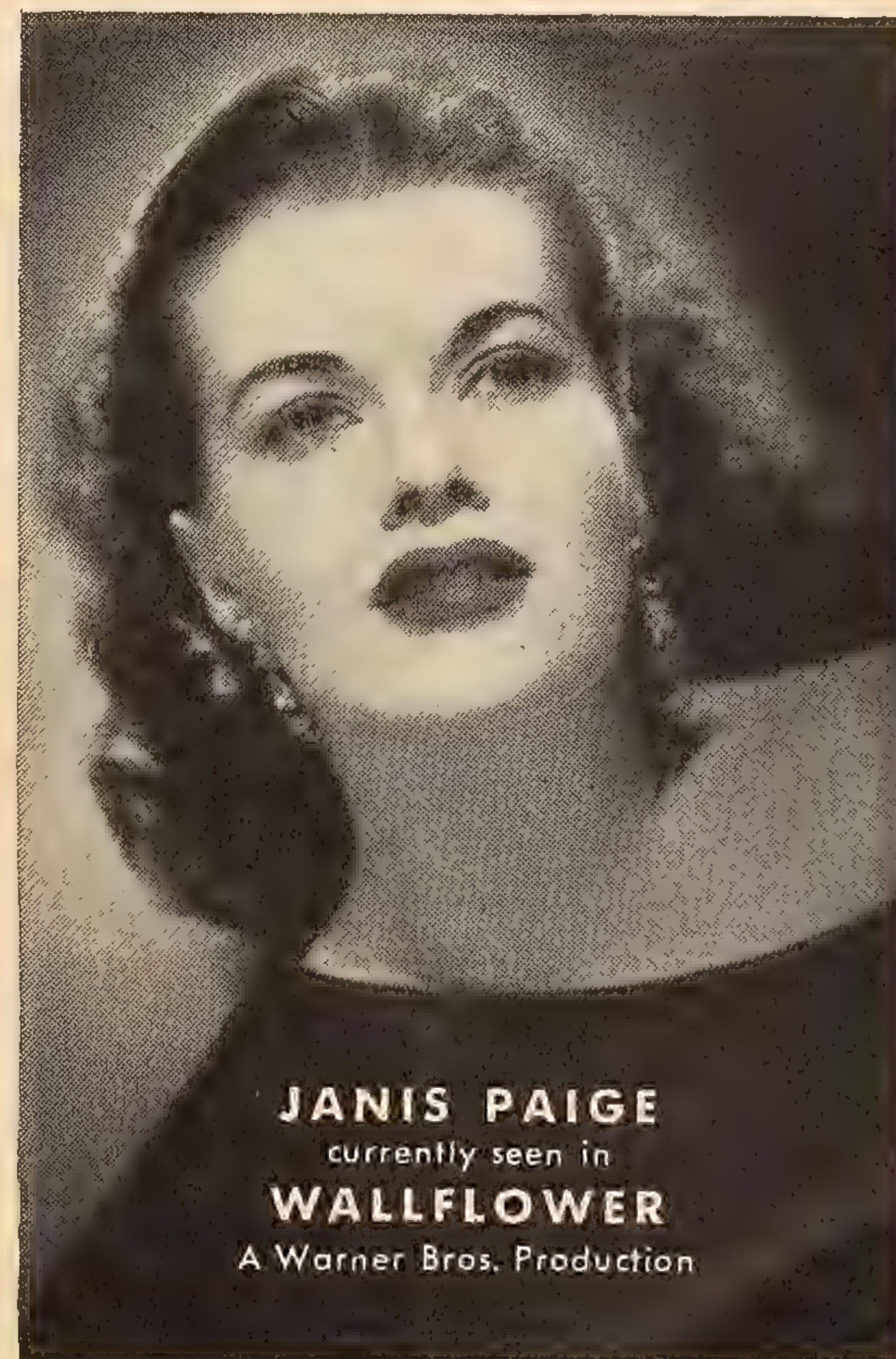


Janis considers herself an "outdoor" girl, but she loves to be glamorous too as in her present picture. Exciting as a star's life is, Janis is still the same girl who likes gumdrops, surprises and rainy afternoons. "And Westmore Cosmetics too," she adds. "I count on Westmore Make-Up for all day beauty, every day."

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couldn't order for delivery. "They sting you that way," observed Betty thriftily.

When Harry's home, playing an engagement in Hollywood, his day starts about when Betty's ends. She's up at six when she works, and that's about when Harry's getting caught up on his sleep. When Betty races home there's just time for dinner with Harry and the babies in this room—around the low table by the fireplace. Then Harry James has a date with his trumpet—at the Palladium or wherever he's making melody.

I've seen so many Hollywood couples driven apart by two careers far better synchronized for home life than that. But there's Dutch blood in Betty's veins; she's stubborn about what she wants—especially if it's precious time with her husband. When Harry came home after his last band-tour, Betty was making her toughest scene for *Lady in Ermine*. His train arrived at one of those gosh-awful hours. Betty had a six o'clock date on the set. She could have sent a driver. But she wasn't going to miss that homecoming. So she set an alarm clock for 3:30, drove in the dark to Pasadena to be there for Harry to hug when he stepped off in the dawn. Then she worked all day.

"When Harry's playing in Hollywood, I make him promise to call me after the band breaks up," she said. "Sometimes he does, sometimes he doesn't—especially if I'm working, because he thinks he'll wake me up. I fix that. I lock my bedroom door so he has to wake me up to get in. Then we go downstairs, raid the ice box and catch up on each other over sandwiches and milk in the kitchen. Luckily, I'm the type who can get back to sleep in a half a second, and I wouldn't miss those midnight visits for anything. Especially since that's often the only time we have to talk."

I thought of the temperamental, neurotic all-out star I know whose husband almost has to have an appointment to get in her boudoir after she retires—creamed, curled and done up in a beauty mask.

And another top actress who keeps her husband hidden safely away on the third floor of her elegant home. He's too nice a guy to protest the exile—even ducks in and out the back door if she has guests. She sends for him by royal command when she wants him, once or twice a week. I was there once when he happened in, paused timidly at the living room door. "Excuse me—" he said.

"Come on in, dear," invited the star. "It's all right." He glowed pathetically at the unaccustomed honor. Yet they're man and wife—it says on the marriage certificate!

"orchestra wife" . . .

Harry's tours all over the land make her a "band widow" which Betty dreads most. ("Thank goodness he's not going on one this year," she breathed.) It's a lonely house even with her mother dropping by all the time. Harry and Mrs. Grable get along like peaches and cream, incidentally. He was mighty thankful she was around when Jessica was born last year.

Harry had his play dates arranged to be home for the big event, but Betty had her baby five weeks ahead of schedule. When Harry got the news he wanted to fly right out. "You will not," Betty told him. "Then I'll have to worry about you, too."

Both Harry and Betty are one hundred per cent old fashioned about flying. Betty was convinced on a flight from Salt Lake City to Seattle. She ran into one of the worst sleet and snow storms on one of the worst runs in the country, forcing her plane down in Portland. She switched to a train and hasn't been up since. Harry had a similar scare.

"You know," mused Betty, "we're so very lucky, Harry and I. We're almost psychic about how we feel and what we like. And luckily we both measure up to about the same place in our different fields. That's wonderful, because he's so sensitive that way. I can be Mrs. James, all right, but he could never be Mister Grable."

Once, the King and Queen of Hollywood were married. The king predicted, "For the first year, I'll be known as Mister Her. After that, she'll be known as Mrs. Me." That's exactly what happened, and it was supposed to be a marriage made in Heaven. But underneath their marriage vows they were still two very top stars and hence two hot Hollywood rivals. Both prized their stardom above all. And the perfect marriage broke up.

"What's really important in a marriage is the way you feel about each other," Betty went on. "And how you get along. We're deeply in love—Harry and I—more than we were when we married. It's a thing with us that grows and grows. They say you get to looking alike after you're married awhile. I know you start thinking alike, because we do all the time. This house, for instance—"

meeting of minds . . .

Betty and Harry lived in her home briefly when they married, but they wanted one of their own. They went looking, found the cozy English one they now have. Bert Lahr had built and furnished it before he left Hollywood. They walked in the front door, made a tour of fifteen minutes. "Then," recalled Betty, "we both said, 'Let's buy it.'"

(It's too small by now for the growing James family. They thought they'd add on a wing recently, but the estimates came to "about a million dollars or something.")

"The nicest thing of all," Betty believes, "is the absolutely amazing way our hobbies and interests line up. For instance, baseball—and horses."

"I married as horse-happy a character as you can imagine. Harry already had race horses before we were married. He started with half a horse. A friend of his told him, 'I'm sick of hearing you rave about racehorses, here—I'll sell you half of mine.' Now we have twelve grazing on our Calabasas ranch. That's where we spend all holidays, week-ends, vacations. We're going to live there someday."

Right now there's only a small cottage and the horses. They're earning their feed, though. Harry and Betty had seven winners this past season at Santa Anita.

Betty carefully arranges her shooting schedule each year to make her two pictures (that's her limit now) so she can share her free time with Harry. They went to Del Mar for the race season last year, stayed at a hotel. "Vicki loved it on the beach," said Betty, "so this year, with Jess too, we've got a house. You have to spend long, uninterrupted times together every year if you value your marriage."

What about the domestic tragedy that right this moment stalks one of Hollywood's favorite families? He's a star, so is she, both big, both swell people. But his burning interest is organization, politics, speeches and civic affairs. Hers—parties, fun, Hollywood society. But her escort's out crusading, and she sits and frets and finally—it's all over—and too bad. If they only shared as well as cared.

When you get Betty Grable on the subject of horses it's practically impossible to get her off. "The very nicest present Harry ever gave me was on my birthday a year ago," Betty said. "I call it my three-in-one present. He gave me a brood mare in foal with a yearling colt beside her. Now the baby's a year old, the colt's two. The mare, Lady Florise, was a stakes winner!"

The Jameses stepped out to nightclubs just twice this season. Once, when a new band opened at Ciro's and it was professional courtesy for Harry James to show up and wish good luck. The other time Dan Dailey told them he'd bind, gag, and kidnap them if they didn't come with him to see Kay Thompson.

It's hard to spot the Jameses even if they're at a nightclub. They slip in, enjoy themselves quietly and slip out. No grand entrances, no personality smiles for the photographers. When I think of the swishy sensations Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford or Norma Shearer and Dolores Del Rio, in their day, could make of that simple event, I know Betty Grable's not even in the running as a Hollywood showhorse. It's just not her style, thank goodness! Betty James prefers family style.

She took Vicki to the Palladium one Sunday afternoon to hear her Daddy's band. Grandma Grable went along and Grandpa Grable, too. Vicki watched Harry play, but what really wowed her were the dancers. "Mommy," she said soon, "dance with me." Betty explained: two girls can't dance with each other. She tried Mrs. Grable and got the same excuse. Then she tackled Betty's dad, Conn Grable. "Can't keep up with these young jitterbugs," he dodged.

When Harry dropped over during intermission, Vicki pounced. "Daddy, you dance with me." "I can't," explained Harry with mock timidity, "I work here. I'll get fired."

Vicki's face clouded with disgust. "Grown-ups," she observed, "have too many rules!"

Well, maybe Vicki's right. Maybe they have. But the sensible, wholesome, love-inspired rules that Betty Grable and Harry James have worked out for themselves are the kind I'll buy. They've created that Hollywood rarity, a healthy, happy, sane American home, in a place where that's very hard to do. I'll always have a portrait in my memory from that morning's visit to the James house—a portrait of a happy woman—and I don't know of a pleasanter picture to contemplate in this angry, restless world.

CROWNING MOMENT

(Continued from page 14)

20th Century-Fox. That was back in 1934. Since then, Ronnie has starred, at an average of \$150,000 a picture, in some twenty different vehicles. The most successful of these, according to Romanoff standards, have been *A Tale of Two Cities*, written by my second cousin twice removed; *Lost Horizon*, written by a former cash customer, James Hilton; and *A Double Life*, written by my good friends, the Michael Kanins.

Ronnie, of course, in his stoically appealing manner, is saying very little about this year's Academy Awards. When I mention to him the possibility that he might be chosen for an Oscar, he cocks his grey-maned head to one side, he smiles diffidently and says liltingly, "Ah, that would be so nice."

And it would be, too—for Ronnie, like all of us, is getting older. Time flows on, and it would be pleasurable for him in the years to come to remember that one night in 1948 when he was called to the dais to receive his Oscar. Each night has its own immutability, each moment its own private eternity—but this is one night, I assure you, Ronnie would remember forever.

After twenty-five years of film making, and *A Double Life*, I submit that he is worthy of a memorable moment.

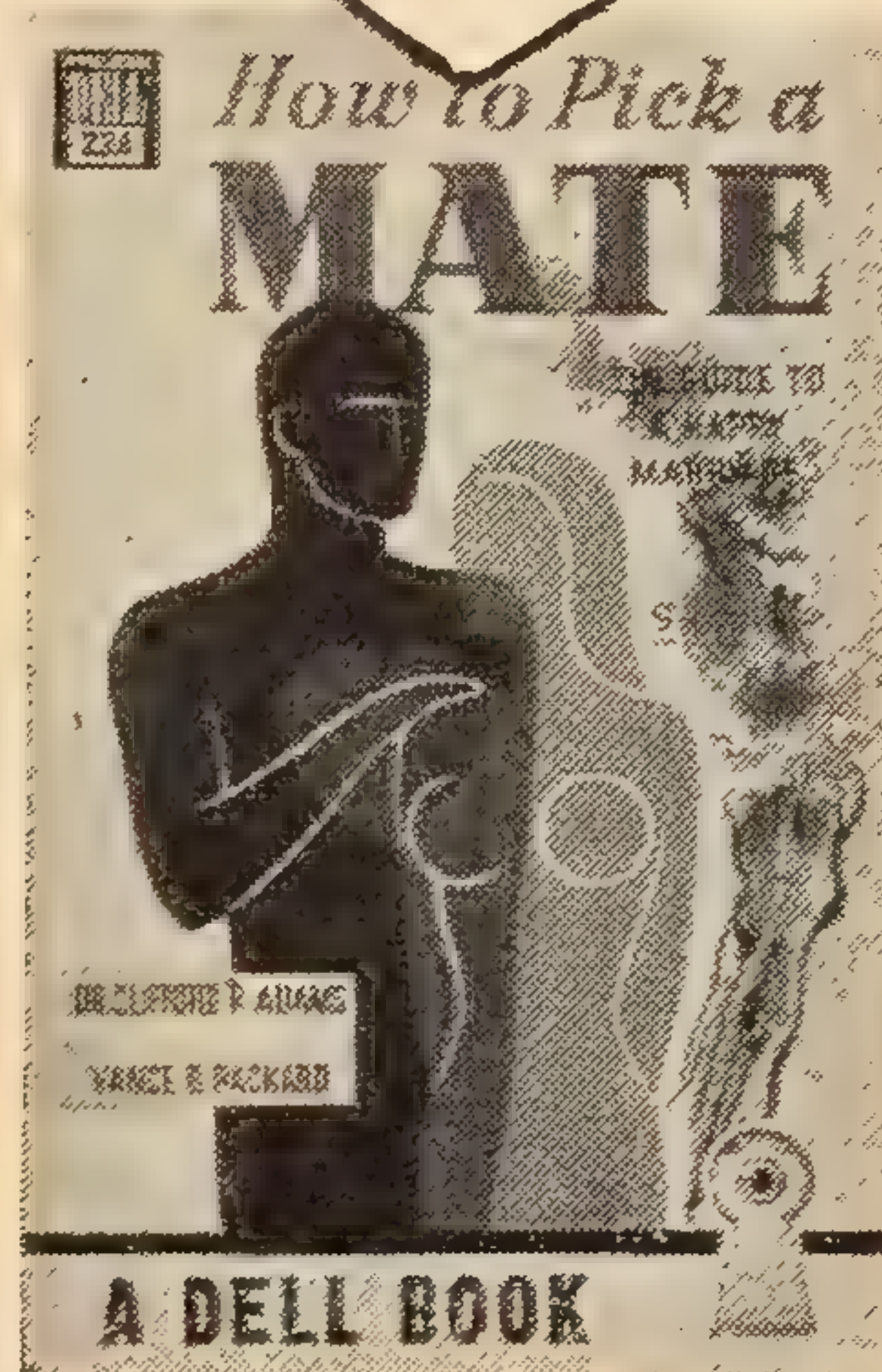
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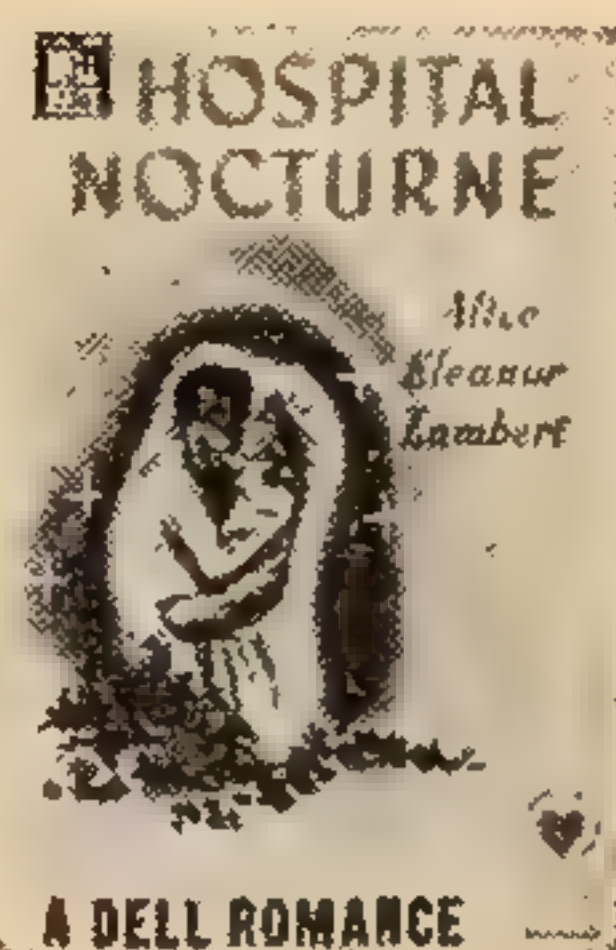
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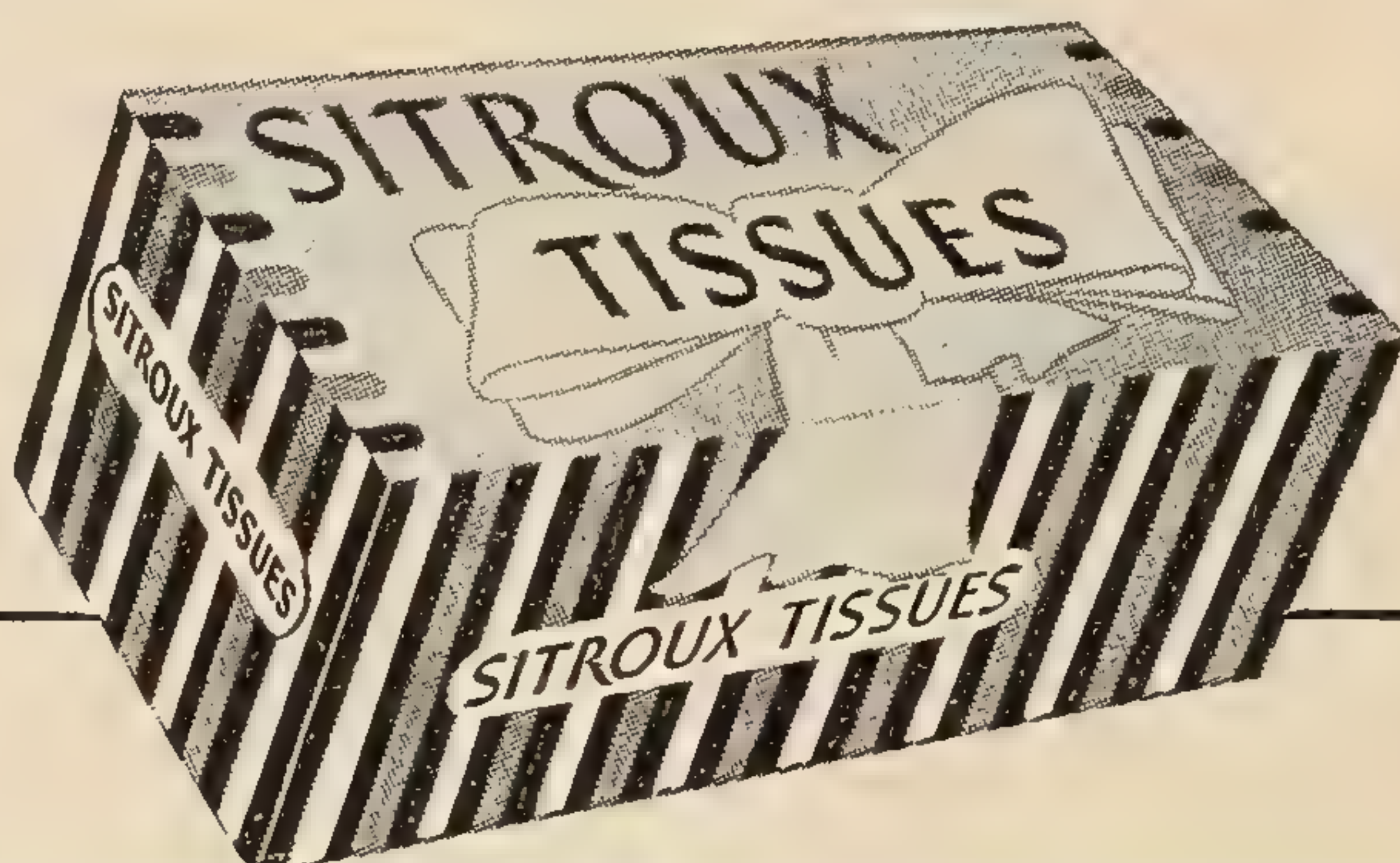


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OH, THAT ALICE!

(Continued from page 48)

dancer," says some bright young lad. "A drunk," somebody else says.

Alice is desperate, her three minutes are almost up. She overdoes it, trips over the stairs leading to the hall (it's a sunken living room) and she's down on the floor with a broken arm. "A fine way to get out of doin' a picture," I tell her on the way to the hospital.

Sometimes I wonder. Maybe I never should have taken Alice Faye as my bride on that day in May seven years ago. Until then, all this beautiful, big hunk of talent talks about is show business. Then she marries me, gets a house, has babies, and all she wants is to push one of those wire carts around the grocery store.

First thing you know I'm not allowed to make tours with my band anymore, either. "We're through living by an upside down clock," Alice says. I've got my band on the Benny show so I feel all right about it—the biscuits are rollin' in regularly. But I'm thinkin' all the time: how can I get Alice back in front of the public again? She's too beautiful, too talented to retire.

Answer's obvious—radio. Doesn't take up so much time as picture making. I can shoulder all the organization, share the performing job, and she'll have time to herself. So now we got our own half-hour air show—The Fitch Bandwagon—right after Benny on Sundays.

Today I still run the orchestra for the Benny show and get off a few lines every week. Just before the curtain falls I scoot across the hall and start the Bandwagon going. To me Jack is the real father of radio, master of them all. I've been with him 12 years and I've soaked up everything I've seen the man do. Benny helped me launch the Faye-Harris Bandwagon. Alice and I play ourselves, you know. Not wantin' to copy anyone else, we figured like this—let's get a nice story with a believable background and real breathin' people.

Our permanent characters are ourselves, our two children (Alice, junior and Phyllis); our business manager who is Alice's brother, Bill Faye (on the air we call him William); my old pal Frank Remley; Julius the grocery boy (he's the only one who

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doesn't actually exist in real life) and Mr. Fitch, head of the company that sponsors the program.

We were launched in the fall of 1946. We had the advantage that both of us were known; I had my fans from the Benny program and Alice had her big movie following. But ahead was a lot of unbroken ground, we hadn't proved anything on the air yet, as a team. A radio program has to have some age on it, the characters have to become established before the public really latches onto it.

We think we're in the groove now. One mistake we made the first year was picturing the family life too sweet. The public likes it more normal, with struggles and troubles. Now the children say things that embarrass the devil out of us—very realistic—and I get into ruinous trouble. Alice is the understanding wife on whose shoulders everything falls.

Our children are too young (five and three) to play themselves. Two young actresses do their parts. Jeanine Roose, aged 9, who got her start doing child parts on the Benny program, plays Alice, and Anne Whitfield, aged 8, who is Penny on *One Man's Family*, plays Phyllis.

Mr. Fitch is played by a famous old-time movie star, Francis X. Bushman, who was the Clark Gable of his day (around 1912). Frankie, Julius and William are played by other, younger, radio actors. We had an awful time casting Frankie. Frank Remley is my oldest friend. We began in this business together, me a drummer and Frankie playin' guitar. When I got my own band, he came with me. We've played in every big and little place on the globe, lived together until we got married. I'm always kiddin' him about his age and all that.

type casting . . .

Well now we were castin' for this part. Actors were readin' for us and we were turnin' 'em down right and left. Suddenly I say how wonderful if this guy were able to do it himself, after all he's a pretty amusing guy. So I call him up—he's got his own little combination by now and is playing around town. I don't tell what I want him for, just say, "Come over."

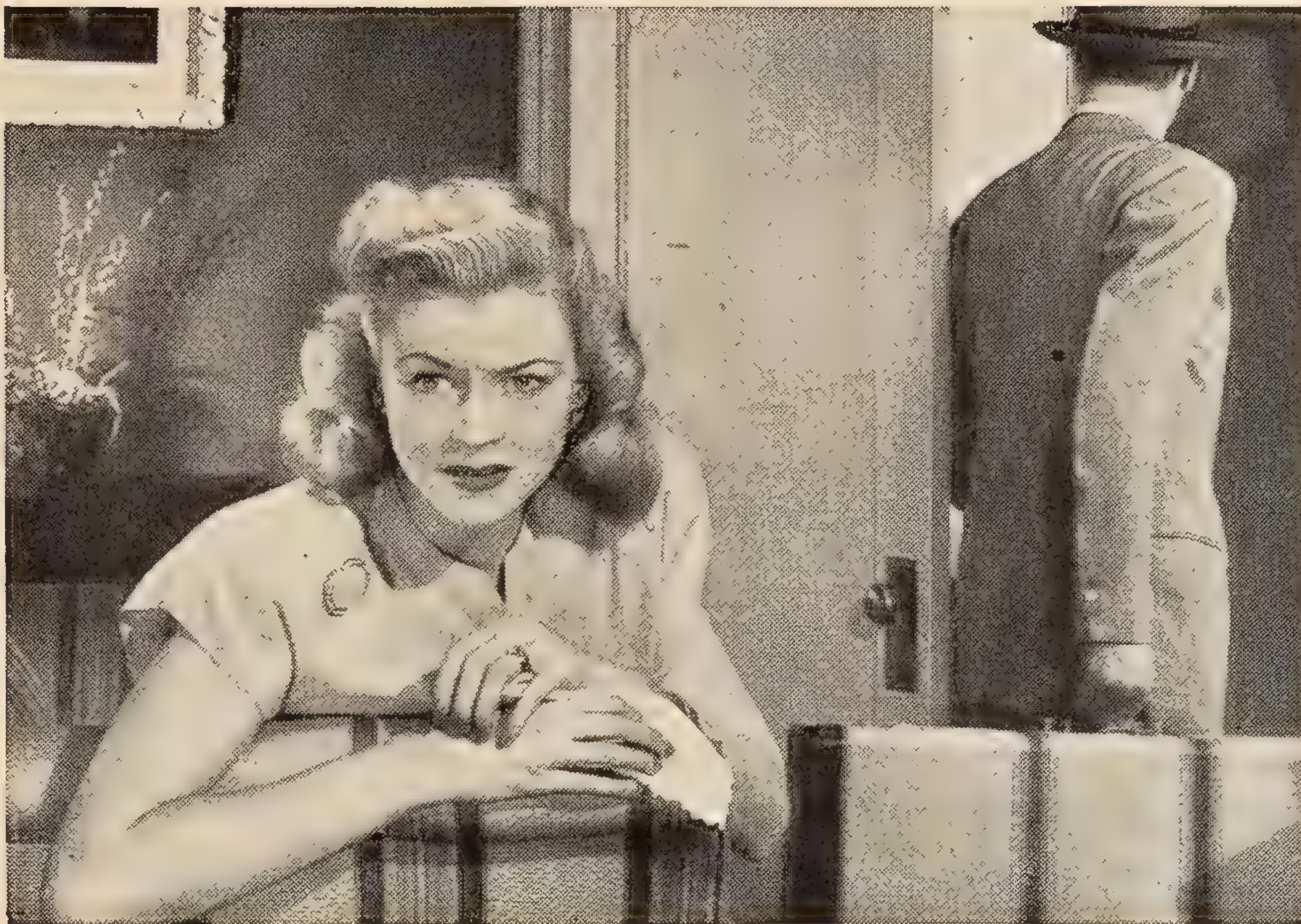
He brings his guitar of course. I hand him a script and tell him to read with me so the director and the rest can hear that he's an actor too. "Now Curly," he says, (he's the only one who calls me Curly) "I'm no professor." I tell him to shut up and start readin'. He keeps tryin' to tell me something but of course I won't let him. I got one thing on my mind. So we start and he goes like a wagon with a broken wheel. He's slow, his timing is impossible. I say, "Are you afraid, Frankie?"

"Look Curly, I've been trying to tell you something," he says, "it's something I've been meaning to tell you for several months. I got myself a pair of reading glasses, can't read without 'em now. I left 'em home today. I can't hardly see this paper I'm holding let alone the printing on it."

He'd been hiding this about the glasses because he knew I'd rib the brains out of him for growing old and all that. Well, before we got around to giving him another chance to read, a very good professional actor blew in, just out of the army and we gave him the job. And Remley works in the band, playin' the old guitar. He practically falls off his chair every week when he hears himself being impersonated.

People always want to know if any of the situations that we play on the air ever happened in real life. Well, not exactly. I work with our two writers (Ray Singer and Dick Chevillat) and they go about writing the show pretty much like all comedy writers. They do get ideas from what we all do in real life and sometimes

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lines are taken directly from something Frankie or I have said. As far as the kids go, we steal a line from them now and again but we steal from any child we know. We don't think our kids are funnier or cuter than others. They're just average and we're entertained at home by things they say just like every family is entertained by the humorous things that only kids come up with. When we hired the writers, we made sure they had children.

Most of the situations, and the characters are exaggerated for comedy purposes. Bill Faye has been made the heavy and I guess he's takin' a lot of ribbin' from his friends. In real life he's a fine businessman and a regular guy.

In real life I was the one that was always getting Frankie into trouble. The writers have switched that around too.

People ask us how our kids like the program and if we plan for them to come on it when they're bigger. The kids listen every week but not very hard I imagine. They're a little young. I don't know whether they'll ever act, we aren't pushing 'em. They don't have any special lessons of any kind. Alice gets a little dancing at her regular school. She's the kind that's always got something to say. Alice (senior) says she's like me.

I can see why Alice hates to be away from those little kids. As she says, the time when they're little and cute passes all too fast; before you know it they'll be 17 and having ideas about going off and marrying. But I don't know why they'll ever want to leave home—it's a nice place. We got seven acres of land around our house, an orchard, a swimming pool, a barn and a horse or two. A little while ago we bought a television set. Why go out, ever?

For an old dyed-in-the-wool show business vagabond I do some of the strangest things. Like tryin' to grow seven different kinds of flowers, from seed, in flats under a piece of glass. Then transplanting 'em out into the open, worrying every time we have a change of weather. Just a great big sap about flowers, I've become. Then there's cookin'.

Can you believe it, a cook yet? Italian is the specialty—veal scallopini and spaghetti with a violent sauce you'll never forget. Alice makes the meatballs. We've got a cook but a lot of the time we send her out to enjoy the moon while we frenzy things up in the kitchen. Singer and Chevillat and their wives generally come over for

dinner about once a week and afterward we run the records of the last week's show and start criticizin' each other. I'm always full of talk and I do it walkin' around the room makin' gestures. This gives Alice her chance to get a few laughs mimickin' me.

I pretend I don't know she's followin' me around and goin' through all the gestures I make just behind my back. This gets a big yak out of the rest of the group. Oh, that Alice—quite some pixie.

For a long time the Faye-Harris Enterprises offices on Hollywood Boulevard, where the writers work and our business is done, was supposed to get some furniture but we were all so busy that we never got to it. It looked awful empty and silly but we got along. Alice is always ribbin' us about it and one day she's out shoppin', and she gets an idea.

Next day a child's table with four small chairs—that we can just get into—are delivered to the offices. Each of our names is painted on the back of a chair. Now the offices look sillier than ever. And once in a while, to surprise a visitor, we'll squeeze into our chairs and pretend to discuss a problem. Oh, that Alice!

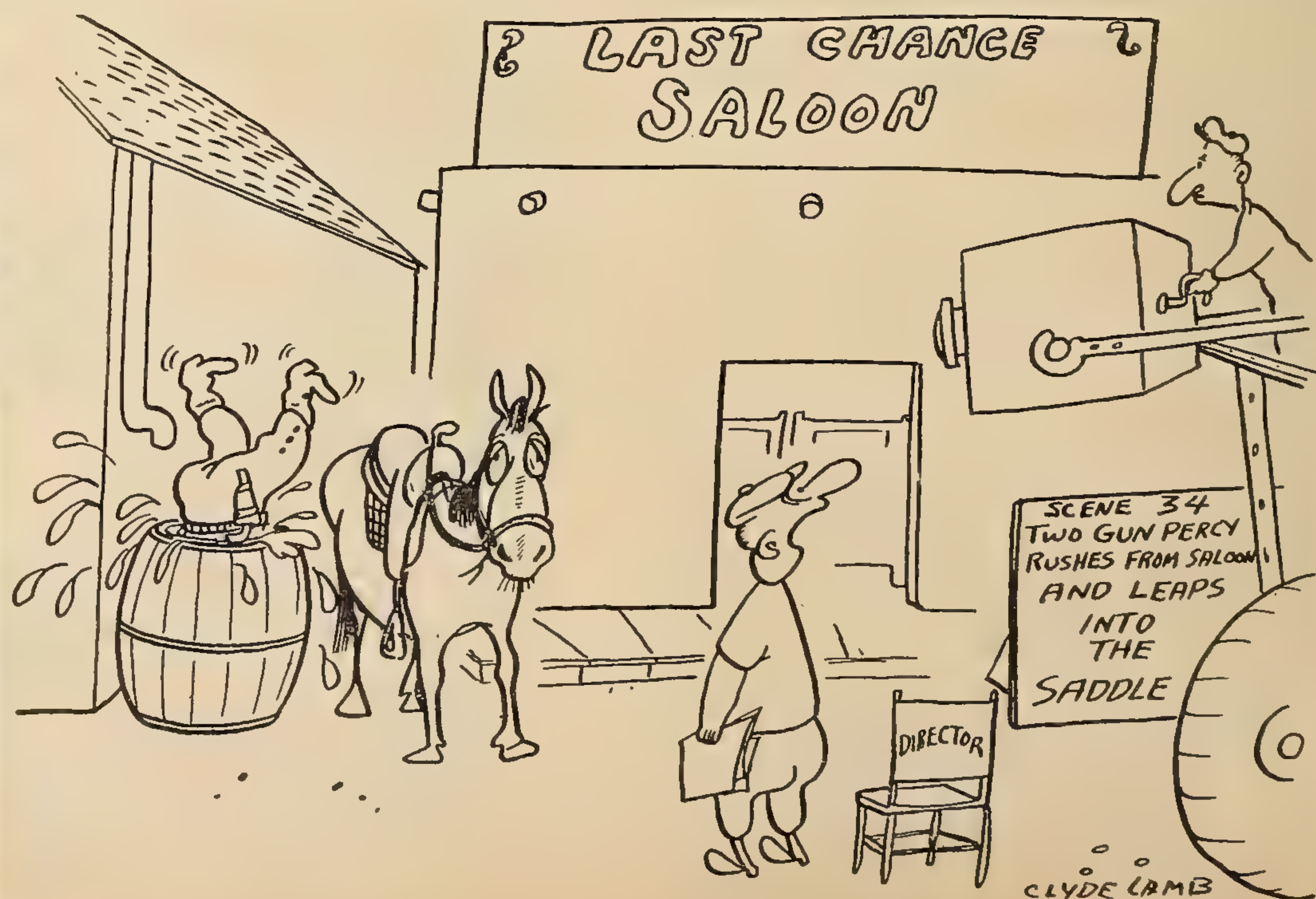
At Christmas I foxed her. She's gone wild about clothes made of suede lately and she made it pretty clear that sort of thing was what she was expectin' Santa to bring down the chimney. A few days before Christmas she took her cast off her broken arm and tossed it out with the trash. I picked it out of the basket and had it covered with suede. Gave it back to her for Christmas. When the laughs were over I led her to my closet where she found all the suede things she'd been hoping for.

I've had people ask why I don't learn to talk better English and I guess I gotta say that I just feel uncomfortable pronouncin' my i-n-g's. I know better, but I like it this way.

Alice and I agree that we want our kids to have a normal, simple kind of growing up and we don't want them to get any fancy stuffed-shirt notions just because their parents are successful and in the limelight. No kid of ours is going to turn into some tinsled tot who thinks she's too good for the neighbor's children. Aw, I tell you, this bringin' up a family's a cinch so long as you have a sense of humor. Do you wanna hear some more?

Well just tune in on the Fitch Bandwagon next Sunday.

MODERN SCREEN



Cut! Towels!

THE MYSTERY OF BOB WALKER

(Continued from page 39)

renewing the scenes of his youth. Bob is very sensitive; he began to realize that he was one of the most fortunate of mortals. He saw struggle, and made up his mind to ease it. He saw talent that was destined to lie fallow, and determined to do something constructive about it. There is no balm so gracious to the groping, discontented soul as the sudden knowledge that there is blessedness in helping others. Bob began edging away from the ego-centric orbit that was threatening him.

"Here I am making more money than I know how to use," he said to himself, "and here is a chance to bring happiness and opportunity to kids who are just like I was a few years ago."

He came back to Hollywood with a completely new philosophy of living. Whatever it was that had almost got him down, he was determined to lick it!

He went to live in his beach house at Malibu, he spent hours chinning with the deputies at the sheriff's Malibu office. Any weekday night a dancehall patron might have seen a slender young man with thick horn-rimmed glasses playing the drums up in the orchestra stand. That was Bob, anonymous, getting to meet the people.

About that time Hollywood, which always has an ear to the ground for romance, began to bandy the rumor that Walker and Lee Marshall, Herbert Marshall's ex, were a serious item. It was not the case, and I suspect that Bob resented being made the subject of gossip. It's a long time now since he's been seen with Lee.

Jennifer Jones had to obtain Bob's permission before she could take their two sons on a vacation to Switzerland, and Bob gave permission readily enough but their departure left another yawning emptiness in his life.

When the boys went away, and a black moroseness was threatening again to overtake Bob, his father and mother came from Ogden to make their home in Hollywood. Walker père has been an active newspaperman and editor all his career, but recently his heart began to show indications of weakness and the physician prescribed retirement and rest. Their coming was a lifesaver for Bob.

Professionally, Walker was still at loose ends. Then he was handed the script of *One Touch of Venus* and that may prove eventually to have been the turning point.

Lester Cowan took the property to the head men of Universal-International and said, "There's only one actor who really should play the male lead, and that's Robert Walker. There's no hope of getting him from M-G-M, but we can dream."

sold on venus . . .

Bob read the script and he was immediately sold. The role of the bewildered young window-dresser appealed to him immensely. The deal was made.

As this story is written, Bob is well along in his new role and there isn't a more contented young star in Hollywood. A great friendship has sprung up between him and the director, veteran William Seiter. He's on terms of easy camaraderie with Ava Gardner, who is enjoying the finest opportunity of her career as Venus.

Ava Gardner's relationship with Bob as of today is just about the pleasantest of her career. They're pals. They love working together and each is constantly trying to inspire the other. I don't believe there's been a night since they started working together that they haven't gone somewhere to dine—often to Ava's house. Both deny

there's a romance, but I wouldn't sell 'em too short.

But turning away from romance to some more facts about Bob—did you know he had an amazing wardrobe, more extensive, his friends say, than any other star's, including Adolphe Menjou? At least fifty suits, and everything made to his specific order. No price is too high for him to pay for anything he particularly wants, but he's no spendthrift. Bob is mighty careful with a buck, haggles like a horse trader with people trying to sell him things, especially automobiles. He doesn't gamble much but hates to lose and is a reluctant payer.

sight unseeing . . .

Bob will confess to you naively that he once had exceedingly slender hopes of accomplishing anything in the theater or the movies. His eyes are very weak, and he can scarcely see without the aid of powerful lenses, certainly a handicap before the camera. In an outdoor sequence of *Bataan*, I once watched him running pellmell down the side of a hill with a lot of other players and extras and I give you my word he crashed into every tree on the way down.

Nobody works harder on a script than Bob. When he goes in front of the camera, he's always letter perfect. I've found out while observing the Hollywood scene that set workers are among our smartest critics of acting. That's because they work in pictures all the time and have seen the best. Praise from juicers, gaffers and grips is praise indeed, and these hardboiled observers agree that Bob is tops.

Hollywood had the axes and hammers out for Bob Walker, and not so long ago. Hollywood doesn't understand and often doesn't try to understand. Hollywood is a worshipper of success and a despiser of failure, and takes no account of a sensitive individual's fight to do the things he knows he must do. Let's face it—Bob was hard hit when he lost Jennifer. I really believe that until not long ago he cherished the hope that one day he and Jennifer might get back together again.

The other night I saw Bob at a party and talked with him. The subject that had him brooding at the moment was Hollywood party girls. He has a vast pity for them—pretty moths of the night mostly without too much character or backbone, they come to Hollywood to make their careers and soon succumb to the lure of the flame.

"Girls arrive here," Bob said, "fresh and unspoiled and soon they become hard and disillusioned. The town really gives them a bad time and they think they're getting a great break. It's pathetic, and I've seen so many of them fall by the wayside."

Injustice stirs the Walker temper to heights. A newspaperman came to Hollywood not long ago, and Bob and I were talking together about him. "There's a guy I don't like," he said. "When I was eleven years old I made a deal to mow his lawn one summer. I worked like the dickens and he never paid me. That guy still owes me two dollars and a half."

And a word to the wise: don't make the mistake of opposing Bob Walker in a fistic or rough and tumble encounter. He carries a righthand punch like the kick of an army mule and his left is chain lightning. Also because he's so terribly near-sighted, he gets in close to get a bead on his target. Jimmy Henaghan assures me that as an infighter he is deadly.

He has put on the gloves for a finish bout with Life now, and maybe Bob will solve his own mystery.

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LIFE BEGINS AT 6:30

(Continued from page 29)

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Famous Star Knows Secrets of Captivation

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8 o'clock call at the studio. I'm shooting *The Man From Colorado*. Ellie's gone East on a dancing tour and I'm on my own. That lets me lie and sigh and listen to sweet music thinking of her until

6:34 when I rustle enough courage to toss off the sheets. I hit the carpet and patter over to see if my favorite gadget's working. By

6:35 I know it's not. I'm a gadget guy you see, and I've rigged up a hot plate and grill on my tiny bar all wired to the clock. A coffee pot is primed to start perc-ing. Idea: While I'm getting pulled together, a cup of coffee is getting ready to be gulped. But, well, it doesn't ever seem to work. Have to fix that. Off to the bath and by

6:37 I'm shaving. Remember how they gigged you if you didn't have the whiskers mowed in the Corps, Joe? I've got a different reason now—strictly professional. I have to be clean-shaven for the scene I'll do today. I check up on that with a quick look out the bathroom window. Yep. It's drizzling all right. That means we'll be working inside, doing the courtroom scene where I'm dressed up and respectable. Ouch! The phone! It's always bad news that early in the morning, and it's only

6:45 "Yep, yep, this is Glenn. What's up? What! You're crazy. It's raining cats and dogs." But I've learned not to talk back to studio production managers, Joe. Just like top kicks, those guys know everything. Says he, it's not raining out in the San Fernando Valley, and there's a chance to shoot that outdoor battle scene. The sun's just right. That's swell—except that now instead of the scene I memorized last night (300 words of it) comes up another.

pardon my shave . . .

6:47 Now I'm on the spot. I'm half-shaved, and I realize too late I need whiskers for this scene. Well, the makeup guy will have to grow some where I've shaved. Hey, I've got a long drive. I'll be late. I dive for my clothes. Swings open the door. "Hey, Daddy!" It's Pete—my son, Peter. I snap to attention. He's my C. O.

6:50 "Daddy," lisps Peter Newton, "where's my electric train?" "Daddy's in a hurry, Pete. He has to go to work." "My electric train—make it run. My train, my electric train." So I'm on the floor and

7:10 Whew! I've finally got the system set up. Ever rattle with a Lionel toy train when you're in a sweat? Say, I can put one up in the dark. Sometimes I do. "There y'are, Pete. There she goes. Choo-Choo. All aboard!" I'm snatching my hat and raincoat when—"Wah-wah-wah!" Pete's crying. I know why. "Daddy, off the track." I put it on. "Goodbye Pete, kiss Daddy good-bye." Ah, that's what I live for, Joe.

7:12 I'm flying down the stairs. Halfway I stop. What did Ellie say before she went East? I know darned well. But I forgot. "Don't let Pete in—my dressing-room. The quilted walls, the glass bottles. Keep the door closed." It's open, and Pete's loose. I run back, breathing double time, lock the door. "Pete, where are your socks? Don't you know you'll catch cold?" I never can find Pete's socks. But I finally do. That makes it

7:21 And I'm actually sitting down in the den gulping a cup of coffee that's been slipped under my nose, next to the morning paper. That paper, that Bill. I'd have been doing this at 7:18 but for that crazy collie pup of mine, William the Third. He got the news at 4 A.M. when the paper boy whizzed it in. He got it and he hid it. We get two papers; they used to come separate-

ly. I had them wrapped together. That makes only one bundle Bill can hide. This morning I'm lucky. Right under the camellia bush. Very uninspired, Bill. I could do better than that.

7:23 I just looked at my watch and got heart failure. How can I make it to the Valley in 37 minutes when I'm not even started? How can I? I can't.

7:26 I pat my coat, my pants pockets. Dough, yep, keys, wallet with driver's license. Okay. Migosh, my pipe! Upstairs—so's the script, so are my shoes. I forgot them. I'm up in a flash, down with shoes.

7:29 It's raining all right in Beverly Hills, and my car top's down. It's the damndest top to put up. I strain a tendon and groan. I'm all wet. Well, that's normal. A joke, son. Wow, am I late! It's

7:45 I have visions of a boiling director, a company waiting to shoot. I gun out of the garage—screech! Why can't Pete learn to keep his toys out of the driveway? Pete's leaning out the window, laughing. He blows me a kiss. I melt, stack the toys and proceed. "Mister Ford!" It's Gussie. "The studio's on the phone." "Tell 'em I left fifteen minutes ago!"

8:00 And I'm just out of Beverly Hills heading for Cahuenga pass, but on my way at last. I'll make up some time.

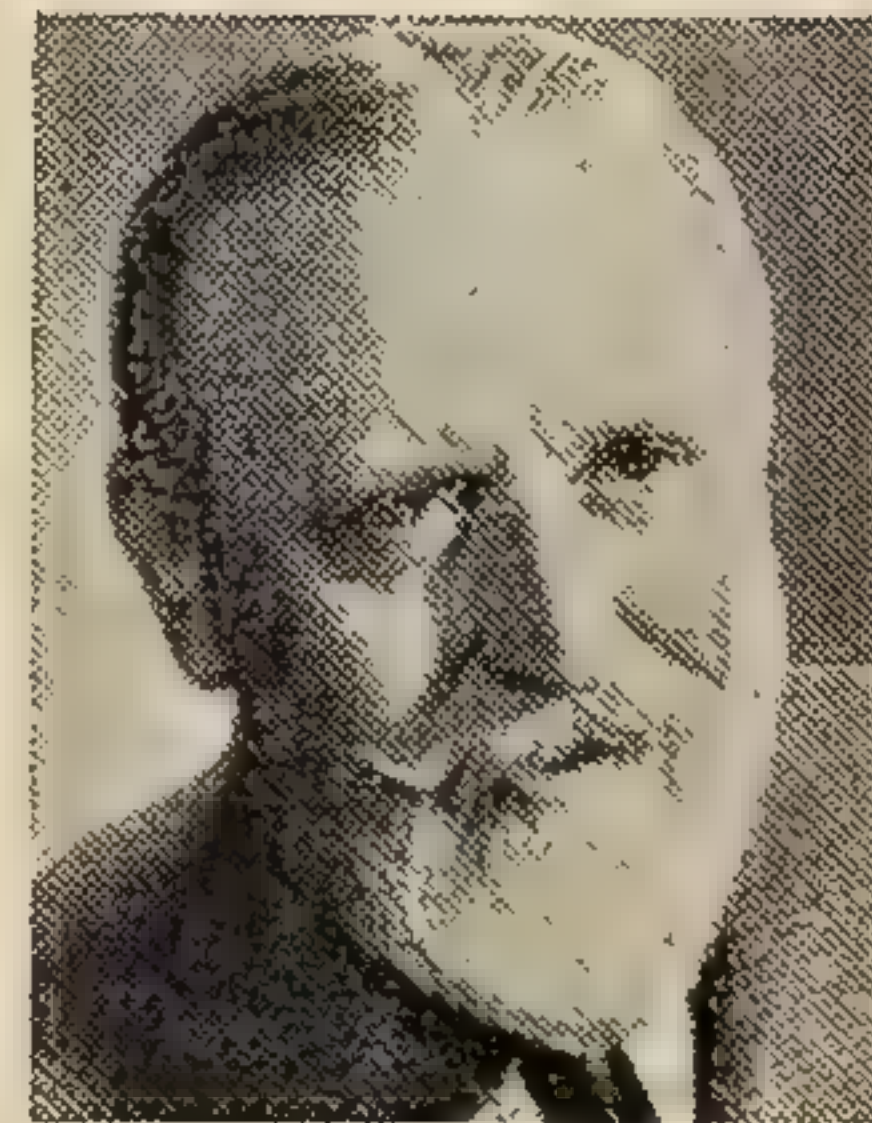
8:15 In the Valley, still making time. Still trying to remember those new lines and action. I'm on the spot, as usual. Come on fog, come on smog, wish I knew a handy rain dance, I'd do it. I figured on working inside and I'm late besides.

8:20 Take it easy, Ford. That car up ahead has radio antenna, red spotlight, black-and-white trim—state patrol. One ticket this year, the next one'll really be tough.

8:30 Only five miles to go. Bet I know what we're shooting, that ride into camp after Appomatox. Well, there won't be much dialogue there, mostly action. Maybe it's okay I don't know my lines.

8:34 Where is that turn-off for Iverson's Ranch? Passed the gas station, now the big oak tree. Here it is. Off the highway in a cloud of dust, I look for the trucks, the big green ones with "Columbia Pictures" on the side.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I have a salesman friend who bears a striking resemblance to Monty Woolley, white beard and all. Since he travels a lot, I was not surprised to see him having breakfast with two other men in a Kingman

restaurant that I had entered for the same purpose. I immediately walked to his table, shook his hand warmly, and said, "Hello! How have you been?" He returned the greeting quite cordially, but with a puzzled expression. I noticed this and asked him if he had forgotten me. He replied, "The sun is shining in my eyes and I can't see you." At this, I grew suspicious. "Aren't you Mr. Stace?" I asked. "No. My name is Monty Woolley," laughed the star

*Phillip Copeland
Phoenix, Arizona*

8:40 There's the assistant director. He's walked a mile down the road looking for somebody. G. Ford, ten to one. I pick him up. He's very nice but nervous. I say I'm sorry I'm late. He says it's okay and squints at the sun. It's gone. We don't say much more. Now that I'm out here, I want to work. Nuts.

8:50 Hi, Bill, Hi Jerry. It's Bill Holden and Jeromè Courtland, and a couple hundred other guys. They're squatting around a big open outdoor stove drinking coffee and looking gloomily at the grey sky. I feel like a guy who's raced for a train and just discovered it's two hours late. I have a cup of coffee myself. It's cold. I forgot my sweater, of course.

9:00 I'm still shivering, but with conversation. Every conceivable topic, but mostly football.

9:45 Somebody yells, and a whistle blows. Yep, there she is—the sun! Minutes are thousand dollar bills now. We'll get ready quick, and shoot while the light's right. Horses are rustled around. Wagons wheel here and there, extras mill around.

10:00 I'm still hunting for that trailer key. I've got to dress and make up for those whiskers I shaved off this morning. I've got to get my horse ready, cinch up the saddle. I made Westerns long enough to know you never leave that to anybody—not the best groom in the world—if you value your health, that is.

10:04 Got the key at last, had to chase down a guy to find a spare. I'm in luck. Wardrobe's got all my clothes, hanging neat and tidy right in the closet. I'm a Civil War colonel in *The Man From Colorado*—long coat, high boots, and a fancy sash.

the last roundup . . .

10:14 And I'm still rigging up while the makeup man pats on face fuzz I could grow lots easier at home.

10:18 I'm set and ready, and I check my horse and mount up. Bill Holden has beaten me to the saddle, so we sit on our nags and talk over the scene. It's some clambake and we have to do it on the first take. Here's why: The scene's where we ride into camp after the last battle of the Civil War. We're celebrating (the whole army) and we wreck the joint, knocking over tents, galloping horses around, shooting guns. Well you can wreck a place only once—then you've got to build it up to wreck it again. That's why all of us, down to the last extra, are on the spot.

10:30 Last minute directions by loud-speaker. "Okay, this is it. Ready, action!" Here we go! Bill and I spur our steeds into the melee, I feel my ticker pound. It isn't real war, of course, but I've got a swell imagination.

10:33 There go the tents, horses knocking 'em down. A rider tumbles, horse screams. Oh-oh—that artillery team was supposed to bolt to the right, and it's going left—right into the cook wagon! Wow! There goes the scene, all balled up now. The whistle—that means "Cut." I feel empty, like a punctured tire.

10:40 They're collecting the pieces; the take's muffed, and we have to set up again.

11:15 I'm still waiting, back in the trailer, and the sun's gone down. That Beverly rain is creeping over the pass at last. An assistant director roars off in a car for a telephone down the road. The scuttlebutt travels. We're breaking up. Going inside. He's calling the production office for a studio okay. Well, that's nice, now maybe I can use that dialogue I learned last night.

11:40 The assistant's back. We're going in, all right. But lunch first. Bill and I groan. That means box lunches. Ever eat a box-lunch, Joe? Combat rations are Heaven alongside.

11:59 I'm chomping rubber eggs, card-

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board rolls, and a mushy apple. I'm really kidding—it's all right, and anyway the coffee's hot.

12:10 Off comes my uniform with all the hardware. I'm back in slacks and my raincoat, and I'm back in my car.

12:18 I'm heading for Hollywood; I just got an idea. It'll take those guys some time to get back to the studio and line up. Now's my chance to squeeze in an Armed Forces Radio transcription. I swing into a gas station and phone. "I can handle a 'Remember' show record—right now." "Come on over," they say. There's an outfit that can work fast. Boy.

12:50 I'm reading seven pages of script stone cold into the recording mike. It isn't tough—not if you can read. The show's canned in forty-five minutes. I like to do those GI shows regularly; now I feel a lot better. The Columbia gate cop waves me into the studio at

1:45 They're not ready on the new set. Neither am I. I've got to shave, change costumes, get slicked up and dressed in my post-bellum civvies, 1865 style. I'm a federal judge now; the courtroom scene's coming up.

2:00 Telephone's ringing like a five-alarm fire. It's my agent. He's got papers stacked up to sign. Next call. My real estate man. I've got a piece of Hollywood property for sale; he's got an offer. "Okay, take it." Again, the ring. A wire from Ellie, relayed from home, "Send those sweaters and shoes, pronto, I need 'em." She's dancing back East, and I forgot. It's a wonder I ever get made up and dressed, but I do.

2:25 I step on the set. A publicity department guy grabs me. He's got a visiting dramatic editor in tow. The still man comes up, and I'm in a picture before I know it. I look at a list the publicity man hands me. Interviews, picture sittings. "How about Tuesday? Thursday? Friday? Saturday?" I wobble my head around and make promises. Hope I can keep 'em.

2:40 Okay, Glenn, we're ready. "Silence in the courtroom." I climb up on the bench trying to feel very dignified and judicial.

poll call . . .

2:50 There's a break, and a prop says I'm wanted on the phone. The Screen Actor's Guild. "Can you get over for an emergency vote at three? We need a quorum. It's important." I'm on the board. I check with the assistant. "You've got thirty minutes until the next set-up's ready." I chase out of there like Jackie Robinson. The meeting's just up the Boulevard.

3:04 I'm there—late as usual. I cast my vote, and I'm glad I could make it.

3:14 Back on the lot. Even early. I hide in my dressing corner and scribble a few lines to Ellie. What was that cute crack Pete made this morning? "Ellie, Darling—That's as far as I get. "Ford! Glenn Ford! Ready!"

3:24 Back on the set. A wardrobe tailor grabs me. I've got a stitched-up coat on before I know it, and he's pinning and poking. How I hate wardrobe fittings! That publicity guy again, grinning. "How'd you like to crown the queen of the Peach Festival?" "I'd like to crown you," I say, but I don't mean it. I love to crown queens.

3:25 Okay, light em! Quiet, rolling, speed, action! I'm that dignified judge again.

3:40 Making pictures. Once you're into it, you lose yourself.

4:40 I wake up. Come back to reality. It's a break. The stage doors swing open. I light a pipe and stroll outside for some air, and exercise. Right away I get more than I'd figured on. "Hey, Glenn—that bus is out on the back lot. Want to try it?"

I remember suddenly. My next picture is *The Mating of Millie*. I play a bus-driver there. I've got to learn how to herd one of those rapid transit jobs—with six speeds

forward and two in reverse.

4:50 It's bucking and heaving with Ford at the wheel, but I'm catching on. Glad I don't do this for a living, and what a break for the bus-riding public, too.

5:10 Back on the set. There's a gallery set-up in one corner of the stage for poster art, so I pose until the new scene's ready.

5:30 We're shooting again. If we can get this scene in the can it won't be such a bad day's work after all. We make it.

6:00 That winds up our shooting day. But do I go home? Not yet. I change clothes, and head for the projection room to see the "dailies." They're prints of the action you did the day before. That's when I sweat it out, Joe. I fidget, I nibble my nails, I tug my long, brown locks. I come out of there thinking fifty ways I could have done those scenes better. Too late now.

6:30 I'm on my way to the parking lot when a producer hails me. "How'd you like to see the tests for *Return of October* (that comes after *The Mating of Millie*—I'm always plenty ahead of myself) and pick your leading lady?" That's a privilege I can't resist. Like being Paris and handing out golden apples. So—

6:40 I call Angie, Mrs. Clark, our cook. I'll be late for dinner. Okay. It's always okay. She's been with us seven years.

6:45 I'm seeing tests. I like so-and-so. She's in the picture. I'm out the door.

7:10 It's dark and still raining. I take it slow. Damn, now I'll miss supper with Pete. And Ellie's letter. Haven't done a thing about that. My home life is catching back up with me. About time. And holy smoke! Tonight's poker. The gang's coming over. I step on it, rain or no rain.

7:30 Home at last, and Pete's up in my arms, in pajamas, on his way to bed. He doesn't like it, that early sack time. Neither do I. I'm too late to run the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe on the floor. "What's that on your face, Pete?" It looks like—it can't be—it is—a mouse, a shiner! My kid's got a black eye. He's five. Hey, what goes on? "Mike punch me." Well, you punch him right back, you hear? I take time to give a lesson in the manly art. No Mike can mess up my kid. Stick out your left, like that. Cover your jaw. Let him have it.

7:45 Lesson's over. Dad's exhausted. Pete wants more. But he's off to bed, and I'm sitting down alone in the den for supper at last. That's the worst time when Ellie's away. Dinner's our refuge of the day, Mrs. Clark sees to that. No phone calls, no doorbells, no nothing. Harry Truman couldn't get through to me then. But Peter can. He breaks out of bed and busts in for dessert. I give him a spoonful, strictly against Ellie's orders. Heck, the kid's lonesome; so'm I. I get out the installment letter and dash off a summary of important events to

I SAW IT HAPPEN



The first day I worked in a small candy and nut store in Hollywood, I was very rushed and as the store filled with impatient customers I became extremely nervous. Suddenly, an elderly lady hit the

counter with a coin and called loudly, "Who waits on the nuts around here?" "I believe you will have to wait your turn, madam," said a very familiar voice. I looked up to see Eddie Cantor smiling at me. Everyone laughed, including the old lady, and that quip helped me all the rest of the day.

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Ellie, some crosses for kisses from Pete—and from me. Mrs. Clark says she'll mail it, after Pete's sent back to bed.

8:15 Good gosh, the gang! Any minute. I charge into the playroom and set up the table. Let's see, chairs for Bill Holden, Ed Buchanan, Charlie Ruggles. Alan Curtis said he'd make it. Willard Parker. Me.

8:19 There goes that phone. "For you, Mister Ford." Gussie has that studio tone in her voice. "Glenn—we're previewing at Inglewood 8:45." The boys are already parking their cars outside. I want to relax. "Nice if you showed up." I can't hurt anybody's feelings. "Okay," I say.

8:21 The boys are huddled around. Me, the host, I'm ducking. "Deal me out, fellows. I'll be right back." Ed Buchanan drives over with me and we cook up an idea. We make the preview all right, by the skin of our teeth. We walk in the front door and sit with the producers. Then we say "Excuse, my eyes, I see better in back." In a second we've slipped out. So everybody's happy, and I can see it later.

9:20 I'm trying to fill an inside straight and the table's loaded with blue chips. I don't fill the inside straight.

9:40 The tables stacked again. I'm trying to make a bob-tailed flush. I don't.

10:55 We break it up, cash in and settle. Good thing it's penny-ante. So long, guys. Excuse me—there goes that phone again.

10:56 It's the studio. "Hello, Glenn. Want to give you the call for tomorrow. It's clearing up. Out at the ranch again. Yep, the same scene."

11:15 I'm in pajamas and a robe. I'm lonesome. "Hello, long-distance? Get me Miss Eleanor Powell, please. Statler Hotel, Washington, D. C." "I will call you," the operator says.

11:18 I'm in bed, with a book. My favorite symphony's on my machine. I'm gonna talk to Ellie. I'm happy.

1:31 B-r-r-r-i-i-i-ng. "Hello hello! Ellie? Darling how are you. I miss you. When you coming home? I love you!"

1:32 Ellie says, "What have you been doing all day?" And guess what I tell her. "Why nothing, nothing at all!"

Well, that's the way it goes, Joe. In a few ticks it will be 6:30 again—and that's where I came in. Hope I haven't bored you with My Day, but you asked for it. Maybe it's not that dream of ease we used to sigh for back in those boot barracks days. But I'll tell you a secret. It's a lot better. I'm busy and I love my work. I hope you are the same. Your pal, Glenn.



*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• Bing Crosby's son, Gary, was guest on the "Hour of Charm" program. Emcee Ron Rawson recognized him and said, "I'll give you a dollar if you'll tell me the name of the man acclaimed to be the best crooner in the country today."

"Frank Sinatra," chirped Gary. Then, as the startled Rawson handed the boy his prize, Gary added, "Of course, in my heart I know that Pop's the best—but business is business."

*from the book by Andrew Hecht

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"OR WOULD YOU RATHER BE A FISH?"

(Continued from page 65)

It made quite a joke that went around the sets at Universal, and I laughed like everyone else about it. Then, a couple of days later, the talk started again... only the news this time was that I was being considered to play it. I was too busy being one of the little Foxes to pay much attention until the afternoon Nunnally Johnson came up and asked me to make a test.

"Underwater?" I asked him, cautiously.

"No, that's a gag. I'd just like to see how you look as a blonde."

So I made a quick test in a wig, and a few days later, in the studio commissary, Nunnally greeted me with the happy news that I had the role and would start as soon as I had completed *Another Part of the Forest*.

That was before I got acquainted with my tail. Now, since you have never worn a tail, you will have to take my word for the helpless feeling that owning one gives you. The only apt comparison I can think of is the way I felt when I broke my back three years ago in a tobogganing accident and had to spend three months in a plaster cast and seven months in a steel brace. A skin-tight latex tail is more confining than either.

While I was getting my fittings, for instance, they had to mould a sponge rubber padding for my legs so my knees wouldn't knock together. Bud Westmore and the boys in the makeup department gave me the history of their experiments with the Tail. They started about 10 months ago after deciding they could take sufficient liberties with this particular tail to make it easy for an actress brought up on the Australian crawl to operate it. They built one tail with a propellor and motor in it, and it sank. Then they tried one made of plastic, and it wouldn't sink. By the time I got around to my fittings, everyone had decided to use a latex rubber model with just enough lead shot to make it submerge at the bidding of the owner.

A few fittings were about all I got to see of my tail in Hollywood. In fact, because I was still in *Another Part of the Forest*, I had to make one of the quickest mutations in biological history. In less than a week, I was transformed from a Little Fox into a Little Fish, for as soon as I finished *APOTF*, I left for Florida with the crew to begin the locations for *Peabody*. After a long search, Universal had finally decided to film the big underwater scenes at Weekiwachee Hot Springs, which has the clearest water in the world. The main pool is 137 feet deep. There, the crew, all of whom were amphibiously trained, had constructed three underwater sets.

There also I met Newton Perry, a champion underwater swimmer you've probably seen in movie short subjects, who taught me all I know about underwater swimming. At this point he can have it back. But I really appreciated the man when I first was getting used to my tail, 15 feet under water. He worked with me only three days before we actually began shooting, but by spending four or five hours in the water every day, I learned to sink as well as swim on cue.

The crew and I lived in Tampa, which was 52 miles from Weekiwachee, which in turn necessitated my getting up at 6 A.M. to be laced into my tail by shooting time. I usually got unlaced at 5 P.M. On the first day, I began to get a sample of the ribbing that I took all during the picture

when Director Irving Pichel walked up to me, lying helpless on a couch beside the pool, and said, "Now, don't leave the set, Ann. We may need you in this next scene."

Mr. Pichel, who directed a big portion of this picture with his tongue poking against his cheek, was very anxious that I understand right away that the water was my native habitat, and that my actions should be governed accordingly. And by the end of the Florida location, I was able to swim into my underwater castle, lie down quietly on my couch, close my eyes, and pretend to sleep.

I seemed so much like a fish after two weeks that even the fish which the crew dumped into the springs to be my chums accepted me as one of them.

As the crew warmed up to it, the fish jokes got better. "Whitey" (Ben McMahon), who was assigned by the studio to help carry me around, was promptly named "The Game Warden." (Incidentally, since I weighed 145 lbs. dripping wet, "Whitey" developed muscles like a wrestler.) My stand-in shortly came to be known as "my swim-in." And at lunchtime, they would walk by me and ask politely, "What would you like for lunch, Ann, a sardine sandwich?"

Although the water at Weekiwachee was 74 degrees, I had a bad cold when I got back to Hollywood for scenes on the sound stage. By staying out of the water, I got rid of most of it. But I still had a number of water scenes to do in the tank which was built on the lot, including some of the funniest scenes with William Powell, who plays Mr. Peabody.

mermaids will be women...

But the swimming, though troublesome, was not entirely the hardest part of my role as a mermaid. In case you don't know, mermaids don't talk. They have emotions, they like to be kissed, and they even sing a bit. But they don't talk. So after a series of pictures like *Mildred Pierce*, *Swell Guy*, *Killer McCoy*, and *A Woman's Vengeance*, in which I not only talked but had lines which meant a lot, I had a terrible time keeping my mouth shut.

I think the funniest scene in the picture is the one in which the modest Mr. Peabody, in desperation at finding himself alone with a mermaid, dashes out to buy her a half-dozen bra tops, and she selects the prettiest one and puts it on her head.

When we finished shooting the picture a few weeks ago, the crew presented me with swim-fins and an immense bottle of bath salts. I doubt if I will use the latter for some time, because I am sticking to a shower until the novelty of standing up on my feet under water wears off.

ANN BLYTH: Personal History

BORN: Mt. Kisco, New York

DATE: August 16, 1928

HEIGHT: 5' 2"

WEIGHT: 101 pounds

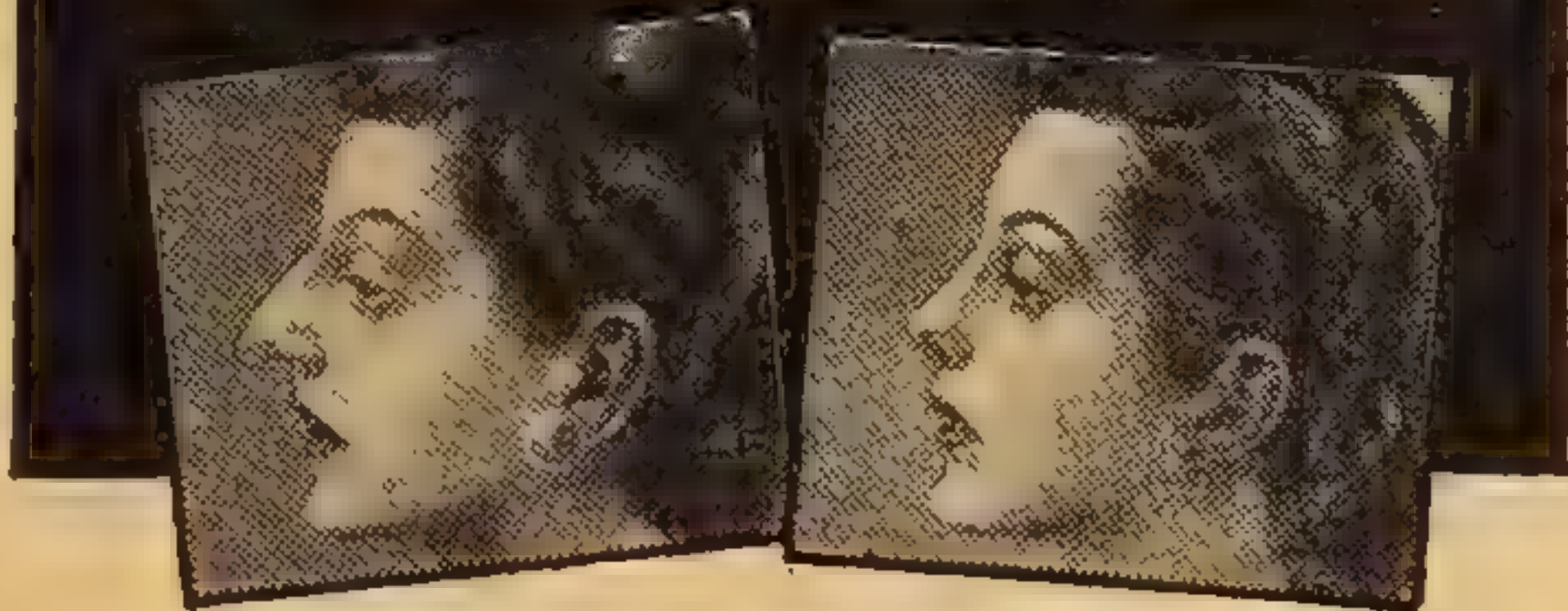
COLORING: Blue eyes, brown hair

UNMARRIED

REAL NAME: Ann Marie Blyth

RECENT PICTURES: *Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid*, *A Woman's Vengeance*, *Another Part of the Forest*

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YOU'RE WELCOME AT CIRO'S IF . . .

(Continued from page 63)

You don't mind eating like a king. Sure, I'll brag about the food at *Ciro's*. It's the best. René, our chef, is French; he goes back to France and Switzerland for four weeks every year, so he can study any new developments in the art of fine French cookery. Before *Ciro's* food is delivered to your table, it's inspected by four people who see that your order's been properly carried out.

A lot of our customers have violent food preferences. Errol Flynn orders octopus, Diana Lynn fried chicken, Rory Calhoun rare prime ribs, Lana Turner seafood, Elizabeth Scott pheasant, Peter Lawford calf's liver and bacon.

And then we have the stars who ask permission to prepare some special dishes of their own. Sonja Henie's been known to go into the kitchen and make coffee with her personal formula—she uses salt and eggshells. Jimmy Durante often fixes veal scallopini, and Keenan Wynn sometimes prepares a whole meal.

Stars can take their nourishment either in the main dining room, or in the more intimate *Ciro-ette*. *Ciro-ette* was started as a clubroom for the stars, after a suggestion from Peter Lawford and Jackie Cooper. On nights when stars don't want to dance, or see the floorshow, they relax in *Ciro-ette*. It's intimate, private—there are magazines, a television set, a small violin orchestra playing romantic music.

You don't force liquor on the bandleader. If the orchestra leader's a friend of yours, there's nothing wrong with asking him over to your table for the evening, but don't insist on his sitting with you all night. There are lots of demands on his time. Don't keep plying him with drinks.

It's okay to ask him to play a special number. Just mention your preference as you dance by, or send a note through your waiter. (When celebrities are present, an orchestra leader will automatically play their favorite tunes. For Van Johnson, it's "Near You," for Lana Turner, "I Get A Kick Out of You," for Dan Dailey, "You Were Meant For Me," for Jeanne Crain, "All The Things You Are").

You don't table-hop all night long. Don't misunderstand me. I think it's okay to

G. Smith

MODERN SCREEN

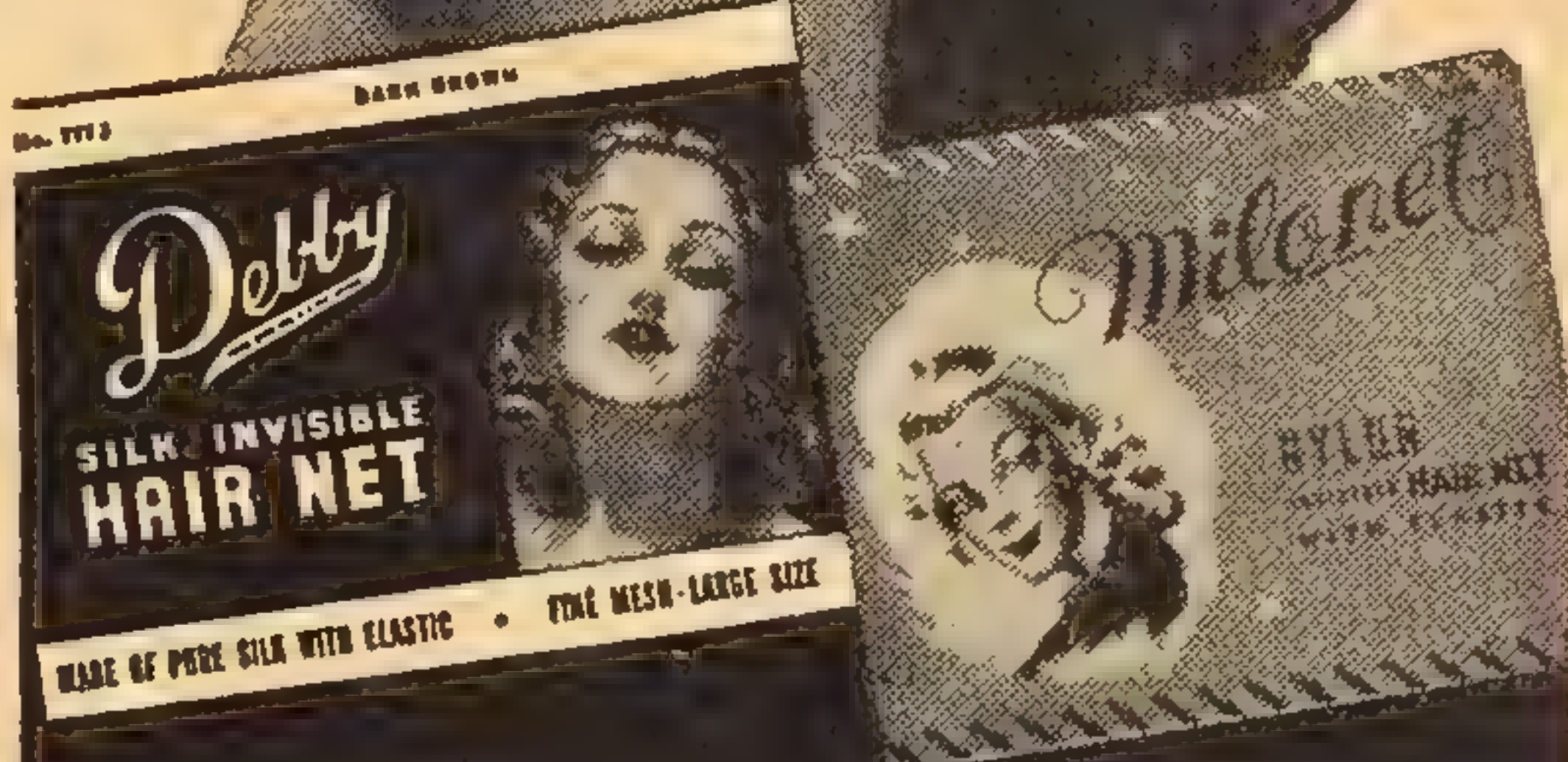


I hadn't any change for a tip, young man,
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table-hop in moderation and I think it's silly to talk about table-hopping as though it were a deadly social sin like B.O., or drinking the water out of your fingerbowl. I like to see people in *Ciro's* greeting other friends there; it contributes to everybody's good time. On the other hand, I don't think you ought to sit down and spend the night just because somebody's greeted you (unless you're specifically invited).

You don't slap the waiter on the back. I believe waiters should be treated cordially, but with reserve. Don't shake hands with the waiter. Call him "Waiter," unless you know his name.

If you have a favorite waiter, you may ask the *Maitre* to place you at one of his tables, and if you have two waiters, tip just one of them—ten or twelve percent of your entire check is fine. Don't tip the busboy. (Many stars—notably Jack Benny and Peter Lawford—are liberal tippers, but a straight ten percent will get you no dirty looks in *Ciro's*, I guarantee.)

Eighty percent of our waiters are members of the Screen Actors' Guild—you're apt to see them being waiters in the movies if you look closely! They're pleasant, unobtrusive and tactful. They can cope with any situation. Patrons are often forgetful,

and a quick-tempered waiter could create a lot of bad-will. We had a customer a while back who complained that his check had been padded. He was angry. The waiter quietly reminded this man that during the evening he'd had a round of drinks sent to another table. He paid gladly, then, but if the waiter'd been nasty, we'd have lost a customer. That's why I like people to examine their checks, speak up if they think there's a discrepancy. Errors are rare at *Ciro's* since a checker checks all figures, but no place is infallible.

You don't park your poodle with the hat-check girl. Matter of fact, very few *Ciro's* patrons try to take advantage of the check-room facilities. Mostly, they leave babies, dogs, steamer trunks and dirty laundry at home. We have five hat-check girls—Bettye, Sandy, Evelyn, Jane and Nancy. They're all pretty. Usually, one or two of our girls will be working in pictures during any particular week.

You don't take your shoes off until you get home. Yeah, I'm just kidding again. *Ciro's* visitors keep their shoes on, their suspenders covered up, and their bubble gum off the tables. *Ciro's* visitors are the world's most beautiful people. Come up and see 'em any time.

ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE

(Continued from page 51)

company, because I'm a pretty prosaic business man, and suddenly my mind goes drifting off, and that song winds itself around my brain . . . "You are the breathless hush of evening, that trembles on the brink of a lovely song . . ."

Shall I tell you some of the things my wife Jeanne is to me?

She's my business companion. My frail beautiful wife has a mind both clear and of fearsome proportions. I took home a brochure for her approval the other night. She read it and sniffed. "What's all this about 18 gauge wall tubing, and 8-way ties? Who's going to read it? What you should say about this chair is if it's soft to sit on, and will it fall apart when a fat man plops down."

She was right.

Not that she carries her practicality too far. She won't budget. Thinks it's beneath her dignity. I got her a business manager, and does he earn his money! He makes her pay by check so he can keep track of the way she throws gold around; she claims she's embarrassed by the whole business. "They act like I'm trying to steal stuff when I give them checks."

I remember one time when Jeanne had a drawer out of which she conducted her business affairs. She filled it with mail, clippings, clothes, and underneath everything, bills.

I remember one time when she'd only market at a little place on Highland and Franklin because she claimed the prices were lower, and I knew all the time it was because she was so goofy about the manager's cat . . .

"You are the angel glow that lights a star—" our song goes. "The dearest things I know are what you are . . ."

The dearest things I know are many, and varied, and Jeanne. Jeanne's face, Jeanne's gentleness, her beautiful hands in any position—lying in her lap, or holding a paintbrush. She paints well. A lot of people are painting nowadays but not like my wife. And she plays the piano so delicately she could have made Debussy cry. But I didn't even learn that until after we were married. Then one night she sat down and played for a couple of hours, and I looked at her wondering,

and it was like that very old joke—I said, "You never told me," she said, "You never asked me."

She's too shy to perform for company, so she doesn't play very often. The painting's different. I'm going to build her a studio; I think she's that good. There are a few things she's drawn—of children and animals, mostly—that are fine.

Animals and children—they take up so much room in her affections. Once she had a monkey, once we owned a lion cub—now we have Paul, Junior, who was a year old last April, and all the things *he* is to us it would take another story to tell.

But he's brought us even closer together, though once I wouldn't have thought we could be any closer, and we talk baby-talk to him though we swore we never would, and I'm ashamed to confess we even talk it to each other.

We'll probably grow up around the same time Paul, Junior does. But we're not in any rush. Let him take a long time to be a child. We want him to enjoy this big sunny place of ours, and the woods, and playing in the mud.

Jeanne wants a lot more children. There's another picture I have of her that I'll never forget till I die. She was sitting on the floor with magazine cut-outs, and clippings from newspapers all around, and when I looked over her shoulder, all the pictures were of young, glamorous-looking mothers with sixteen children each. Jeanne must have done two weeks' research to track them down.

And all she said to me was, "See?"

"Three's enough," I said sternly. But it's hard to tell who'll win, when you're married to a girl like Jeanne. And it doesn't matter anyway, when you're married to a girl like Jeanne.

All the things she is . . . when I'm tired, and knotted with nerves, and depression, she'll call up and cancel a party we should go to for the good of her own career, and she'll give me a pillow and a book, and we'll spend the evening that way.

When I make jokes that aren't very funny, she'll laugh.

I only have to look at her, and my ego soars, because all the things she is are mine.



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IS THE LADY A HAS-BEEN?

(Continued from page 27)

Hollywood says that Greer Garson is a has-been.

The grosses on her last three pictures are a fraction of the figures chalked up by her earlier successes.

She has had almost no offers from radio.

The fan magazines do not carry her picture.

The popularity polls drop her way down on their lists.

These are the things by which Hollywood judges its successes and failures.

And on the face of it, these things say Garson's finished.

Her rise was a fast one. She made one picture and was hailed as a new queen. That picture was *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*.

Look at Garson's career then. She had one hit after another. She was nominated for an Academy Award for *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. The next year she received another nomination for her role in *Pride and Prejudice* and, in 1941, still another nomination for her characterization of Mrs. Edna Gladney in *Blossoms In The Dust*.

Then in 1942 she hit the jackpot. She won the Academy Award for *Mrs. Miniver*.

And with it, she made a mistake.

To you it may seem a little thing, but Hollywood figures differently.

When she received the gold Oscar at the Academy Award dinner, she responded by saying that she "didn't expect it at all," then promptly delivered a ten-minute, elaborately prepared speech.

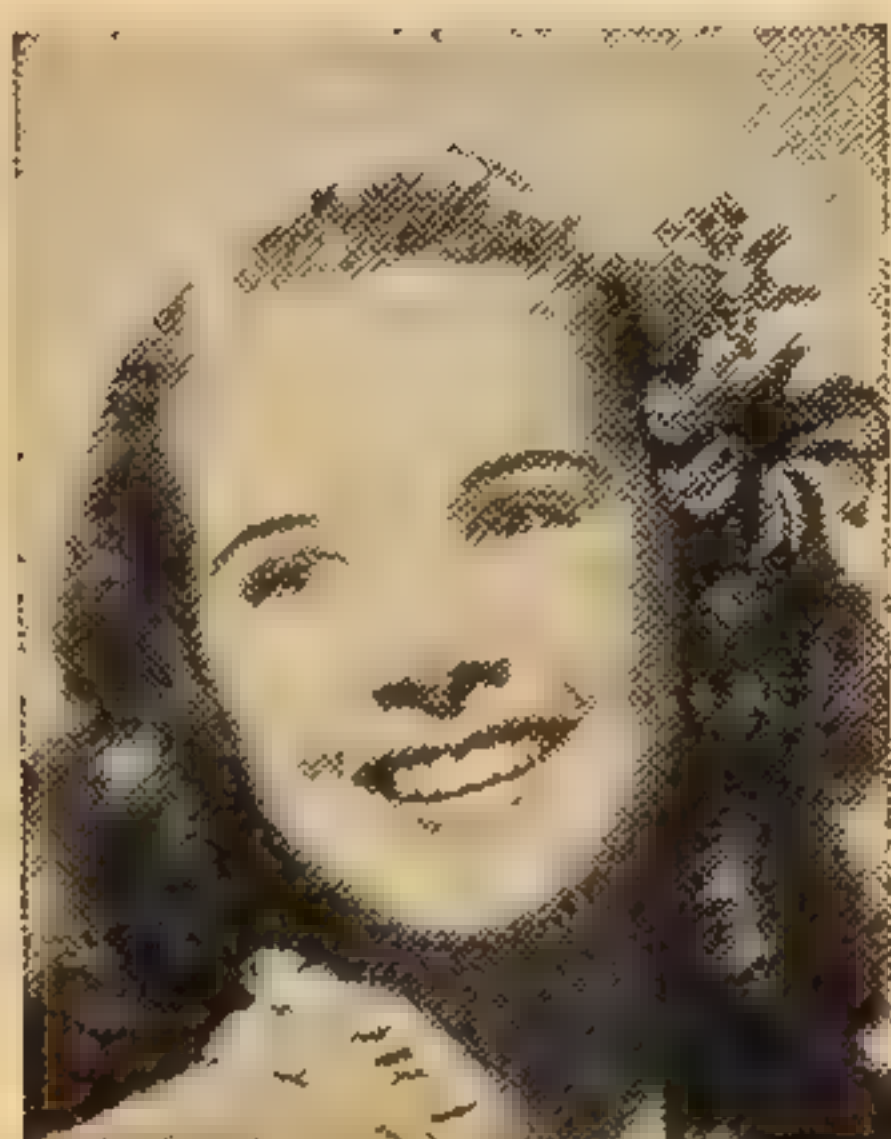
Generally, the star receiving the Award clutches the little gold figure to her bosom, mutters a few confused "thank you's" and sits down. Hollywood didn't take well to the oration on Greer's part.

But still the Garson fable continued. She hit the Herald fame poll for four years running from 1942 through 1945. She played top roles in *When Ladies Meet* and *Mme. Curie*.

You may remember when the slogan "Gable's back and Garson's got him" started sweeping the country. She had him in a fiasco called *Adventure*. Of all the mistakes M-G-M has made during years in the picture industry, this was one of the worst.

Clark Gable had always been cast opposite sex-charged dames like Lana Turner, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and Vivien Leigh. Green Garson had been kept the "grand lady" by M-G-M from the day of her debut on the American screen. The audience couldn't get excited about the

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When they were shooting *That Brennan Girl* in San Francisco I had the opportunity of meeting Mona Freeman. While I was talking to Miss Freeman, a small, freckle-faced boy with a cute black puppy held tightly in his arms came over to her. He held his puppy out to Miss Freeman who obligingly patted its sleek head. Then the boy clasped the dog to his chest and I heard him whisper to it, "Golly, I'll never wash your head now."

Patty Innes
San Francisco, Calif.



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or

"Golden Girl"

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Gable-Garson clinches.

Topping one mistake with another, the studio cast Greer in a thing called *Mrs. Parkington* and another called *Desire Me*, and tongues started clicking and clucking on the subject of the rise and fall of Greer Garson.

One bad picture can ruin a motion picture star's career. Greer has had three bad pictures in a row.

And when this begins to happen, here is the sort of gossip that runs through the telephone wires, the night-clubs and gutters of Hollywood:

"Poor girl, I'm afraid she's slipping. She might have done better if she didn't dress so atrociously."

"Well, what can you expect when you get the big-head? She tries to tell the director how to direct her, she demands that the script be re-written just to give her all the scenes, she gives the cameraman a bad time, telling him how to light her profile, and even the messengers hate to take her telegrams to her dressing-room."

"I never thought she was so great. She was a one-picture hit, that's all. One picture doesn't make a career."

"After that Academy Award thing, the studio doesn't know what to do with her."

Yes, the tongues of the gossips can wag when a star loses some of her twinkle. They said these things about Greer Garson. These and more.

They really went to work on her marriage with Richard Ney, who was much younger than Garson. When a woman marries a younger man, it's mighty easy for her rivals to say, "Oh, well, it's obvious that she just didn't have what it takes to get somebody worthwhile."

Then came another thought around Hollywood. Was Greer Garson jinxed? She had been at the top, she'd been dynamite and now suddenly the whole thing was

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falling apart. Three bad pictures in a row, cast opposite the wrong people, bad stories, personal troubles. It went even further—the pictures had wrong titles and the wrong directors were set to guide her through them. It was easy enough to suspect a hoodoo.

After *Adventure*, Greer Garson suspected that the studio was giving her bad stories. She went to her home in Carmel, California, and said she was going to write her own story. Nothing came of that. She contacted some high-powered press agents, thinking that they might help her, but nothing came of that either.

When *Desire Me* hit New York, one of Manhattan's reviewers said that he couldn't figure out "whether Garson's interest in her co-star was romantic or maternal." It didn't help the picture in New York.

The capper came when M-G-M imported Deborah Kerr from England. Then the tongues wagged in double time. They said

that was "the end of Garson." There was a reported feud between Garson and Kerr. Some even said that her studio was sabotaging Greer.

Now that we've looked at gossip, let's get sensible and look at plain facts, and the Garson career as it actually exists.

Before I build a true case for Greer Garson, let me get one thing on record. I don't think that she will marry her boss, L. B. Mayer.

Now! I think that there are four things responsible for the situation, in which Greer finds herself today.

1. Eyebrows went up in Hollywood and all over the country when she married the man who had played her son in *Mrs. Miniver*. The picture had too much publicity. It was an Academy Award performance for her, and the picture of mother and son in the film was in the minds of all her fans.

2. She had three bad pictures in a row. *Adventure*, *Mrs. Parkington* and *Desire Me*. One bad picture can kill a star, she suffered through three. You can put the blame for that on the back of the studio. Somebody used rotten judgment.

3. If Greer made a mistake in her speech at the Academy Dinner in 1942 when she received the *Miniver* Oscar, she made a worse mistake by getting up in court, twisting her handkerchief, shedding a tear or two and announcing to the world that her husband had called her a has-been.

4. Greer has become an immobile actress. All her expressions are the same, and you could make them with a stone face. Once again, I lay this at the door of her studio, her directors, and advisers. She wasn't a stone face in her first hit *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*.

Greer Garson wants to do comedy. M-G-M thought they were giving in to her once on that comedy score. They let her do



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a picture titled *Remember*. If you saw it, you'd rather forget.

The studio's idea of comedy was to co-star her with Robert Taylor. He was about as funny as a bust of Caesar, and the box-office fizzled.

Garson has all it takes to play almost anything you'd want her to play. She is vivacious and charming.

She wants comedy and she wants it in Technicolor.

She has the most luscious mop of flaming red hair in our town.

She's very charmingly feminine. She says, "I use so much perfume, I should be arrested for fragrancy." Is that the humor of a stone-face?

At the time when the Garson fable began to be an old wives' tale told over the back fences in Hollywood, her studio was searching around for stories for her.

They came out with one announcement after another. They said they were going to make a sequel of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, and that she was going to play the lead. How they expected to get around a few technicalities of reviving the "Chips" story, I'll never know, but nothing came of that.

They announced they were going to do *The Forsythe Saga* for Garson, but nothing came of that either.

Think back to the Greer Garson of *Mrs. Miniver*. In the opening of the picture she was a gay, light-hearted gal. She was believable. She needs another picture in which she can be believable.

Finally, they have decided to turn her into a comedienne. It is what she has wanted for a long time. The picture is *Julia Misbehaves*. Her co-star is Walter Pidgeon. The story is about an ex-trapeze artist in a circus who marries a staid Englishman, then invites all of her ex-circus pals to spend the weekend with her. It's the same sort of a thing that brought Irene Dunne into a new and successful cycle of comedies.

It took three pictures to knock the props out from under Garson—it will take only one good one to put her back on top at the box-office.

As for her situation in Hollywood, join me in looking at a few notes.

When all the furor broke about the importation of Deborah Kerr and the possibility that it meant the end of Garson, a little meeting was held in one of the offices at M-G-M. Present were a couple of executives, a legal mind, an agent and Miss Garson. One of the executives handed her

a legal document, another handed her a pen.

Very casually, she signed her name. A couple more signatures made it legal and binding. And Greer Garson walked out of that office, just a few short months ago, the highest paid actress in Hollywood!

That contract is the most attractive thing written in Hollywood for some time. It guarantees that Greer will receive a nice fat salary on a sort of insurance plan of payment for the rest of her life.

And take a look at Greer's calendar for the last six months—it doesn't read like the diary of a falling star. She went to New York and was Walter Winchell's guest.

She signed that contract and pension deal and received a but-gorgeous convertible from L. B. Mayer in person.

In November talk began about the picture, *Julia Misbehaves*, and the talk has boiled up a lot as the picture's progressed.

Greer's been night-clubbing with such escorts as Otto Preminger, one of our town's top directors—and Orson Welles.

She appeared at an Irene Selznick dinner party sporting an emerald pendant which would have choked a small ox. To this day Hollywood hasn't found out who gave it to her—me included.

Christmas saw her giving parties of her own, and attending all the others.

January saw her stepping out in a brand new platinum blue mink coat and brought rumors of new romances with Bob Taplinger and L. B. Mayer.

In February, nobody less than the great Moss Hart himself got in touch with Greer for the purpose of discussing a Broadway play with her.

I don't know how you can add these notes and the other facts I've presented as being pessimistic for the Garson career.

willing to gamble on Garson . . .

Personally, I'm willing to gamble on this next comedy to put Greer Garson back in the top bracket again. It may take two good pictures to do the whole job, but it can be done if M-G-M doesn't drop the ball in story and direction.

A little sidelight I've been saving (for the icing to this little journalistic cake) is a picture of Greer Garson's delightful sense of humor.

For some unknown reason, a New York tradesman who makes silk stockings to order gave out an interview in which he said that he had to put pads in Greer's stockings so that she would not look knock-kneed.

When the interview, in print, finally fell into Greer's hands, she sat down and composed a little poem to send the stocking-maker—the last two lines, I remember, said, "I know my acting's bad, but please don't knock my knees."

Immediately thereafter, I got hold of the story, called Greer for a statement and she said, "Come on out and investigate my knees and let's get this straight once and for all." I went out, met Greer at the swimming pool where she was entertaining a number of guests. Her bathing suit didn't hide her knees, and I had no complaints.

I wrote an item singing the praises of the Garson knees in my column, which appeared in the New York World-Telegram, among the six hundred odd papers printing it throughout the country.

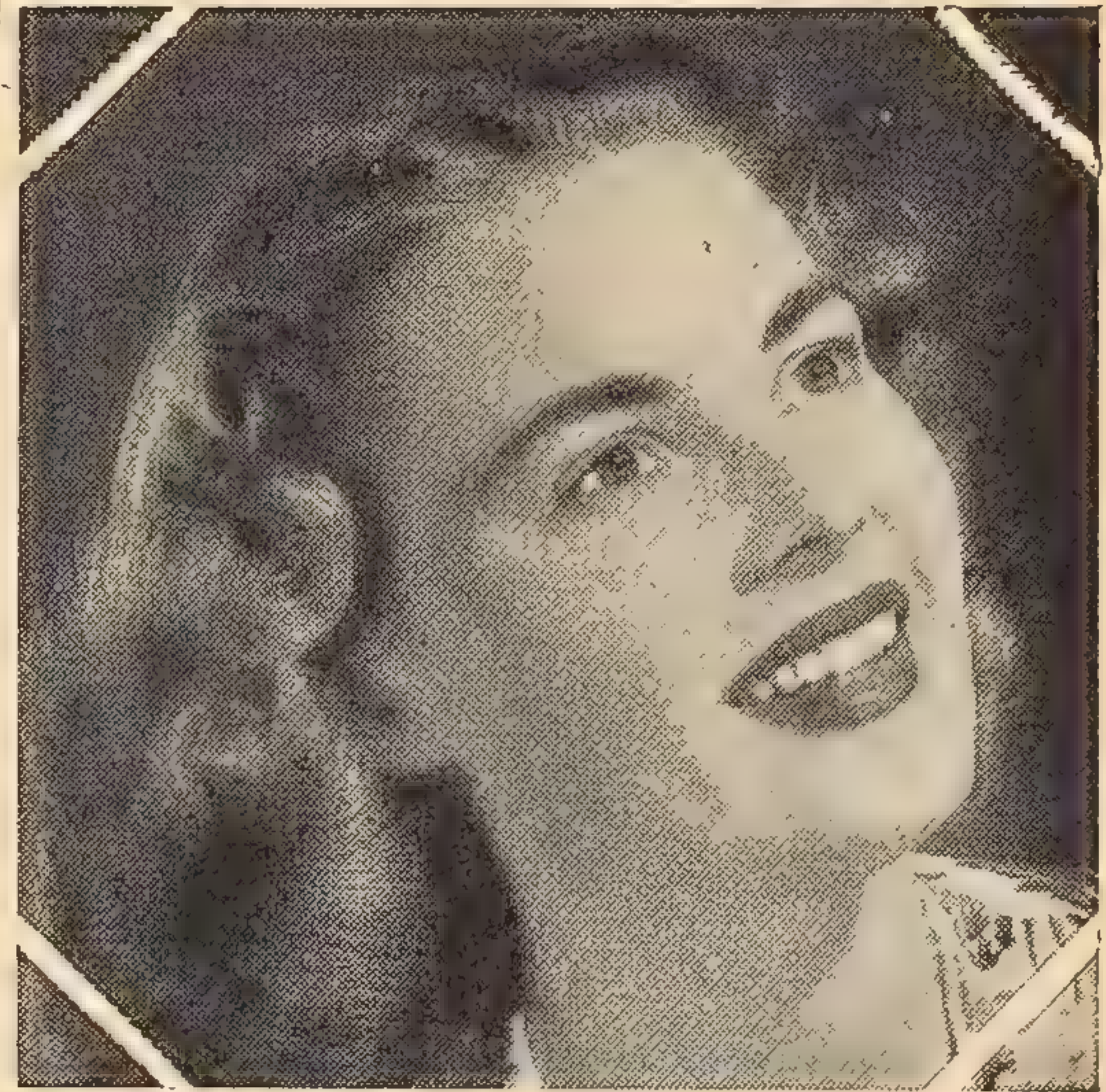
The Amusements Editor of the New York World-Telegram, Paul Martin, saw the item in my column, and promptly wrote to Greer for a picture of her knees.

She sent it with a notation, saying, "All right, here's the picture. By now, I guess my knees do come under the heading of amusements!"

Take it from me, Greer Garson's no has-been. She's hit a slump that's not her fault, and she'll come back bigger and better than ever!

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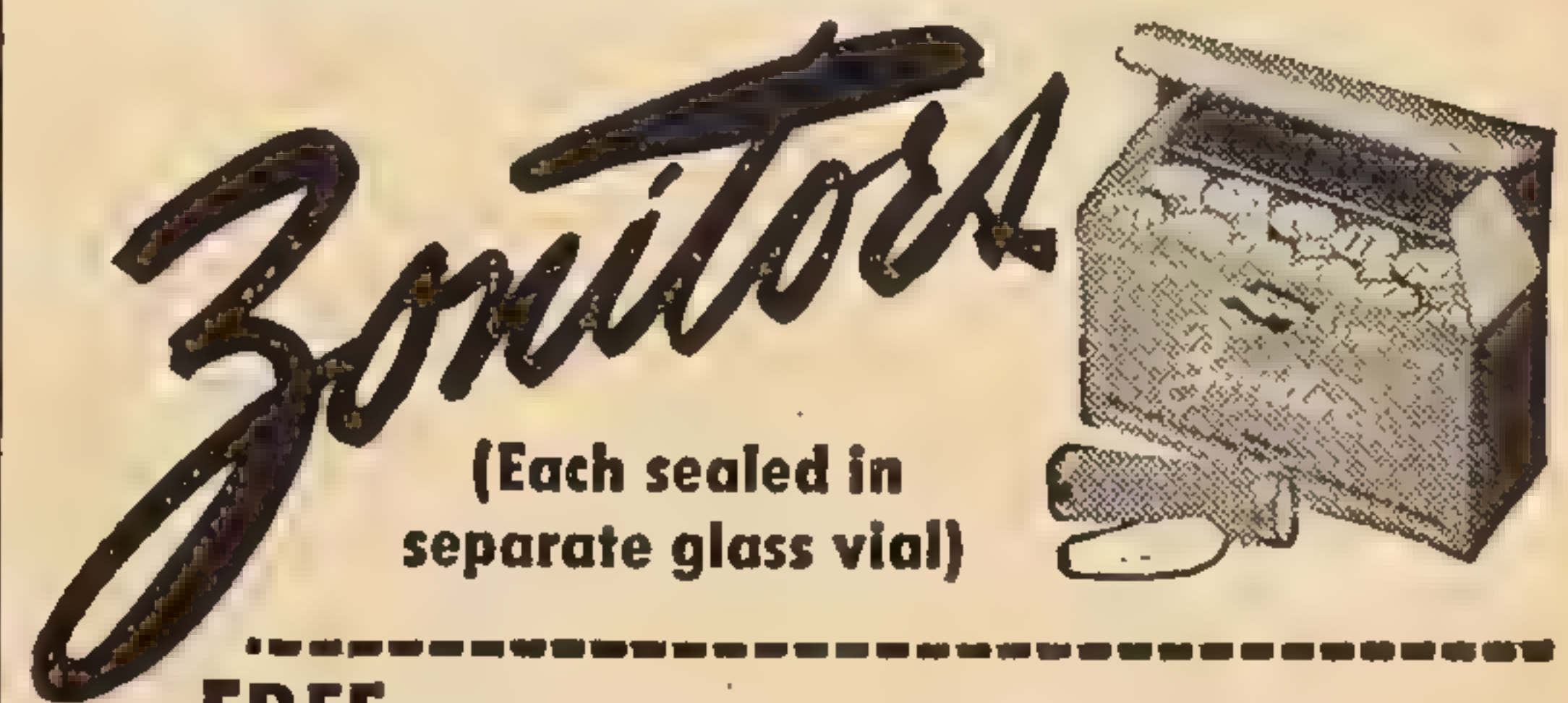
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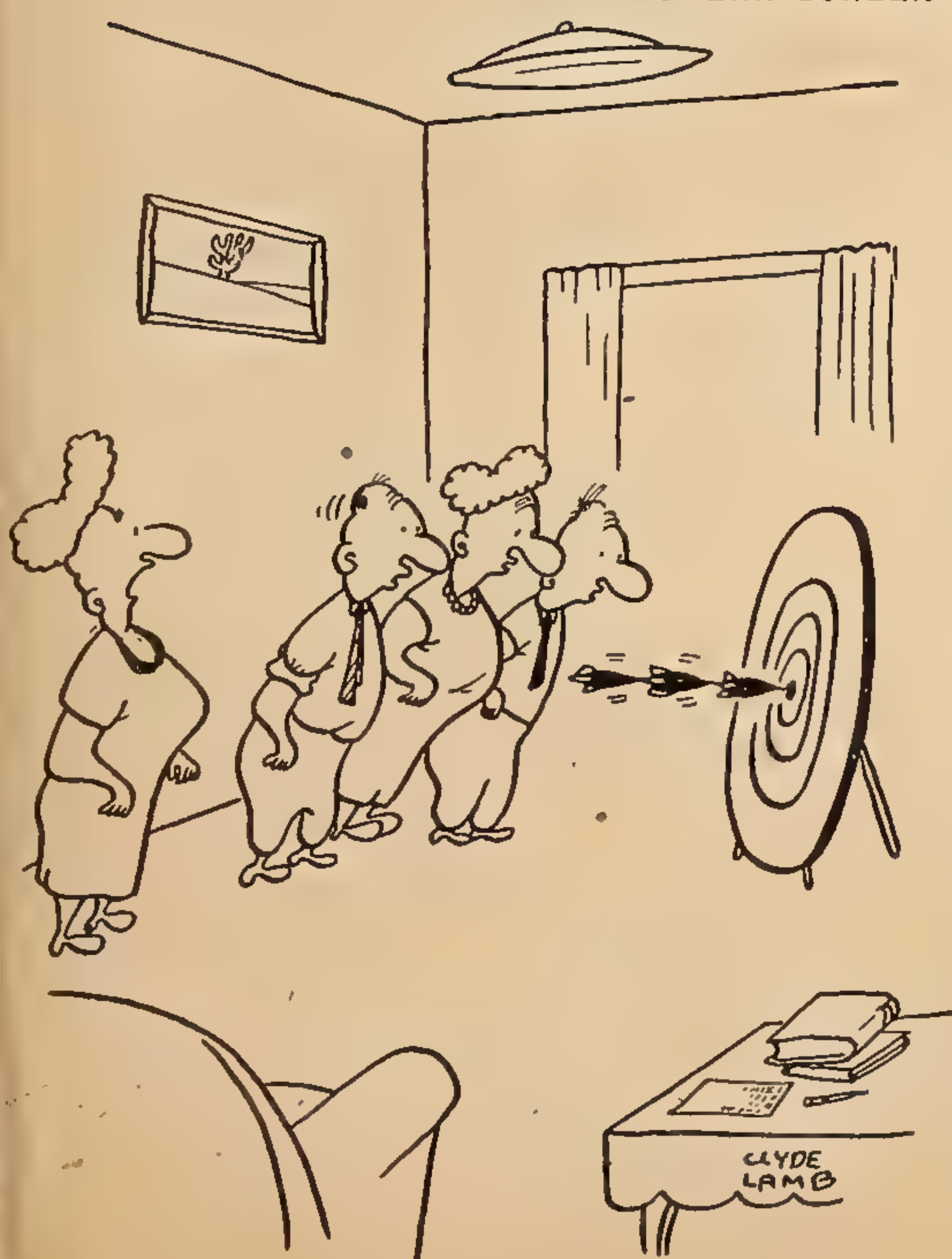
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PICTURES OF MOTHER

(Continued from page 59)

is always sweetness and light at our house, let me assure you that Mother and I don't always see eye to eye. She's strict; she has rules, and I frequently rebel. For instance, 9:30 is my bedtime on weekends and holidays, and you know that's early. I am not allowed to live at the movies the way some of the kids are. What's more, I can only see the movies that Mother okays, and what a one-woman Johnston office she is! She's strict about some other things, too. When we have to sell tickets to benefits for school, Mother doesn't like me to heckle friends, relatives or neighbors. Once I sold dozens of tickets to some play to Claudette Colbert and to Buddy De Sylva, and I got a prize for selling the most tickets, but Mother was wild.

I guess the thing that Mother is strictest about is being on time. The night of the premiere of *Anna and the King of Siam*, Mother and Daddy were all dressed and sitting downstairs, and I was still splashing around in the tub. Mother called up, "We can't wait for you very much longer, Missey," and Daddy said, "Hurry up now, Murph!" ("Murph" is a contraction of my real name, Mary Frances, which Daddy and I adore, but which Mother doesn't like at all.) I hurried then (in a leisurely sort of way, Mother claims), but before I could get my dress on, they had to leave. That's really learning the hard way!

hillbilly at heart . . .

Mother has that heavenly sense of humor, and in spite of a kind of dignity and reserve that's just part of her, she's not a bit of a stuffed shirt. (This is slightly off the record, but she actually chews bubble gum on occasion, and incidentally, she's not very good at it.) I remember the first day I brought home that Jo Stafford record of "Temptation." You know, the crazy hill-billy-ish thing? Mother absolutely hooted over it. I'd catch her singing it under her breath. In time, she got to hate it, but she *did* like it, and to me that's wonderful.

Even when Mother gets mad at me, her sense of humor generally takes over before very long. Last fall, I started school at Marymount in Santa Barbara, and the day before I was to go, Mother and I decided what I'd wear, so that there'd be no confusion on the big day. We'd chosen a lovely white dress, and when I got up in the morning, it occurred to me that the white dress would be lovelier if I had a better tan. It wasn't easy, but I managed to cover my arms, legs and face with that tan leg makeup, and when I was finished I thought I was an absolute dream. Mother took one look at me, and did one of those "ee-e-k" faces like in the funny books. "You look as if you were trying out for the chorus," she kept sputtering all the time we were scrubbing my makeup off, "instead of going to a convent—" And then she began to giggle.

Mother is hep. Really she is. I'm rather given to slang, and a lot of grown-ups wouldn't grasp what I was saying most of the time. Mother grasps every word. She says that living with a child who has slang-itis is like living with someone who has the measles. You don't want any part of the darn stuff, but somehow you catch it. Mother makes up wonderful nonsense words of her own, like flumola, yicado and slacky-lacky. They don't mean anything definite, and can be nouns, verbs or adjectives.

Those two! They've been married for twenty years, and wouldn't you think

they'd be beginning to take each other a little for granted? Not at all. Mother gets all glamored up for dinner with Daddy, as if he were—oh, Dana Andrews or someone. And on anniversaries or special days like Valentine's Day, she *always* wears Daddy's currently favorite dress. Daddy always sends her flowers on special occasions, and Mother gets all pink and smiley over them.

Mother makes up little verses to go with her presents, but I can't seem to do that. Somehow I can say it with music better, and so I've written two pieces of music, one for Mother (sort of Debussy-ish light melody) and one for Daddy—with crashing chords that sound sort of like laughter—in which I've tried to tell them both that I love them very much. (Editor's note: Mary Frances is too modest to tell you this, but Columbia Records like these pieces of music and wanted her to work out a couple more so that they could do an album of them. Her mother reports that M. F.'s application and concentration haven't been too wonderful, and she hasn't started on them yet.)

In addition to all her other wonderful qualities, Mother is understanding. She knows what I want almost before I know myself. For instance, last Christmas Eve I told her that I wished to heavens I'd thought to hint for a manicure kit for Christmas. Mother said, "Oh, tsk-tsk, too bad you didn't, darling—" And then on Christmas morning, there was the most yicado manicure kit you've ever seen. Maybe the most understanding thing Mother has ever done was this . . .

Last year, when I was still at day school, we had a play called *The Symphony of Blue*. I had a dance to do in it, and a lot of what happened in the play depended on my dance. The day of the play I woke up with a raging, blazing fever. I heard Mother call the school and tell them I wouldn't be able to appear and then everything went black. I moaned and pawed the air and behaved like an infant (and after all I'm twelve!). But if you knew how I wanted to be in that play, Mother kept taking my temperature and looking more miserable every time she took it, and then about four o'clock she said to me, "I'm going to do an awful thing, Missey. An awful thing. After a while I'm going to let you get up and put on that ridiculous costume and go and dance."

mother knows best . . .

"It can't kill her," I heard her telling Daddy. "The doctor says she isn't coming down with anything contagious. And this is important. This is big—"

I went and did my dance, and the next day the fever was gone. The doctor couldn't explain it, but I think I can. I just know Mother prayed it out of me all the way to school in the car.

People are always asking me which of Mother's movies is my favorite. That's hard to say, but I always think her last one is best. Right now, naturally, my favorite is *Life With Father*, and *I Remember Mama* will be as soon as I see it. I can hardly wait. I used to mind terribly that Mother was at the studio so much, and I'd long for her to retire and stay home with me all the time. I've got more sense now, and I'm so proud of her I never want her to retire. She's my favorite mother, but she's my favorite actress, too.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 10)

doubt if he will take a step as rash as this—but I don't doubt that he is in love with Linda.

Certainly Miss Christian's romance with him has brought her not only happiness—but she's free to admit that it has upped her movie salary about four times. Before all the publicity, Linda received \$250 per week on an M-G-M stock contract.

When she was loaned out to Sol Lesser for *Tarzan and the Mermaid*, she received \$500. Then came the beeg romance and her new deal with Lesser calls for \$1,000 weekly.

Linda is a Mexican beauty with red hair whose name has been romantically linked with someone of importance ever since I have been hearing about her. Her private life reads much more like a novel than a biography. This time last year there were whispers all over Hollywood that Turhan Bey's life was in danger because he was courting the fair Linda practically in the teeth of one of Mexico's important diplomats, supposedly madly in love with her.

When she came up to Hollywood on one of her frequent jaunts, her magnificent jewels were the talk of the town. Beaux flocked from all directions to take her night clubbing. Although she did little on the screen, her name was as well known in the gossip columns as Lana Turner's.

But, ever since she met Ty in Rome last year, a marked change has come over the former-girl-about-town. There isn't a quieter couple in Hollywood. Almost every night, she and Ty dine quietly at his home with dinner sent in from some nearby café—and then they look at a movie.

* * *

I do NOT think Iris Bynum will be the next Mrs. Clark Gable, 'though heaven knows, no one ever knows what will happen in this town.

Iris, like Linda Christian, is a flaming red-head. Several years ago, she was a great beauty knocking them for a loop when she

showed up at night clubs on the arm of Tony Martin or Turhan Bey (that boy must have every telephone number in town). Iris is still attractive, but more subdued in her clothes and coiffures.

She has played supporting roles in M-G-M, Paramount and Warner Brothers movies but her career was never one-two-three with her dates. She is far more night club society than career girl.

Blunt and outspoken, Iris amuses Clark with her salt and pepper manner of talking. She goes hunting with him now and then and they frequently go to the races.

Clark once said, "Iris is a wonderful scout, and I'm lonesome." That was enough to start a rumor like a prairie fire that they were getting married. The story that had me up half the night checking it was—Clark and Iris were going to the races, then they were going on to Las Vegas to be married.

Well, it wasn't true and Clark is, at this writing, still a bachelor. And I bet I'll be saying that same thing about him this time next year.

* * *

Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger gave a charming cocktail party to welcome to Hollywood Jean Simmons, the little English girl you will soon see in *Hamlet* with Laurence Olivier, and whom you've already seen as Estrella in *Great Expectations*.

When she walked in, I thought, "That's Vivien Leigh's younger sister." You've never seen two girls look so much alike. They walk alike, talk alike and have the same color eyes and hair—only Jean is more vivacious.

The British contingent was out full force, the Ronald Colmans, Herbert Marshalls, Edna Best et al. I was surprised to see Ingrid Bergman, who so seldom attends anything but industry (remember the word, Ingrid?) affairs, and even more surprised to spot Jean Arthur, a lady recluse if I ever knew one.

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LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 117)

Jane Powell rewards J. Durante, given a testimonial dinner by Mt. Sinai Men's Club of L. A., for "never refusing benefit show."



Kay Kyser, who's just completed 10 years on NBC, was another star honored by a testimonial dinner. This one was held at Beverly Hills Hotel Crystal Room, attended by imposing list of celebrities, including Alice Faye and Phil Harris.



England's Jean Simmons was honored at Crystal Room cocktail party given by Walter Wanger and J. A. Rank. Jean carried her autograph book. (Here Ingrid Bergman signs it.)

Jean was with her husband, Frank Ross, who is once again taking up preparations for getting *The Robe* on the screen.

Constance Bennett and Maria Montez, both looking like fashion plates, were particular favorites of the cameramen present.

Had a quiet little chat with Myrna Loy who told me she was still very depressed over the death of her close friend, Jan Masaryk, the Czech patriot.

If you don't think movie actors can be wide-eyed fans themselves you should have seen the way Peter Lawford, Elizabeth Taylor, Ann Blyth, Lon McCallister and the other kids surrounded Ronald Colman, hanging on his every word as though it were gospel. And Ronnie loved it!

I must say the guest of honor has courage. She told me she was crazy about Americans because they're not stiff and reserved like the British!

What a cute trick she is. When she came over to my house, she kicked her shoes off and walked around the garden in her stocking feet because her shoe hurt her foot. She had cut it badly on some coral in the Fiji Islands where she made a movie.

* * *

Close-Up of Wanda Hendrix: She has the smallest waist in town—seventeen inches . . . Although she and war hero Audie Murphy date steady, she gets her first screen kiss in *Abigail*—from Macdonald Carey who was more nervous than she . . . She and Audie go fishing together and she is a good shot . . . Amusing, the way he met her. He was in the editorial room of a magazine and picked up a copy. On the cover was Wanda's picture. Audie said he would sure like to meet that girl. So they put in a phone call—and that was that . . . She has just started wearing bangs because she thinks they make her look older than her eight-

een years. That's what she thinks! Sometimes she doesn't look over fifteen, even with the bangs . . . She can be stubborn and back up like a mule, but only about important things. For the most part, she's amiable and easy to get along with . . . Some very important men in Hollywood consider her the best ingenue actress since Janet Gaynor. She has never seen a Gaynor movie, but she would like to . . . She would work every day and never take a vacation if they would let her. Right now she's in two movies at the same time, *Abigail*, *Dear Heart* and *Tatlock Millions* . . . She tries to keep it a secret that her weight goes down from a normal 98 pounds to 90 pounds when she works . . . She doesn't fool anyone. It's doctor's orders that she eat five meals a day and drink two quarts of milk . . . Her two favorite movie heroes are Robert Montgomery and Alan Ladd. She would be the happiest girl in the world if she could play Juliet on the screen.

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